The Ranma Omake Files: Innortal Style

By: Innortal

The Ranmaverse enters into the Time Loops, Mark V.

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The Birth of Malletsama

The Birth of Mallet-sama

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It is a commonly assumed truth that all teenage girls in Japan are able to summon up their own mallet to bash perverted boys with or random demons. It is believed that this is due to their otherwise inability to defend themselves, as many women who have strong skills in self-defense do not call out their hammers.

In a way this is true. Some girls, when confronted with either a pervert or a man who simply pisses them off for one reason or

another and defeats them with either logic or showing them to be better in skills, these young girls often are able to summon their mallets and beat said boys or perverts.

This also invokes the second power of the Mighty Mallet, while it allows the wielder to remove the boy from sight; it also places a small ki field around the target, preventing them from being killed by the assault. As a result, the girl burns off her anger, and the target keeps from being killed. This secondary effect however does not prevent the target from getting hurt. In fact, some targets have spent months inside of hospitals recuperating from these assaults.

Some girls, however, are able to see this technique used and develop it on their own.

One such child who did this was known as Akane Tendo.

Our story starts with a ten-year-old Akane Tendo walking in Juuban with her older sister Kasumi. Kasumi had come to Juuban to buy some supplies for a school project she was working on, and had brought Akane with her. As they are walking down the street towards the train station to return to Nerima Ward, they see two children Akane's age standing in front of stairs leading to a shrine, each one wearing outfits denoting that they were studying at the shrine. As the two Tendos approached, they could hear an argument between a pig-tailed boy and a girl with matching black hair.

"It ain't my fault that I went cat and tore up the front yard. I told you to keep those furry little demons away from me."

"It doesn't matter, you helped wreck the yard, and now you gotta help me clean it up."

"No way! You're grandpa said you had to do it."

"Why?"

"Because your grandpa said you had to since you were the one who threw the cat on me."

"Well you were the one who scared me!"

"How did I scare you? I simply yelled out the door to come in! You were the one who threw that damn black cat at me!"

"It doesn't matter; you made the mess, now you clean it."

"Hell no, your grandpa said you had to, besides, he's teaching me to do fire readings in a few minutes."

"WHAT!? But I am his granddaughter, I'm the one supposed to be the fire priestess!"

"Well, I guess he decided to teach me since you're gonna be fixing the grounds all day. Besides, you know I'm better at that ki stuff then you are!"

"YOU ARE NOT!!!"

"Its true and you know it. I can read the fire better, I can make my ki visible, I'm better at meditating than you, and I get my chores done quicker than you."

The girl finally snapped. "RANMA YOU IDIOT!"

It is said to this day that knowing the pig-tailed martial artist has forever made the girl have a short temper.

The two Tendo girls watched as the young fire maiden pulled out a mallet from somewhere, and hit Ranma with it, sending the poor boy into the air but allowing him to fall onto the shrine grounds.

"REI, GET UP HERE NOW AND EXPLAIN WHY YOU HIT RANMA!"

"Yes, grandpa." The shrine maiden Rei made her way up the stairs.

"Oh my, that was unusual, I hope that poor boy Ranma is OK, that girl Rei seemed to hit him very hard." Kasumi then turned to her sister, who was staring at a trash can. "Akane dear, what are you doing?"

Akane closed her eyes, her hand reaching behind her back. "RANMA YOU IDIOT!" She pulled out a mallet easily twice the size of the one Rei used and bashed the trash can across the road, causing it to impact a dumpster and sending it thirty feet to the end of the alley. "Cool!"

"Akane, why did you scream out that that Ranma guy was an idiot?"

"It felt right for some reason?"

"Ok then." With that, the two left for the train station.

And that folks was where the Queen of Pain Akane Tendo learned how to summon her trust Ranma-assaulting Mallet-sama.

On a side note, it should be known that a certain black moon cat named Luna was hiding inside that trashcan from the Neko-Ranma, and received a severe concussion from the assault by Akane. She ended up being taken to a vet who treated her and placed a small bandage on her forehead. While she was being treated, she believed that she was a real cat, and met an orange cat (think Garfield) whom she had one child with. If you don't believe me, remember moon cats can only have one kitten at a time.

As an interesting side effect, it was four years before the moon cat remembered her mission and woke up Sailor Moon, so there was four years of time to train down the drain.

That kitten grew up to be named Nuku Nuku.

The father was eventually run over by a limo holding the two children of the Kuno clan.

But do not cry; this was a good thing. If he had lived, he would have been adopted by a young blond girl before she went to stay in England and become Sailor V, instead she adopted a white cat named Artemis who would have ended up in a street fight with Nuku Nuku's father and been unable to meet his new charge.

So all's well that ends well.

Well, well except for that poor cat. It's said that that cat cursed the driver of that limo to forever look like a rodent. Poor Sasuke.

Worse Springs Part 1

Ranma ½

Chapter 2

Worse Springs Part 1

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Now, on with the show.

There are many springs at Jusenkyo, many possible horrors our favorite pigtailed martial artist could have fallen in. But what are they, and what possible effects could they have had.

Well, let's look at some of the universes where Ranma wasn't so lucky.

"Oh, too bad. Honored sir fall in Spring of Drowned Jerry Springer Guest. Tragic story of Jerry Spring guest who drown in spring fifteen hundred day ago. Now, whoever fall in take form of Jerry Springer guest. No idea what he like when emerge."

The guide had barely finished when Genma had jumped from the water and landed back on a bamboo pole. But this Genma wasn't a panda, no. This Genma was currently wearing a diaper, frilly lace bra, with long platinum blond hair that came to his/her waist. He was obviously wearing makeup, and looked like the worst imitation of a transvestite possible.

Genma turned towards his son. "What the hell are you looking at? What gives you the right to judge me? Oh no, you did not just hit me into that spring!" That said, his new father removed his earrings, two large hoops. "Oh, it's on now, bitch!"

Before Genma could leap at his son, a gunshot rang out, catching the man and sending him to the ground, dead from a bullet to the brain.

Ranma stared at the guide, shocked and filled with horror at both what his father had become and what had just happened. "Why… why the hell'd ya shoot him for?"

The Guide holstered his weapon. "Is much better that way, young sir. Many springs at Jusenkyo named Spring of Drowned Jerry Springer Guest. This one make promise when take position of Jusenkyo Guide that he shoot all who fall in those springs. Is much better than living with that curse. Now sir get down here before fall in spring. Pole sir is standing on is in Spring of Drowned Transgender Stripper. This one does not wish to have that cursed form try and perform dance again. Is very…disturbing."

Ok, that one was a little…freaky.

Let's take a look at another reality.

"Oh no. Honored sir fall in Spring of Drowned Chef. Now all who fall in that spring turn into black man with weird white hat."

The guide had barely finished when Genma had jumped from the water and landed back on a bamboo pole. He was now black, with a red shirt, beard, and white hat. "Hello there, children."

Ranma, shocked at seeing this, fell into the spring his pole was situated on.

"Oh no. Young sir fall in Spring of Drowned Unlucky Fourth Grader. Now all who fall in that spring take body of drowned boy in orange coat."

A few bubbles surfaced before a body floated to the top, face down. "Same every time. Whoever fall in spring end up dying too too easy. And always do so in spring first." The Guide fished out Ranma and poured some hot water on him.

Ranma resumed his normal form. "What the hell was that? I was so close to this bright light!"

As the trio left to visit an Amazon village to look for a cure, they never noticed as a fanged Lost Boy fell into the Spring of Drowned Fat Kid. "Ranma, this is all your fault! This is hella-stupid!"

It was later at the Tendo Dojo where the discussion of fiancées finally reached its peak. "Akeme majjd meud jhhdh jfjslk ……."

Akane stared at the now normal Genma. "What the hell did he say?"

Genma started cleaning his glasses. "He said he would never marry a tomboy like you because your legs are locked at the knees and your other sisters have bigger tits than you."

"YOU PERVERT!" She brought the table down on Ranma, squashing him and covering the back porch with his blood and guts.

Nabiki stared at their sister. "Oh my God! You killed Ranma!"

Kasumi pointed her finger at Akane. "You bastard!"

Okay, not the best spring for Ranma to have fallen in. Granted every time he was brought back, he was pissed because he was so close to eternal peace.

But what else could have awaited him?

"Oh, young sir fall in Spring of Drowned Crazy Redhead Girl. Now, whoever fall in spring take on her form."

A smaller female Ranma emerged from the spring. "Don't worry old man. I can fix this. After all, I am the greatest scientific genius in the world!"

At that moment, two puppet Ranmas appeared on her shoulders, each labeled A and B in English letters. "That's right, Ranma." "You're the greatest!"

Damn, I guess Washu built one too many doomsday weapons, or she finally got that sample from Tenchi she was always trying to get.

Well, what other realities did he fall into?

The girls were outside the Tendo Dojo, looking at an old race car with the number five painted on the side. A man and a monkey hopped out. As their first foot planted itself on the ground, the car as well as they spun ninety degrees.

Kasumi was the first to speak. "Oh my. Mr. Speed Racer, won't that block traffic?"

Speed Racer-Ranma took off his helmet. "I told you, pops, that it was stupid to bring the Mach Five."

All Genma-chimp could do was jump up and down.

"Don't worry, pops. We'll still win the big race. HA-HA!"

"Oh my. Those voice overs were really poor."

Okay, so that was an old spring, and I don't even want to ask where the car comes from, or why Ryoga is dressed as Racer X. Suffice to say the kami made this reality after many a saucer of sake.

But this lead to many other realities with Ranma ending up as the main characters from other series.

"RANMA, WATCH OUT FOR THAT…OOH! That had to hurt."

Our favorite pigtailed male was currently plastered against a tree he had swung into with a formerly non-existent vine. This was very upsetting to Akane, whom he was currently holding and plastered her against the tree as well.

"RANMA NO BAKA!" Everyone cringed as her battle call sounded and the mallet pushed Ranma through the tree.

"Now **that** he had coming." Genma sat down and continued to drink his tea.

"Are you Ranma?"

"No. But never fear, Underdog is here!"

"IT'S THE MASTER!"

"But I'm Ranma. Oh! SWEETUMS!"

"AH-HA! I KNEW HE WAS A PERVERT!"

"So, you're Ranma. He's cute, daddy."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Tendo. But the name is Bond, James Bond."

It is nice to note that Genma was ejected from the Spring of Drowned Intelligent Scientist named Q. But Ryoga did fall in Spring of Drowned Giant with Metal Teeth.

Well, that went well. He did end up shooting Kuno in that reality. And no matter what he did with the gun, it always came back when he returned to his cursed form.

Okay…so that reality did have some positive points.

Come on, are any of you upset that Kuno got shot?

But not all were good. Well, as far as Kuno getting killed, that is. But hilarious none the less.

"GENMA, THIS IS YOUR SON?"

The Tendos stared at the red-haired girl, obviously pregnant and looking like she could pop at any moment.

Ranma just directed an evil gaze towards her father, who had not fallen in any springs. "Old man, this is all your fault!"

"Oh my!"

"Father, your friend knocked up his own daughter?"

"I'LL KILL YOU, YOU PERVERTED MALE!"

As Akane and Soun chased Genma around Nerima to "punish" him for apparently knocking up Ranma, the two older sisters helped Ranma to the couch and brought her some hot tea.

Kasumi was the first to speak. "So, Ranma, I take it you wish to keep the child?"

Ranma just sat her tea back down. "Oh, there isn't any kid. This is just some cruel joke that spring at Jusenkyo is playing on me."

Kasumi just shook her head. *The poor dear, she's blocking out those horrible memories of what her father did to her and denying her state.*

Seeing that the two didn't believe her, Ranma upended the hot tea over herself and returned to her uncursed male form. "That damn idiot knocked me into the Spring of Drowned Teenage Unwed Mother. Now every time I get hit with cold water, I change into a redhead who's about nine months pregnant. All I get in the new form are weird cravings for pickles and ice cream, a bladder the size of a thimble, severe backaches, and sensitive breasts. Hell, I spent most of the two months coming back from China in that form, and I didn't give birth, so I doubt the kid's real either."

While Kasumi just stared at the now raven-haired male, who was obviously not pregnant, Nabiki decided to venture in some questions. "So when you blame your father, it's for getting you cursed, not knocking you up?"

"Yep, I just say that around people so they beat the shit out of him. I figure it's great payback."

Kasumi finally stepped in. "Oh my. I guess you at least don't have to worry about periods in your cursed form."

"Please put me down, father. Can't you see that you are scaring these nice people."

As the giant, overweight panda placed the boy on the ground, the boy looked around, ignoring Soun who was asking him if he was Ranma.

"OH…MY…GOD! I love this place. The color scheme is just so…so incredible. I love the nice homey atmosphere you've made here. You're interior decorator really knew how to draw out that Tokugawa era look."

Kasumi was soon next to the strange boy. "Oh, thank you. I've tried my best."

The boy turned towards her, taking her arm in his. "Oh, you must show me the rest of the house. But I would like to suggest placing a rose bush against that wall over there, to contrast with the pale colors."

"This is my son."

"Ranma."

At Jusenkyo, I fell into the Spring of Drowned Panda, and my son—"

"Got knocked into the Spring of Drowned Flamboyantly Gay Interior Designer." Ranma gave a shudder, thinking of when he threw himself at Ryoga, calling him a "manly man".

"Truly, a boorish lot."

"OH…MY…GOD!"

Kuno turned from the tree to see a dripping wet boy in front of him. "What reason do you have to speak to—"

"No, no, no! This hairstyle just won't do. And these clothes, they are so last century. And…my God! Who was the person to do these

nails, they are atrocious. Come on, girlfriend, it is time for a massive makeover. Then we'll take a look at your house and try to correct this fashion nightmare."

"Unhand me, foul cur!"

Akane could only stare at disbelief as Ranma dragged Kuno away from the school. *I guess maybe we should have gone to Tofu's to get some hot water.*

Nabiki, on the other hand, was being held by her feet, dangling from the window as she was currently laughing her ass off. Her friends knew if they let her go, their boss would die happy, but they wouldn't get paid.

Well, that is just a sample of the disastrous springs Ranma could have fallen in. Do you know more? Let me know. We must warn those Ranmas.

If I messed anything up, then let me know including typos.

Any suggestions on how I should continue the story or improve it would also be accepted.

When Bad Cooks Get Together

Ranma ½

Chapter 3

When Bad Cooks Get Together

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Once again, thanks to Howard.

"Hello. I'm Yuri Hamada, and this is the Channel Nine exclusive review of the new law currently in effect across Japan: the something

legalese Act. But you may know it better as The Culinary Crimes Against Public Safety Act.

"Let me start off with events that led to this miraculous and, depending on whom you talk to, long-overdue law.

"The event which highlighted the need for such a law occurred one year ago at the National High School Cooking Competition. Schools from all over the Tokyo area and nearby wards were there to compete. But the competition never made it past the first two contestants. They were Akane Tendo and Naru Narusegawa. These two young women were part of the early preliminaries; a special portion added after a flood of letters arrived warning that these two ladies were in fact horrible cooks whose food would kill the judges if they tried them.

"Due to these letters, which numbered in the hundreds, the two young ladies were set up with a preliminary match to determine how bad they were.

"The following images are not for the faint of heart."

The TV scene switches to the two girls, furiously working at their kitchen counters on a stage. Their hands were blurs, chopping random items (several things other than food were quickly reduced to small chunks, including several pans as well as one of the cooking stands) and trying to cook them. Only two people, besides the judges, could be seen in the stands. One was a thin boy with large glasses, holding his knees to his chest and muttering a silent prayer. The other person next to him was a guy wearing Chinese clothes and sporting a pig-tail. He also had his eyes closed and was saying a Buddhist prayer, before switching and beginning a Catholic one.

"That's correct folks. Only two people were willing to even attend the competition. The boy on the left has been identified as Ranma Saotome, who has tried Akane Tendo's cooking and is one of only three people to do so and not suffer permanent internal damage. The boy on the right side is Keitaro Urashima, who has previously

survived the cooking of Naru Narusegawa. But their bravery, or willingness to try and cheat death, is not the issue for this exposé, but rather, the reason for The Culinary Crimes Against Public Safety Act is."

The scene reverts back to the two girls onstage. A judge is heard yelling time, as the two girls step back from what used to be kitchen counters, now littered with dishes that weren't even given to them, ingredients that appeared from nowhere, several items not found outside of a chemical factory, as well as a smoking stove with all four burners going, yet only two pans on them. As the judges approached, we see a split screen with Ranma and Keitaro solemnly talking to each other, shaking hands and saying how it was nice to meet each other and hoped they would fare better in the next life.

As the two girls stepped back, their stoves exploded, revealing a nine-foot blue humanoid blob from Naru's stove and a twelve-foot red humanoid blob from Akane's stove. We see the girls flung in the air and land on the man unfamiliar to them. We then hear the girls scream "PERVERT!" towards the man who saved them from hitting the hard concrete floor by absorbing the impact, followed by Naru upercutting Ranma and Akane hitting Keitaro with a mallet, sending both males through the roof and into LEO. They then turn back towards the stage, yelling. "THIS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE; IT MUST BE RANMA'S/KEITARO'S FAULT!"

Meanwhile on stage, the two blobs began to fight each other, landing vicious blows and kicks, each one apparently trying to kill the other. The judges ran for their lives. The camera stays focused on the two fighting monsters, but it becomes clear the blue one is winning, and finally absorbs the red one, becoming a fifteen-foot tall purple monster. As it moves off stage, we witness all of the Sailor Senshi show up. As Sailor Moon begins her speech, the monster attacks them.

"This battle raged on for many hours. Though our footage ends shortly after the battle began, witness accounts state that the Senshi were helped by several martial artists, a delivery girl calling herself

Nuku Nuku who showed up on a bike, as well as a redheaded girl. However, this battle did come with a cost. Besides destroying the arena where the competition was being held, there were emotional damages to the fighters who stopped them as well.

We see a blurred face on the screen, the text on screen identifying her as Sailor Mars. "That thing, it…touched me in…inappropriate ways. Since that day…I… I'm sorry, I can't do this."

"Sailor Mars was placed in psychiatric care for several months, dealing with the assault by the creature.

"When we approached Naru and Akane about why they created those monsters, they swore it wasn't their fault and each blamed it on the respective male that had accompanied them to the contest. They each claimed that their food is the best and that those males were the ones who made the meals turn into monsters.

"As a result of this incident, there was overwhelming support for The Culinary Crimes Against Public Safety Act. This law expressly forbids anyone whose food was toxic enough to warrant immediate evacuation of the local area from ever making a meal again, and was passed unanimously.

"The first people arrested under this law were in fact the two girls whose actions sparked this law: Akane Tendo and Naru Narusegawa."

We get to see a scene where Akane Tendo is being led out of her home by several police officers in riot gear, screaming at Ranma for this being his fault. Ranma is seen in the background, his hand being held by a girl with a brown page-boy haircut, his face pale and several doctors beside him, trying to induce vomiting.

"We cannot show you the footage of the arrest of Naru due to its violent nature, as well as the physical brutality inflicted upon the arresting officers. Both women received three year sentences for violating The Culinary Crimes Against Public Safety Act, as well as

another five years for assaulting a police officer. Attempted murder charges were later dropped, as the judges for both cases decided to punish the criminals by making them eat their own cooking. Akane Tendo is currently in the fifth month of her coma, and Naru has recently regained her sight.

"As a result of this law, many males have been able to walk the street in perfect health and free from the fear of eating poisonous food made by a violent female. To those men, I simply say this: welcome back to the world of the living.

"Next week, we have another exclusive: how the stupidity and selfishness of one man has led to an investigation of the legal standing of arranged marriages in Japan, as well as the multiple fiancées he engaged his son to. How many? You'll have to tune in next week and see.

"This is Yuri Hamada for Channel Nine News. Good night."

If I messed anything up, then let me know including typos.

Any suggestions on how I should continue the story or improve it would also be accepted.

Next time, on the Omake Files: either the Ranma Universe visits the Spring of Drowned Star Wars characters or Ranma and the Wizard of Oz. You decide.

Star Trek Martial Arts

Ranma ½

Chapter 4

Star Trek Martial Arts

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I know I said it would be either Star Wars or a Wizard of Oz crossover here, but I had this one finished beforehand.

Now, on with the show.

It was a new day, a new level of weirdness in the small little corner of Nerima Ward. Many families from all across the ward, Tokyo, the greater Japanese area—hell, the world in general—had arrived to

confront one man—or woman, depending on the local water temperature.

Ranma was currently sitting on the far side of the dojo.

His mother beside him; currently looking at all of the girls sitting in the semi circle before her son.

His violent fiancée; Akane, off beside her, currently holding a mallet and waiting for the opportunity to kill her "pervert" of a fiancée.

The two fathers were off to the corner beside her, currently cowering at the aura Akane was giving off, moaning about how now the schools would never be joined.

Beside Ranma in the other corner, stood five males of varying height, build, but all wearing different types of Star Trek uniforms. All of them stood spellbound at the scene in front of them.

"WAH! I'M TOO YOUNG TO BE A GRANDMOTHER!"

"Stuff it, mom. I chose him as my future prince."

The future rulers of Crystal Tokyo stood behind nine girls, currently sitting together, and each on between two months and five months pregnant. This included the self-declared couple of Haruka and Michiru, as well as the future princess, Usagi the II.

Mamoru was scratching his head, trying to fight his paternal instincts that screamed at him to kill the boy who knocked up his daughter, even if technically she hadn't even been born yet. "Um, how did this happen. I mean, how exactly did you all end up pregnant, by the same guy no less.

Ami went first. "We were studying in the library. I was finding my math homework boring, so we went to the top floor where no one ever goes and well…"

Minako went next. "I met him at a dance. We danced for hours and sung some karaoke. We ended up on the roof, observing the stars and…"

Usa went next. "I met him at school we talked about how each of us was expected to be everything to everyone, and ended up in the basement bomb shelter. The cots were so smooth against our skin."

Rei followed. "He came by the temple to learn some demon-combat techniques and how to write holy wards. We stared at the sacred fire and…"

Makato then started. "We were fighting in a dojo after hours, and my old sempai defeated me. We lay on the floor, I moved to kiss him, and it just sort of happened."

Hotaru went next. "He saved me from some bullies and healed my injuries. I realized he was just like me, so I jumped him in the alley and teleported back to my room before we got too far."

Haruka blushed as Michiru stared at her. "Someone said we should pick her up, and when she revealed she could change into a he, someone said 'why not?'."

Haruka turned to face her. "Well, I was drunk and horny. But who said 'this isn't over until either he drops from exhaustion or we do', hmm?"

Setsuna finished. "We met at a bar, he helped me feel better, and then we went at it at a love hotel until two days later."

All the girls involved smiled at the memories of their encounter with Ranma Saotome.

But Usagi was still crying. *Where did I go wrong? Where did I fail them? Why didn't I get Mamoru before they got some guy? Why didn't I raise my daughter better? Where is the food?*

*But more importantly, **why** can't they give me details?*

"How the hell did this happen?"

"How should I know?"

"You built her body, dad. You should have some idea."

Meanwhile, while the family was arguing, one All Purpose Cat-girl named Nuku-Nuku was rubbing her tummy and purring up a storm, wondering if she was going to have kittens, babies, or a combination of both. Her purr increased as she remembered the night she delivered a restaurant order to a lonely pigtailed martial artist. "Nuku-Nuku is so so happy!"

"How did this happen?"

"Father will be disappointed."

"Oh my, have you figured out some names, Sasami?"

The blue-haired princess of Jurai, the avatar of Tsunami, now a blushing sixteen year old girl, patted her now distended belly, feeling the slight movement of the children inside. *Oh yes, I was glad to have found that man in the woods. I wonder who that "mallet-happy tomboy" was that hit him there. I don't know whether or not to blast her for hitting Ranma or thank her for sending him to me.*

Keiichi just stood next to Belldandy. "I don't even want to know how this happened."

Before him sat Urd, Skuld, Mara, and Hild, each with a look of happiness on their faces, each about four to six months pregnant.

Man, was he glad his sister never met Ranma. When the goddesses found out they were pregnant, Kami-sama had promised Keiichi that his sister was not one of Ranma's…women.

Thank Kami-sama for small miracles.

Not to say that said sister; after hearing Skuld and Urd talk about how good the guy was, was not looking for him.

And when she found him…

Keiichi was trying to figure out why his blood just went cold.

"HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN? I'LL KILL THE LITTLE PRICK!" The man was furious, his flaming skull trick out in full force.

"Theo, calm down. The girls went willingly to him. It wasn't like he used a spell or anything."

A certain cat-alien leaned over and whispered to his wife. "Brit, I am glad that for once, we aren't the ones in trouble."

A last were-cheetah smiled. "So am I. I'm just glad they found someone, though I was hoping it would be different some ones."

Before them sat two pregnant sisters of the Diggers family: Brianna and Gina, one pregnant petite jagwere, and pregnant dark elf who often scared many people on the world of Jade.

It was safe to assume Ranma had gotten over the fear of the Nekoken, as well as has been traveling a lot lately.

Sorry, the author has no idea if it was a mallet-trip to Atlanta, an accidental portal to Jade, or a chance meeting in Japan that brought Ranma across their paths.

"Oh my, Ukyo. He got you as well?"

"Oh yes. Ranchan came over a few months ago. I made him some of my specials, and next thing I knew, we had closed the place down and spent the evening "breaking in" the tables. You?"

"That would be my fault. My dear sister saw me with Ranma as well as the video I shot of us, and just jumped him the next day."

"Oh yes. Ranma was very…athletic that day." Kasumi smiled a smile of true happiness as she reflected on that day.

"Aiyah, Airen been busy. He visit Shampoo three months ago. Make Shampoo too too happy. Great grandmother have to stay in basement so can sleep. Say Shampoo was too too loud."

"I agree. Ranma-sama was quite well received by us all. I am happy to now have a clear head, which I hope to raise my child with. It would be folly to allow the newest addition to the Kuno clan to make the mistakes of myself and the rest of my family."

Finally, the conversations were called to a stop. "Now that we have some semblance of order. My son, I admit you have…definitely proven yourself very…manly. But, may I ask, why you were with so many women. I had felt you were the shy type."

"Well, it's all Akane's fault."

"WHAT!"

Ranma pulled a book from behind him. "Akane gave me this for my birthday and said that there was no way I could master this school. So I did."

Nodoka took the book and read the title aloud. "The Complete Guide to the James T. Kirk School of Star Trek Martial Arts. Um, I think this is a joke book, my son."

"BAKA! Did you think I was serious?"

"Well, you did say and I quote: 'Baka, I'm serious. You can't possible master this school.'"

Akane was about to bring the mallet down on Ranma, when she was stopped by Nodoka. "You will not hit my son, simply because you are not the one who lost the challenge!"

Akane just started her impression of a fish, too stunned to even spit out any denials.

"I'm afraid that is where we come in."

The trio, as well as the pregnant girls, all turned towards the five nerds in the corner. "We are here to offer Ranma Saotome, the title of Grandmaster of the Star Trek School of Martial Arts."

"Yes," Nerd 2 said. "The force is strong in this one."

Unfortunately, Nerd 2 was wearing a classic red uniform from the original Star Trek: the uniform of Ensign Cannon-fodder or Ensign John Doe.

Take a guess what happened.

Come on, you know what happened next.

Serious? You don't know?

Nerd 4 quickly pulled out a working phaser and vaporized Nerd 2. "He forgot our most sacred rule: No quotes and relating of things to Star Wars unless it deals with how much it sucks compared to Star Trek."

Strangely, no one seemed upset that Nerd 2 was just killed in front of them.

"Ranma has shown the main tenants and mastered them, granting him control of the school." Nerd 1 looked proudly at Ranma.

Nerd 3 looked embarrassed. "That…and he is the only person to actually have mastered the school."

"Um, excuse me." Hotaru snapped out of her daydream involving Ranma, some whip cream, and grapes. "But, what are the main tenants."

Nerd 1 spoke. "The first tenant is when he meets a girl who he feels undeniable love for; he must make love to her no less then twelve hours, with her passing out finally from pleasure."

Mamoru lowered his head as Usagi cast an evil glare at him. She whispered to him. "Oh, you will be meeting that target, I guarantee it."

Nerd 3 then spoke. "He must master the art of being thrown around by poor battles, yet make it look real. Ranma has shown this by pretending to be hurt by a rival's or fiancée's attack."

Nerd 4 spoke. "He must show great leadership skills. In his actions, he helped each person in here achieve a peace unlike any; he has fought to help them whenever possible, and done no harm, except to violent plants, males, and evil alien threats to Earth and the galaxy at large, while thumbing his nose to bureaucratic dogma."

Nerd 5 was the last. "He has met a new lady every week and made her feel special, while taking nothing away from the ladies before. Each accepted that he will not repeat a performance until summer, when reruns are shown."

"THAT FUCKING HENTAI KNOCKED THEM ALL UP!" Akane screamed.

Nerd 4 scratched his head. "Well, that too. Maybe we should have placed a warning about using contraception."

Nerd 5 spoke up. "Well, you never did find out if Kirk had anymore kids in the series."

"True," said Nerd 1. "And he always did want to stay commanding a starship. I guess it would be hard to track down your father when he always is on a classified mission."

Nerd 3 voiced his opinion. "They may not even have been looking for him, after all, he didn't learn of David until he ran into him with his mother."

"Can we get back on topic here?" Nodoka was rubbing her temples, trying to force away the headache she always got in situations with sci-fi nerds.

"WELL, YOU PERVERT, DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?" Akane glared at her soon-to-be dead fiancé with a look that could kill quicker than her food.

Ranma stood up and took the ceremonial Full Admiral's uniform from the nerds, before flipping a communicator. "Gos, beam…me…up."

Ranma suddenly dematerialized from sight. "Ah," spoke Nerd 1. "Rule number 746."

"What?" Nodoka was a little confused. Still holding the book, she began to read the rule once she found it. "Never stay in a scene for longer than an hour." Sure enough, looking at her watch, it had been an hour since the meeting began.

Nerd 3 spoke. "He is truly the greatest of us, the one we strive to be like. For he is the Ranma, Grandmaster of the Star Trek School of Martial Arts."

Akane just stared in shock. *But it was all a joke!*

Of course, even this weirdness wasn't enough to shock the pregnant women there, outside the normal nuts, even if the man who had knocked them up had just "beamed out" of the dojo. "Setsuna-mama, what do I name my child?"

"Well, you **are** having triplets, Hotaru—two boys and a girl. So you do need to decide that first. But I can't tell you."

"Wait!" screamed Keiichi. "Exactly how many children is this group having?"

Setsuna smiled. "All of us have at the least twins, quadruplets at the most. I think the final total is sixty-five."

"YES, OH SO MANY GRANDCHILDREN. MY SON IS SO VERY MANLY!"

Brianna stood up. "Forget this; I say we go get some ice cream and tuna. Who's with me?"

"YEAH TUNA! YEAH ICE CREAM!"

As the pregnant horde quickly departed the dojo to feast like locusts at the local restaurants, only the non-pregnant people were left behind.

Tenchi scratched his head. "Um, what just happened?"

Akane only screamed. "IT WAS JUST A DAMN JOKE SCHOOL. IT'S NOT REAL!"

"Hey, I just thought of something." Usagi turned towards Akane. "This is all her fault. She gave him the book. GET HER!"

"AHHH!" Akane began to run for her life as several angry parents and family members chased her.

"Please, Ranma!"

Ranma had been watching the rest of the scene from a television in the front room of the Tendo house, Gos beside him begging. The remaining four nerds had somehow appeared in the room, sitting at various places. Ranma was currently wearing his new Admiral Star

Trek uniform. "Fine Gos, you shall be my first student. I shall call you, Number One. Go forth and try and win the affections of Akane, my student."

Gos began crying. "Thank you, admiral."

Ranma just smiled. "Make it so."

(role credits and cheesy music)

If I messed anything up, then let me know including typos.

Any suggestions on how I should continue the story or improve it would also be accepted.

Follow the Yellow Brick Road

Ranma ½

Chapter 5

Follow the Yellow Brick Road

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow my to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave. If you find any, let me know, and I will correct them and repost the chapters.

I find that if I let thinks sit for a while in my head; I can play them out farther. Plus by trying and keeping my chapters between 2500 and 3000+ words, it helps keep me from making the story slide out of control, turning a diamond to a pile of shit.

Please feel free to review, and make comments. If you find a spelling or wordage mistake, feel free to let me know. Thank you.

Also, please check out my other stories. I try to keep a constant level of dedication to all of them.

Why is it only me that has days like this?

"BWEE!"

Okay, so maybe I'm not the only one.

Nerima is a strange ward in Tokyo. Granted, not as dangerous as living in Minato Ward, specifically Juuban District. But it still is dangerous and disturbing odd, none the less.

For example, no one files a police report about a fanged boy destroying their walls, damages from a helicopter bent on blasting a cute girl with a weird speech pattern on her bike deliveries, no one calls an exorcist for a giant talking ghost cat asking if they want to be his bride. No one thinks twice about seeing a duck launch daggers at a red-haired girl in a Chinese outfit. No one has called for a professional investigation into the underwear thief, or a new toxic waste dump that sprung up with a sign saying "Those with meals made by Akane may enter through rear"…

Well, you get the idea. Basically if you are normal in this area, then **you** are considered weird.

Very messed up if you ask me.

"WE DIDN'T!" screamed the residents of Nerima.

Innortal sweatdrops. "O…kay."

So no one was surprised when during a severe thunderstorm brought on by Typhoon Akane (an actual storm, not the mallet-happy tomboy)…

"AUTHOR NO BAKA!"

(WHAM!)

…

……

Innortal slowly got back in his chair, trying to make the multiple images of his computer stop spinning.

Anyway…

No, they were not surprised when a tornado was formed, sucking the dojo, along with its occupants: one transformed and wet martial artist and a transformed P-chan, into the air.

While this happened, only one thing was clear to the residents of Nerima: this, somehow, someway, was the fault of Ranma Saotome.

Pulling herself off the floor, Ranma shook her head. *Man, that storm hit me harder than the tomboy. Hope everyone's okay.*

"BWEE!"

"I don't give a damn if you're fine, P-chan. It's your damn fault I was in that storm in the first place." Ranma shook her head. *Next time, Akane is getting the damn pig, honor be damned. I'd rather be married to Nabiki.*

Moving quickly before her prey could escape, Ranma quickly placed a collar and leash on the directionally challenged swine.

"Bwee?"

"Oh, hell no. I didn't go through all that hell just so you could wander off, Ryoga. You disappear on me before I get back to Akane, and I'll demonstrate your curse right in front of her."

"BWEE BWEE BWEE!"

"Right, and you keep that attitude up, and Kasumi has the meat for pork chops tonight, understood!"

"bwee."

Heading out of the dojo, Ranma sees something he never expected. Where the backyard of the Tendo Dojo should have been, was a genuine small town. "Damn it, Ryoga! Now you got me lost!"

"She did it!"

"He's dead!"

"We're all saved!"

Ranma just looked around as a group of small women came and surrounded him. "Hey, I didn't mean to. It was all an accident." Of course, she had no idea exactly what they were accusing her of doing, but didn't want to take the chance.

Slowly, one of them came up to her wearing a lavish pink silk dress, her blond hair done into two ponytails with red globes at her head. "I am Neo-Queen Serenity of the Crystal Munchkin Village, and you have destroyed the Wicked Pervert of the East. We thank you."

Ranma, at this momentous moment for Crystal Munchkin Village, echoed a statement that would be remembered for years to come. "Huh?"

The queen pointed behind him, where she saw two small legs popping out from the dojo. Moving quickly, she pulled out…

"Old letch?"

"My pr…pr…pretties." With that, the Wicked Pervert of the East turned to dust. The dust swirled around Ranma's feet, finally forming two ruby-red slippers.

Ranma knew this could only mean one thing. "Yep, I'm screwed."

Ranma was walking by himself along the yellow brick road, glad to be away from Crystal Munchkin Village. No sooner then he had locked Rygoa inside a picnic basket (which had said locks to keep Akane from slipping her food in it); he was accosted by the Outers' Lollipop Guild. Of which, two kept feeling him up.

"Perverts."

Getting some hot water to change back—thankfully the slippers didn't lock him in girl form—he was shocked by the arrival of the Akane of the world: the Violent Tomboy of the West, there to collect the ruby slippers. She was about to attack the now male Ranma when she was stopped by the adult Hinako and Kasumi of this world. Kasumi was apparently the Pure Witch of the North, while Hinako was the Sultry Witch of the South (who also felt up the male Ranma).

"Magical perverts."

As if the other blond one and her friend that kept calling him her "sempai" weren't annoying enough.

After a short exchange of words, in which the Violent Tomboy swore she would get the magic ruby slippers, the two…good…witches told Ranma he had to go see the Great and Mysterious Oz.

Of course he agreed, he didn't want to stay in this weird world any longer then he had to. As he made his way to pick up the basket with Ryoga…safely tucked away in, he was splashed by cold water and once more assaulted by the same two members of the Outers' Lollipop Guild. He would have hit them, if it wasn't for the fact that they were girls.

"Lecherous pervert girls."

After changing back, and ensuring that no more members of Crystal Munchkin Village attacked him, or tried to feel up either of his forms, he picked up the basket to find it much lighter. He opened it.

"What…the…hell?"

Ryoga, in cursed form, inside a locked picnic basket…had disappeared.

Tossing the basket behind him, Ranma reached one important conclusion. "Fuck 'em."

This takes us to now.

Ranma was walking down the road, trying to figure out how the hell he was going to explain this when he got back to Japan. I mean, what were the chances they would believe he was in the dojo and dropped onto another world.

Nabiki will own my soul to make me pay for a new dojo. I just can't win.

"Get away ya lousy birds. Let me drink in peace."

No…fucking…way. Ranma turned towards the side of the road, to see a giant panda scarecrow with a bottle of sake, swatting at some bird.

"What the hell are ya looking at boy?"

"Nothing, old man."

"Then where are ya headed?"

"To meet some person named Oz."

"Can I come to; maybe he can give me a brain." *Plus he might have some great booze, and some other stuff I can pawn off.*

Great, this world's Genma needs a brain, now there's a character stretch. "Sure, you can come. But try and steal from me, and you're a campfire, understood."

"WAH! You don't trust me! Oh, the shame! Why how could you… Hey, wait up!"

"NOW WHERE THE HELL AM I?"

Ryoga looked at his feet, only to see a small village of toadstools.

"What is he, Papa Smurf?"

"I really don't know, Smurfette."

"RANMA, NOW I'M SEEING LITTLE BLUE PEOPLE, THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!"

Maybe we should leave Ryoga to his mental breakdown.

It was a few more hours of walking, compounded by the constant whining of the Scarecrow. Apparently, back in his day, he didn't have to walk so far to get where he was going, was great friends with Oz, and was upset that Ranma wouldn't just let him throw his empties along the roadside.

"Ool tan!"

"Huh?" Ranma scratched his head, trying to figure out where that noise had come from.

It was much easier when he knocked the Scarecrow out. *Really, all that whining is getting annoying.*

"Ool tan!"

Ranma went to a metal figure by a tree stump. Figuring out quickly what it wanted, he used the oil can to allow the metal person to move.

Take a guess who this person was.

Guess.

No not Shampoo.

Wrong again. There are no Gundam pilots in this show.

"N…Nabiki?"

"Nabiki? No, I am the Tin Woodswoman. I thank you for your assistance."

Yep, same Ice Queen image. "I bet you wanna come along and see this Oz person too."

"Oz, well I suppose I could join you, and assist you for a nice fare. I have been told to go see this Oz person and inquire if he had a heart that I might use."

By now, Ranma was rubbing his temples, trying to figure out why this all sounded so familiar.

So now, the trio was off. The group included one drunken straw panda-man, one heartless merc…metal woman, and one very grouchy martial artist with a migraine.

"RANMA, I FOUND YOU! PREPARE TO DIE!"

Ryoga grabbed the redheaded woman from behind.

Unfortunately, he grabbed someone that both wasn't Ranma, and didn't enjoy her chest being felt up.

"YOU PERVERT! DIE! DRAGON SLAVE!"

After the explosion died down, her companion decided to speak. "Don't you think you went a little bit overboard there, Lina?"

"He nearly crushed my chest."

"I didn't think they could get any smaller."

Realizing his mistake, Gowry took off quickly, being chased by a very powerful and very pissed sorceress.

Meanwhile, Ryoga did the only thing he could at the bottom of the crater, half buried. He twitched for a few more minutes and passed out.

His only thought: this was somehow Ranma's fault.

"Stop right there. Give me all the good you have and maybe I'll let you pass."

The trio stopped in the middle of the road.

Normally, Ranma would be afraid of what he saw. But there were two things working against it. First was that it didn't look like a regular cat. It had a dirty gi, cigarette in its mouth and a mustache. So, the neko human had to be—

"Mr. Tendo?"

"No, I am the Great and Powerful Ferocious Lion. Bow before me, or die."

Ranma just smiled. *Maybe he will react the same as the Mr. Tendo from my world.* "Maybe you should tell that to the Wicked Pervert of the East, he's right behind you."

"AH! IT'S THE MASTER!"

Ranma and the Tin Woodswoman both had huge sweatdrops as the drunken Scarecrow and the obviously cowardly Lion hid behind them.

"Don't worry about the old freak, I killed him."

The two cowards now bowed before him, thanking him for freeing them, and pledging to follow him.

So, now our little group heading to see the great and powerful Oz was complete.

Well, almost complete.

"NOW WHERE AM I?"

"What is wrong with him, Gandalf?"

"Ignore him, Frodo. We must continue on."

The author does not even want to know how he got there.

Finally, the group had entered the great emerald city of Nyuchezuu. They had to defeat the guardian, who was currently holding the arm of Ranma, and sneak around the blind man who was guarding the second door. I think it's safe to say who those two resembled.

After getting cleaned up, they went before the great and powerful Oz.

Now I know seeing a giant floating head can be somewhat scary.

Imagine if that six-foot head was that of Cologne.

Safe to say, Ranma really wanted off of this world. "Okay, old ghoul. What do I need to do for ya to send me home?"

A slight—and disturbing—chuckle later, she answered. "Now, sonny boy. Assuming my great-granddaughter will release you; you simply must defeat the Violent Tomboy of the West and return with her Magical Mallet. Then I will send you home."

So they were off again, especially when she promised the Scarecrow a lot of booze, which was accepted by his friend, the Lion.

Meanwhile, the Violent Tomboy of the West was most upset. So far, all of her plans to retrieve the ruby slippers had failed. "What is he, gay or something?"

Who knew a male would simply run away from nymphs dancing in an enchanted meadow.

She had no choice. "Go my flying minions, retrieve those slippers, and destroy his companions."

"No problem, keiki. We give them da bowl haircuts."

"I shall retrieve the princely man from those accursed fool."

"That foul sorcerer shall bother you no more, and then we shall date."

She would have killed them sooner, but they worked for scale.

Good help was so hard to find these days. Evil henchmen weren't as good as the used to be.

"Is this Tokyo?"

"No, you are in Crystal Munchkin Village."

(SPLASH)

"Haruka-papa, I don't think all tall men turn into females when splashed with cold water."

"Can't blame a girl for trying. But at least we have dinner now. Michiru, I found us some pork!"

"BWEE!"

One guess what that bwee translated into.

The group arrived at the castle of the Violent Tomboy of the West. Her earlier…welcome squad was quickly dispatched by Ranma's quick moves while the Tin Woodswoman hacked off their wings and

tails, telling Ranma that he owed her a thousand gold pieces for the help.

No one seemed to care as the formerly flying Kunos…I mean monkeys, screamed.

They will not be missed.

Being careful to avoid the guards, they entered Castle Furinkan. They finally made their way and confronted the Violent Tomboy of the West.

The fight was surprisingly short and anti-climatic.

It went like this.

While searching for her, Ranma went into a bathroom to use the restroom.

There, he found it…already occupied by the Violent Tomboy of the West.

"PERVERT NO BAKA!"

She hit him with her Flying Mallet, which sent him into the koi pond outside.

This in turn, caused the cold water to splash out and hit her.

"YOU PERVERT, YOU GOT ME SOAKED. I'M GOING TO MELT NOW. THIS IS ALL YOUR…blub blub."

One quick hot bath later, the group was getting ready to leave with the Magic Flying Mallet of the now dead Violent Tomboy of the West.

But the guards still needed to thank them.

You see, the Violent Tomboy of the West had outlawed many things in her kingdom that might be considered perverted.

Well, in truth, all the guards that were from this kingdom of Furinkan were in fact, huge perverts.

So were their families.

So were their friends.

Come to think of it, all the people in the land ruled by Castle Furinkan were full-blown perverts.

Basically, Furinkan Land was filled with nothing but perverts. Even the farm animals and house pets were perverts.

Perverts that swung both ways, and didn't discriminate between man, woman, scarecrow, lion, or metal women.

"SAOTOME SECRET ATTACK…RUN AWAY!"

It was a highly embarrassed and slightly less clothed group that arrived back at the Emerald City of Nyuchezuu. After dealing with the now violent blind guard, they made their way to the ruler, Oz.

"Here's her mallet, old ghoul. Now, give us our rewards and let us go."

"Very well, child."

First, to the Scarecrow, she gave much food, liquor, and a brain. He used this brain and figured that if he had a son, he could sell him for more food and liquor.

As said earlier, not a large character stretch.

To the Tin Woodswoman, she gave a heart. Unfortunately, it was a heart filled with lust, which was directed towards Ranma.

Well, she was equipped with Windows XP technology, which meant she was made to fuck the user over very well. Just not in the ways

Bill Gates intended. Or for that matter, most laws allowed.

Whether or not that was a good thing or bad thing, would be discussed at a later time.

To the lion, she gave a legion of Yakuza. With them, he no longer was afraid.

Unfortunately, he had a bad day a few weeks later, and muttered the phrase "Someone just shoot me."

They did.

They did not like working for the Lion.

"Okay, old ghoul. Send me home."

"But you are home, son-in-law. You defeated my great-granddaughter, so you must stay and produce an heir for the future of Emerald Nyuchezuu."

"Yes, Ranma-baby. You don't want to leave us, do you?"

The cold and metal hand down his pants was the starting signal for the Ranma 500. He began running around, trying to find a way out, screaming "There's no place like home. There's no place like home."

Finally, he tripped on some stairs, clicking his heals together three times…

"Come on, boy. Wake up!"

Ranma slowly opened his eyes. "I'm home, I'm really home." He looked around to see the entire Nerima Wrecking Crew (minus Ryoga).

"Oh my, you had us worried there for a minute, Ranma. We thought we lost you."

"But you didn't lose me, Kasumi. You were there, and so were you, and you, and… What is that glowing thing in the sky?"

"That's the sun, baka!"

"No, you tomboy, I mean that."

The huge pink sphere he had been pointing at landed in the backyard. When the sphere disappeared, Ranma paled.

"See, young one. I brought you home. Now travel on, young Ryoga."

"Um, thank you Ms. Pure Witch of the North. But why did we bring them with us?"

Behind them were the members of the Crystal Munchkin Village, the perverts of Castle Furinkan, the drunken Scarecrow, the cowardly Lion, the now lustful Tin Woodswoman, the flirty guard, the powerful Oz, her elite guard, and the Sultry Witch of the South.

The great Oz spoke, surprising her counterpart Cologne. "Now, now son-in-law. Did you think we would let a…great specimen like you get away?"

"SHIT!" Ranma ran away screaming, trying to click his heals together and not trip. "Take me someplace without those perverts!"

Unfortunately, the ruby slippers were no longer on his feet, and all of the interested parties from two worlds were now following him.

And as normal for Nerima, no one thought this was weird.

The end.

If I messed anything up, then let me know including typos.

Any suggestions on how I should continue the story or improve it would also be accepted.

Worst Springs Part 2

Ranma ½

Chapter 6

Worse Springs Part 2

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow my to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave.

If you like, please review, as well as let me know of any spelling errors. I will then re-upload this chapter when I do my next upload.

If you like, check out my other stories.

I also plan to start sending these out to have someone else proofread them before I post them. Volunteers are welcome.

Now, on with the show.

Uh oh. We have found more springs, and they have affected more people.

Let's look in on them.

"The Spring of Drowned Intellectual Psycotic."

Soun looked at the child sitting across from his three daughters. "Ranma, where's your father? I was hoping to see my old training partner when you arrived."

Ranma directed his eyes towards the man. "My father was an abusive fool who tried to control me, so I cut off his face and wore it like a mask." He redirected his sight upon the girls, two of whom had just gone deathly pale. Finally, he directed his gaze towards the eldest. "Tell me, Kasumi. Have you ever had a human live with some fauve beans and a nice kainite?"

"Oh my, no. I prefer it with red wine and some steamed vegetables."

Ranma's smile grew. "Is it okay if I call you Clarice?"

Okay, moving on. Not the safest persona to take. Especially when the others arrive.

Let's check another universe.

Ranma had arrived at the dojo, once more in cursed form. "So, which of my daughters do you wish to marry?"

Ranma looked at them. "I just have a few questions. Do I make you horny, baby? Do I make you randy?"

…

"So, Dr. Hibiki, you've returned."

"That's right, Ranma Powers." The former lost boy had been changed into a pale, bald sixteen-year-old, petting a cat wearing thick glasses. "You've upset Mr. Bigglesworth. And when Mr. Bigglesworth gets upset, people DIE!"

The cat, formerly a blind Amazon, could only meow. It translated into "Someone, please kill me. Where's my fur?"

Ranma had fallen in the Spring of Drowned Sixties Super Agent. Ryoga fell into the Spring of Drowned Albino Evil Genius. Mousse had been thrown into Spring of Drowned Hairless Cat by Shampoo.

Okay, that was a little weird, even for me.

Let's check another spring.

"Oh no. Sir fall in Spring of Short Demon with Dragon Tattoo."

Ranma arose from the pool, several inches shorter, but now sporting his right arm wrapped in a spiritual bandage as well as a sword at his side. At hearing the short comment, he reached for the sword, his face displaying no emotion. "What did you call me?"

"Ah, this one is sorry, just repeating name given by former guide."

Ranma sheathed his sword. "Pathetic human. Now, I must find Urameshi. I did not like drowning in that spring and he will need to be…educated on that."

Okay, poor Hiei. Well, no worries unless you decided to attack Ranma in his cursed form.

Genma, Ryoga, Kuno, Mousse, and Akane will not be missed too much.

Though I did enjoy watching Hiei blush when Kasumi started fussing over his nice tattoo.

Let us move on.

"Oh no, poor sir fall in Spring of Drowned Radioactive Lizard. Now whoever fall into that spring turn into giant monster and head off to attack Tokyo."

Genma was freaking out. "Quickly, how do we change my son back?" *Nodoka will kill me if Ranma destroys Tokyo!*

"No worry, sir. Curses reverse with hot water." He held a full teapot in his hands.

Genma quickly stole the teapot and threw it on Godzilla-Ranma, but no change took place. "Hey, you told me the boy would change back if he was hit with hot water!"

The guide quickly removed Genma's hands from his outfit. "Sir is very stupid. Son is now very large monster, you hit with very small amount of hot water. It too little to change back.

Genma took a step back. "Then explain how a lizard that size drowned in that small pool. That is more of a cursed puddle."

The Jusenkyo Guide took out his pipe and lit is as the new Godzilla slowly made his way towards Tokyo. He really wasn't sure why they did that. *Must be instinct or something.* "This one no understand how Jusenkyo work, but suggest you hurry and alert your people. They always head for Tokyo, except that weird one who this one heard attacked New York City. But your son look like ones who attack Japan."

Poor Tokyo. Almost every time someone falls into that spring, they always go and attack Tokyo. Why did they never learn? Even the Chinese Government decided to never build anything near the path all the Godzillas take. But I hear they love watching the news as the Godzillas attack.

One good point, the first victim of Godzilla-Ranma was a certain lost boy who was looking towards the heavens, blaming Ranma, as

Ranma's new foot squashed him.

Let's move on.

Soun looked at the people who had arrived. One was a small green dinosaur with a saddle on his back, currently using his infinite tongue to steal food off the table. The other was dressed in red overalls. "Are you…"

"It-sa-me: Mario!"

Don't feel too bad. Ryoga now goes by Luigi. But his cursed form thinks Ranma's cursed form gets all the attention, so their rivalry still is ongoing. But Nabiki likes the fact that random blocks the two bust produces some gold coins.

Moving on.

"OH NO! POOR SIR FALL IN MOST CURSED OF ALL SPRINGS!"

Genma, finally figuring out he was a panda, looked on with fear at what his son must become after falling into that spring. Judging from how the guide was reacting, it could possibly be bad.

He was shocked to see his son emerge…as a purple dinosaur.

"Come on, everyone, let's sing. I LOVE YOU, YOU LOVE ME…"

The Guide by this time was already running towards the Amazon Village. He simply didn't have any weapons to face a beast like that. They needed to kill it…and fast. Already he could feel his IQ slipping.

"Too bad, elder sir fall in Spring of Drowned Pokegirl. Him might not look good when get out, this one making run for it, suggest young sir

who no steal my food do same."

Ranma was about to ask what the hell a pokegirl was when his father emerged, now as an attractive female who looked crossed with a cow. "Master, you must tame me!"

"GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME, OLD MAN!"

"Don't run, Master, you must tame your faithful Milktit!"

This is where the author usually posts some comment about the universe we just visited, but he is currently hitting his head against a brick wall to erase that memory this universe created.

Sorry folks, but some universes just weren't meant to be looked upon by the sane.

"Oh, poor sir fall in Spring of Drowned Female Persocom. This one not certain how android drown, but find it best not to question how Jusenkyo do what it do. That way, this one live longer."

Ranma stood up and responded the only way he knew how. "Chii?"

Maybe we should check back on the world where Ranma fell into the Spring of Drowned Flamboyantly Gay Interior Designer.

Ryoga had finally tracked Ranma down, vowing to make him pay for the…humiliation…he had endured at Jusenkyo. As usual, he attacked without warning.

Unfortunately, Ranma was in his cursed mindset at the time.

"Ryoga, my love, come to me my manly man!"

"SHIT!" Ryoga began to run away, hoping to get lost. But his curse held true, so all he could do was circle the school. "Someone, for the love of all that is sacred, get him some hot water, NOW!"

"Why do you run from me, my love? Join with me so that we might prove our love after a date at a very cozy restaurant. I even have learned of a quaint little bed and breakfast that we may spend the weekend at."

The only thought going through Ryoga's head at this time was to avoid Ranma from now on and assume his new curse was punishment enough.

Okay, that Ranma seems to be enjoying himself.

Let's check on another.

Spring of Drowned Talking Cat with Weird Golden Forehead Tattoo...

Ranma had spent only a few days in Great Britain, looking for someone. He had no idea whom, and it was a little difficult as a cat. All he could figure out was that when he fell in that spring, he must have seen himself come out as a cat, gone Nekoken, and somehow ended up here.

The good news was that he could apparently change back with hot water.

The bad news was, as it was Britain, it was mostly raining.

Not that he minded, he could control the Nekoken now, and as cursed forms went, he could talk in this one. *Must have something to do with this weird gold moon tattoo on my forehead.*

Now, if only he could find his charge.

One week later…

My charge is a hormone crazed girl.

Now he was willing to admit Minako was cute. He was even willing to admit she would do well as Sailor V.

What he wasn't willing to admit was whenever her parents left; she would grab a glass of hot water and try to pour it over him. "Minako, you know I haven't learned to shift my clothes yet. Stop trying to return me to my normal form."

"But you deserve to go around human for a while."

"Then why are you naked…again?"

Minako blushed. "Well, so we can train."

"Right. You just want to jump me again."

She was quick and got him with the hot water. She was even quicker latching onto him.

"GAH!"

"Hmm, warm and cuddly."

Years later…

"Damn it, what the hell is your problem?" Luna was pissed as the newly discovered Sailor Venus poured scalding hot water on her.

"You don't change to human form, like Ranma."

Usagi looked confused, as did the other Sailor scouts. "Um, who's Ranma?"

"Oh, he's my cat with the same golden moon on his head. Except he changes to this hunky man when I dump hot water on him. Maybe it works differently for girls."

"Was he the one who taught you about your powers?" Ami was at a loss. She tried to keep the topic on the newest addition to their fight against the Negaverse, but the last bit of information threatened to overwhelm her.

"Nah, he taught me how to fight, I knew most of my attacks. He said I would only get a kiss from him after I perfected a move. He didn't expect me to master most of them in an hour."

"HE CAN FIGHT! MAYBE HE'S MY OLD SEMPAI!" Makato was glowing with the thoughts of a hunky instructor.

"Minako, are you done with them yet. We need to get back to your training." Ranma soon caught sight of a drenched moon cat. "Um, Sorry about that. She thinks every weird cat with a symbol on their heads changes like me and—HEY!"

Ranma had been drenched with hot water by a now drooling Makato.

"Damn it, I thought I had learned to shift my clothes."

Unfortunately, four lonely Senshi and one now taken Senshi were now in mid leap to grab the now male hunk. Luna was just stuck staring with her jaw down on the floor at the formerly nice looking cat that became a very hot male that definitely had a name that fit him.

"Damn it, Usagi. You have a boyfriend."

"But he doesn't smell this nice."

"ARGH!" Ranma only had one main thought. *Are all girls this perverted?*

I think will leave this universe alone for a while. Don't worry about Artemis. He was adopted by the Outers, but I doubt Luna will want him now.

It would explain why Diana has pink fur.

The fun thing is this universe has been marked for future study, so it may get an Omake File chapter of its own.

Well, that is just a sample of the disastrous springs Ranma could have fallen in. Do you know more? Let me know. We must warn those Ranmas.

If I messed anything up, then let me know including typos.

Any suggestions on how I should continue the story or improve it would also be accepted.

Why Akane Isn’t Stronger Part 1

Ranma ½

Chapter 7

Why Akane Isn't Allowed to be Stronger Part 1

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow my to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave.

If you like, please review, as well as let me know of any spelling errors. I will then re-upload this chapter when I do my next upload.

If you like, check out my other stories.

I also plan to start sending these out to have someone else proofread them before I post them. Volunteers are welcome.

Now, on with the show.

Ranma was busy in the field, fighting against his newest opponent: the heir for Martial Arts Box Packing. They had been at it for a few minutes, and as such, they were at a stalemate.

Akane had been at the sidelines, but had moved away a bit. She was going to summon her ultimate weapon and save Ranma from

the evil that was this latest challenger. Lifting up her arm, she spoke into her watch. "It's Showtime, Big-P-chan!"

Beneath the streets of Nerima, a large train was moving. After several unscheduled stops in Mexico City, New York, L.A., London, and Moscow, it finally stopped under Akane, sending the giant black BIG—with a red hat and leopard bandana—up through the ground.

Ranma and his opponent stopped as the forty-story BIG rose from the street, Akane on its outstretched fist. Hopping inside, the screen began to display words. "Cast in the name of God. Ye not guilty...sort of."

She grabbed the controls, "Big-P-chan, GO!"

As the lumbering BIG moved towards the fighters, the heir to Martial Arts Box Packing screamed like a little girl—which to be fair, would be an understandable reaction when something eighty times your size starts coming after you—and ran, causing Akane to follow.

"Missiles GO!"

Ranma just sighed as he heard his challenger scream once again. "I just know I'm going to get blamed for this."

The Sailor Senshi were at the home of the Outers, celebrating their latest victory. A small group of youma had attacked the downtown of Juuban, but the battle had "inadvertently" wondered into the school yard of Juuban High, and the resulting battle had "accidentally" destroyed the school...again.

"We interrupt this soap opera for a breaking news story. A giant robot has appeared in Nerima, and is on its way to Tokyo Proper. Reports say it is chasing a man approximately two meters tall, and randomly blasting him."

"Well," said Usagi, "this is new. Do we have to face it, Setsuna?"

"No," replied the Senshi of Time, half plastered. "Only if it threatens Crystal Tokyo."

"Odd, this is so familiar somehow," said Usa.

"Current reports show that the amount of damage it has created has exceeded the total damage attributed to the Senshi battles."

"WHAT?" they all screamed.

Haruka pounded her fist into her palm. "We worked hard to be the most destructive good guys around, and that fucking tin can beat us in a few minutes!"

Usagi stood up, knocking Mamoru onto the floor, as he had been sitting on her lap, feeding her cheesecake. "We shall not stand for this insult. In the name of the Moon, we shall regain our title!"

"Nuku Nuku, we have a delivery for the Tendo Dojo. Be careful, mad robot on the loose again."

"Okay!"

"Kodachi, what're you doing here?" Ranma was watching the destruction Akane was wreaking on the citizens of Townsville...I mean, Tokyo.

"The robot had destroyed both Furinkan High and Kuno manor, thus I am now the last of my family. I was hoping that I might take refuge here with you, Ranma-sama."

"Well, okay, but you gotta pay rent to Nabiki." Seeing her agree, he turned back to the TV. "Um, how much is this gonna cost her?"

Nabiki put down the calculator. "Pictures won't solve this one. Nope, I wouldn't be too far off saying maybe amateur porn."

Ranma sighed as he watched Akane blow up another skyscraper while trying to defeat the heir to Martial Arts Box Packing. *Yeah, I know I'm really gonna pay for this.*

The Senshi stood on the other side of Tokyo Tower, waiting for the giant BIG to appear. If they combined their attacks, and sent it through Tokyo Tower, then they would not only defeat the BIG, but also reclaim their spot as the most destructive.

"Okay," Sailor Moon said. "When we see it, we all launch our most powerful attacks. Normally, I would say focus doesn't matter, but we don't want this thing getting back up and ruining our score."

The others agreed, and began charging up.

Except for Tuxedo Kamen. He doesn't have a long distance attack. He was currently at the side offering praise.

Neo-Sailor Moon was still somewhat distracted. "I still say this is all so familiar."

A drunken Pluto began to berate her. "Ah, stuff it and get ready to fire on Mr. Roboto."

The heir to Martial Arts Box Packing was ready to piss himself. He didn't want to die. His grandfather was dead, and harassing some boy, claiming he was "The Box Ghost".

No, he wanted to live, to go on dates, to find happiness.

Instead, he found an uncute tomboy inside a giant robot that had no problem with property damage, or killing him. "Damn it, lady, leave me the hell alone! How the hell is killing me going to win the match? You already lost by interfering!"

"I am the heir to the Tendo School, and it is Anything Goes. Now, Big-P-chan, FINAL FORM!"

As the heir to Martial Arts Box Packing saw what looked like a giant cannon form on the walking pig-robot's chest, he knew he was screwed.

As he saw it launch several anchors into the ground to keep itself stable, he was certain Tokyo was screwed as well.

"There it is!" shouted Uranus, staring and pointing at the BIG that was facing them, forming a giant cannon with its chest. "And it's trying to outdo us, again!"

Sailor Moon stuck a pose. "Senshi, prepare for the ultimate destructive attack: Senshi Magnum Blast!"

"Um, what's that?" asked Mercury.

Moon just smiled. "We all aim our attacks at it and hit it with everything we got, damn the consequences!"

After face faulting, they got back up, and resumed powering up, almost ready to launch their most destructive attack, knowing that they had to destroy Tokyo Tower first, so as to reclaim the top spot.

By now, the Tendo living room was filled with every fiancée in the area, as well as a certain cat-girl android. "Wow, she is playing rough."

Ranma glanced worriedly at Nabiki, who was shaking her head. "Hardcore, and even then, she might be at it long past what the usual age limits are."

Ranma was tempted to cry. *I'm doomed! I don't wanna do PORN!*

It was a peaceful day for Mark the pigeon. He had found a nice woman in the park to feed him, he "bombed" four cars and three statues today, one of which cried out against him and said he would not interfere in her divine quest for her "Ukyo-sama", and was now on Tokyo Tower, eyeing a female pigeon who looked hot to him.

Suddenly, two senses of dread popped up for him.

Craning his head left, he saw a giant humanoid robot with a pig face and leopard bandana around its neck looking in his direction, a glowing light coming from its chest.

Looking right, he saw several cheerleaders with their hands glowing as well.

Mark knew he was never going to get lucky again.

Suddenly, the sources of light blared forward, crashing into Tokyo Tower, vaporizing the poor innocent pigeons, before they began to vaporize the surrounding landscape.

The heir to Martial Arts Box Packing barely had enough time to bend over and kiss his ass goodbye...literally.

"Explain this to me again, Su?" asked Keitaro Urashima.

"Well," began to hyperactive Mol Mol princess, "the force field I have up protects us from the devastating nuclear winter brought on by that explosion in Tokyo. We have enough supplies to last ourselves until the Earth warms back up, which should be in about one hundred years."

Keitaro gulped as he looked around. He was trapped for one hundred years with his tenants, his adopted sister, his aunt, Motoko's school pep squad, Seta, Nyamo who had just arrived after burying her dead grandfather, Mei, Tsuruko, Amalla,...

Let's see, that is two males, way more than two females...

Keitaro wanted to cry, knowing he was as good as dead.

"You're a louse, Akane Tendo," said Nuku Nuku in a very unemotional tone.

The Tendo Dojo was all that remained of Nerima...and much of Tokyo in general. A large field of magical energy surrounded it, as well as the ruble for close to several miles. The land had been cleared for fields, as the field provided suitable light to grow crops quickly. Ranma was already busy planting the new fields using Martial Arts Farming, as Nodoka was forcing Genma and Soun to build the new buildings they would need with the new tenants.

The girls all sat in the dojo, discussing what had occurred. Akane was sitting in the corner, P-chan on her lap, as the others stared at her.

After all, you don't exactly deal with a high school girl who just created a nuclear winter everyday.

The Senshi were powered down and off to the side by the wall, staring at the girl who had been the cause of all the trouble.

Well, most were staring at her, Setsuna had teleported to the Time Gates, came back wearing a Mardi Gras t-shirt and about a thousand bead necklaces, said the Great Ice was upon them, before passing out from extreme intoxication.

Usa was pounding her head against the wall because she had forgotten how the Great Ice had started.

The former fiancée brigade was staring her down as well. Mousse and Konatsu were dead; Cologne was in the house making dinner. All they now had left was Ranma.

Nuku Nuku was ready to kill. Her entire family was gone, and she was now all alone.

Well, at least she still had the nice boy who played with her. Though he didn't act like a cat as often anymore.

But the two Tendo sisters sat before her, staring her down. "Well, do you have anything to say for yourself, little sister?"

"Um...I'm sorry?"

"No, Akane," said Nabiki, "I don't think sorry will excuse killing half the damn population of Earth!" She stood up, the mask long since forgotten. "Why the hell did you take a fucking BIG after that guy? Did you think that was honorable?"

"Well, I was helping Ranma—"

Kasumi interrupted her. "You just **had** to be the winner, and now everyone is dead."

Nuku Nuku decided she needed to know some things. "So, what's our situation?"

Before any of the others could hazard a guess, Usa spoke up, finally recalling the stories she heard about this time. "We're stuck in this bubble for the next hundred years. When Ms. Mardi Gras 2005 wakes up, she can get us some livestock, but other then that, we'll be out of contact with the outside world. Afterwards, the field will drop and we'll build Crystal Tokyo.

"In the meantime, we'll need to figure out what to do for entertainment. I mean, we can salvage stuff from the video store and library, but then what?"

"Well, at least we have Sempai."

The girls looked around for a moment, before Ukyo vocalized their thoughts. "Wait, you mean we are stuck here for the next century,

and the only males we have are Tux Boy, the old farts, and Ranchan?"

The girls looked around, and nodded in agreement.

"I'M FIRST WITH THE HUNK!" cried Minako.

"HEY!" cried Akane, squeezing P-chan a little too much, causing his eyes to bulge out, and frighten the moon cats to go back to hiding under the dojo. "He's my fiancé!"

"Sorry, Akane," said Kasumi. "But you lost solitary rights to him when you killed the Northern Hemisphere."

The Senshi would normally be upset that they weren't listed as a cause, but that might cut into nookie time. So they decided to remain quiet and let the short haired girl take all the credit...blame...whatever.

Usa leaned over to Ami. "He's not my father, right? I mean, Ranma is no relation to any of us?" Usa was not going to miss out on Prime Hunk Time.

Mamoru was upset. Yes, he would not have to be taken away from his dear Usako. But...no one wanted to take him away.

He sat in the corner, beginning to glow a pale green, as was the piglet now next to him.

Ryoga was upset, because nobody wanted him.

Well, except for that blond haired girl with the weird hair globes, but she was drooling at the sight of his pig form and kept saying something about BLTs.

Ranma just sneezed in the field, feeling a shiver run down his spine. "Yep, world ended and I'm still screwed."

Ranma Trek

Chapter 8

Ranma Trek

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

First, don't forget to check out my new homepage.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow my to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave. If you find any, let me know, and I will correct them and repost the chapters.

Please feel free to review, and make comments. If you find a spelling or wordage mistake, feel free to let me know. Thank you.

Also, please check out my other stories. I try to keep a constant level of dedication to all of them.

The new Starship: Nerima had just been launched. It was on a tour to finalize the systems, making certain all of them worked within expectations.

Sadly, many at Starfleet were hoping for a random warp core breach, destruction by an unknown threat, or even a Borg assimilation to occur.

You see, the crew assembled on the Nerima was not the most popular in Starfleet.

Lwaxana Troi was more popular with Picard than these people were.

Chief Engineer Tatewaki Kuno. Here is a man with an ego larger than the galactic core. Even though he is a lieutenant commander, he was only promoted so he would be reassigned off the ship. He always states he is better qualified than the captain, and should the captain have a woman that the engineer finds attractive... Only the fact that his father is a high admiral has kept him out of the brig or a standard penal colony. That's not to say that he is often assigned to the most dangerous missions. But he just keeps coming back...

Chief Medical Officer Kodachi Kuno. If nothing was wrong with you before you saw her, there soon will be. The good doctor has been known to...experiment...with her patients. Her laugh drove a Klingon mad and even the Borg could never adapt to what she uses. As such, many of the crew assigned on her ship often prefers the Emergency Medical Hologram through the holodecks. She has the opposite affliction for the opposite sex that her brother has, in the regards that she hunts males as he does females.

Ship's Chef Ukyo Kuonji. This feisty female runs the ship's Ten-Forward with an iron fist. Her waitress/waiter: Konatsu, serve the ship when the crew are on their off hours. It is said she only got the job because she was childhood friends with the captain, but other speculate there is more going on.

Ship's Counselor Kasumi. She is a perfect little angel who can always make you feel better. She is often seen at the captain's side, trying to keep him from killing a crew member. If the captain does kill a crew member, she makes the captain feel better about doing it. She was transferred from her last assignment when it was found the ship's chief medical officer was allergic to her, and broke the captain's neck.

Helm Officer Ryoga Hibiki. Like the officer in question, this file is constantly lost.

Chief of Security Shampoo. This buxom Amazon is often friendly, but known to have killed several boarding parties that have tried to commandeer the ships she was protecting. The universal translator is never able to lock onto her language, so it often sounds broken and childlike. It is known that she desires the captain, and has been known to try and...capture...him. She often refers to him as 'Airen'' and attempts to use the captain for a ritual called 'Snuu-Snuu'. It is not known at this time about her homeworld, or threat level.

Second Officer Nabiki. Nabiki is an ICE type bio-roid; Queen Model (Irreplaceable-Competent-Expensive). She was purchased by the captain because she never has angered him, or become necessary to have to be ordered into the vacuum of space. She runs the ship quiet effectively, and often deals with the Ferengi. It is rumored that she actually now own the Ferengi homeworld after a game of poker with their Grand Negus. She is not one to show emotions, and is currently studying humanity. But for what purposes is unknown at this time.

First Officer Akane Tendo. She is often quick tempered, and been kicked off most starships for attacking the captain, claiming he was being perverted. It is not known how Captain Talbane was being perverted by showering in his own quarters when she barged in, but the matter is still under review. She often carries a mallet instead of a phaser, and is often in trouble with ship's security. It is unknown why she has not been removed from the fleet, but it is rumored that the admirals are afraid of her, and want her as far away from Earth as possible.

Captain Ranma Saotome. He is often referred to as a great leader and tough fighter, having survived and defeated Borg, Cardassian, Kilingons, and Dominion personnel. No one knows how he was assigned to this ship, but believe his mother—who always accompanies him—had something to do with it, as only he and Hibiki are the only males about the ship of 563 crew. No one counted Kuno as male.

Ranma sat in his Captain's chair, ready to start his first official log aboard his new ship, in tradition done since Captain Archer first went into space. "Space, the final frontier—"

"Are you doing something perverted?"

Ranma turned to his first officer. "Computer, pause recording. What?"

"Are you doing something perverted?"

"I just sat down and started my first official log. What the hell could be perverted about that?"

"Just know that I'm watching you."

Sighing, he began again. "Computer, erase and begin again. Space, the final frontier—"

"I know you're doing something perverted."

"Computer, pause. Just what the fuck could I possibly be doing that is perverted?" he exclaimed.

"I don't know, but I know you're doing it."

"Listen, I am just trying to start my official log just like every other captain has done for the last two hundred years. Now unless you can tell me exactly what you think I am doing that is perverted, shut the hell up and let me finish, is that understood, Commander."

"Oh, you'll know when I figure it out, pervie."

"Computer, erase and begin again. Space, the final frontier—"

"Should we be going somewhere?"

"Computer, pause. Helmsman, what are you going on about now?"

"I just wanted to know if I should set course."

"It no matter, we no go where he try to get us to."

The helmsman turned around, facing the wall, before slowly centering himself on the security officer. "Shut up, I am too a good pilot. I won't steer the Enterprise wrong, captain."

"We on Nerima, stupid lost boy!"

Ryoga scratched his head. "How'd I end up here?"

Ranma pinched the bridge of his nose. "Just set course for the Juuban System, Warp 7.

"Now, where was I before I was interrupted? Oh, yeah. Computer, erase and begin again. Space, the final frontier—"

"Captain, I sense tension coming off you, are you okay?"

"Yes, Counselor."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Do you need a nap? Cookie? Hot oil massage?"

"YOU ARE DOING SOMETHING PERVERTED!"

"Everyone shut the hell UP! I am just trying to do my damn official log so that I can officially begin my tour. Now, the next one to talk gets beamed out into space! Now, Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the final frontier—"

"Engineering to Bridge, I feel that thou hath not acknowledged the greatness that is I, the Blue Torpedo of Starfleet!"

"Want Shampoo to take care of, Airen?"

Ranma felt the tension growing again. "Yes, take care of him, and THAT IS CAPTAIN!"

"Okay, Captain Airen!" With that, she disappeared into the turbolift.

"That looked a little perverted to me."

Ranma took a deep breath and relaxed. *I will not go crazy. I will not go crazy!* "Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Nerima. Its continuing mission: to seek out new worlds—"

"Probably so you can do perverted things on them, pervie."

"THAT'S IT! The next person who interrupts my fucking log gets shoved out an airlock! Do I make myself clear?"

He stood up, taking several deep breaths, and began again. "Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the—"

"Shampoo back, Captain Airen!" Ranma slumped to his knees as she continued. "Shampoo make certain stupid stick boy learn not to question Shampoo. Send to too too crazy sister for...help."

The bridge crew shuddered at that thought. "Thanks, Shampoo. Now, once again. Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the—"

The ship lurched. "What the hell was that?"

"Um, I think we hit Detroit. See, I told you I could get us there!"

Commander Nabiki corrected him. "We were on our way to the Juuban System."

"Oh."

"Captain Airen, it too too big metal moon outside. Someone call himself Darth Vader say we surrender or die."

"BLOW IT THE HELL UP!" screamed the captain, tired of being interrupted while trying to make a simple log entry.

The second officer questioned him. "Captain, should we not discuss this with them first? It may be a simple misunderstanding."

"FUCK HIM! HE THREATENED US! SHAMPOO, LAUNCH QUANTUM TORPEDOS!"

As they watched the view screen, the Death Star exploded as its small shields could not withstand the Federation's major ass kicker: the Quantum Torpedo.

As Ranma tried to calm himself, he was about to speak when Nabiki interrupted again. "It appears as if Ensign Hibiki has taken us to another universe. I believe we may have violated the Prime Directive. That will cost us."

"Okay then. Nabiki, get us back into our own universe and on course. Hibiki, don't touch anything. Shampoo; shoot Hibiki if he touches anything. Kasumi, I know I am tense, but I don't need a massage right now. Tendo, one more pervert comment from you and I will have your ass beamed into a star. Now, is everyone understood?"

Seeing no one disagreeing with him, he began again. "Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Nerima. Its continuing mission, to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations—"

"Probably so you can do perverted things to them."

"THAT'S IT! SAOTOME TO TRANSPORTER ROOM ONE: BEAM COMMANDER TENDO INTO A STAR!"

"Sorry, sir, but Officer Shampoo shoved Engineer Kuno's head through that console. It'll be a few hours before we have them online."

"DAMN IT!"

"Calm down, pervie!"

"ARGH!"

"Ranchan, what would you like for dinner?" It was the voice of the Captain's personal cook and the head of Ten-Forward over the intercom system.

"Anything's fine, Ucchan. Sorry to be rude, but I need to get some work done. I'll see you after my shift."

"Okay, Ranma-honey."

"Now that is being perverted!"

"Oh, shut the hell up. Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Nerima. Its continuing mission, to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations. To boldly go where no man—"

He was cut off by the mallet of his first officer impacting on his head. "There are women aboard this ship, too, pervert!"

Ranma slowly stood up, dusting himself off, before launching himself at his first officer, only to be held back by Nabiki and Shampoo. "Come on! Let me kill her!"

"Starfleet no like it if you kill new first officer!"

"It is against regulations."

"Would anyone miss her?" asked Ranma.

"I would," said Ryoga.

"Stupid Lost Boy miss end of straight line."

"HEY!"

"What is going on, son?" asked the redheaded woman who had just exited the turbolift.

"Nothing, Mother. I am just trying to finish my first official log entry and follow tradition, but no one will give me the quiet to do it."

"Well, I hope you are being manly about it."

"Nope, he's being a perverted pervie."

"Mother, could you kill my First Officer for me."

"I can't do that, son. I have to get ready to meet the envoy from the Pandainians."

"Fine. Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Nerima. Its continuing mission, to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations. To boldly go where no man has gone—"

The ship lurched violently again. "NOW WHAT!"

"Captain Airen, we is under attack. Sensors show Pandainian fighters, Romulans, and Perversions."

"Shit!" *All I wanted to do was make one damn log entry.*

"WAH!" wailed the Romulan leader. "Now the empires will be joined, Master."

"Yes," said the Perversion Leader: Happosai. "Soon, I will liberate the silky darlings from the Federation."

The Pandainian leader simply held up a sign. "Now, if only I could find my meal ticket...I mean, son."

"Shampoo, eliminate them."

"AIYAH!" Her fingers tapped over the console, releasing the massive weapon arsenals of the Nerima. "Enemy ships run. Follow?"

"Nah, send a message to Starfleet about them. Now, for the final time. Computer, erase and begin yet again. Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Nerima. Its continuing mission, to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations. To boldly go where no man has gone before. Computer, end log." He looked around, waiting for the next thing to happen.

Only quiet greeted him.

"I'm going to get dinner. Nabiki, you have the bridge."

"HEY! I'm the First Officer!"

"Yes, you are. And since I can't beam you into space, I am ordering you to go see Kodachi for a full medical exam. Dismissed." The turbolift doors shut before she could reply.

As he entered his quarters, he noticed his mother cleaning and smiled. Overall, he was glad today was over, as he was certain half the crew would have...accidents...by the end of the week.

As he entered his bedroom, he noticed that his mother once again forgot that no crew were supposed to be in there. "Um, Kasumi...Nabiki...what are you doing here?"

"Your mother suggested I inquire with you about human sexuality."

"As ship's counselor, I would be remised in my duties if I did not help you relax."

"Can we do this later?" He tried to back out of the room, but the door had shut, and apparently been locked from the outside.

"No. GET HIM!"

"ACK!"

Nodoka looked from outside as the multitude of noises came from the captain's room. "HE'S SO MANLY!"

The end.

Sailor Moon Tryouts

Sailor Moon Tryouts

Ranma ½ Edition

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow my to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave. If you find any, let me know, and I will correct them and repost the chapters.

Please feel free to review, and make comments. If you find a spelling or wordage mistake, feel free to let me know. Thank you.

Also, please check out my other stories. I try to keep a constant level of dedication to all of them.

They had done it...finally.

Despite all the setbacks, the questions, the wondering if Mamoru was really Usa's Father since the girl looked nothing like him, wondering if he was capable of shooting only a few bullets since in 1000 years, the Neo-princess was still an only child...

Mamoru Chiba and Usagi Tsukino had finally wed.

But, evil takes a holiday for no dumpling headed girl.

"WAH! THE AUTHOR'S SO MEAN!"

Quiet you, before I kill you off!

"I'll be good."

As such, a temporary Sailor Moon and Tuxedo Kamen were needed.

Thus, Sailor Pluto looked into the Gates of Time, and after beating them with a tire iron for several hours, she learned that contestants across the multiverse would be tested.

As such, one of these tests would involve the Ranma Universe.

The main problem was which universe to get the contestants from. Across the spectrum the characters had played many roles in the universes where both the NWC and the Senshi coexisted.

Ranma alone had been placed in every possible combination with the Senshi. He was a brother, a husband, a son, a love interest, and even the Senshi themselves.

And while Setsuna had deeply enjoyed the recordings of one such universe where Ranma was Haruka's greatest love, it sort of upset her sense of reality when the closest three other universes had Ranma as her Father, her son, and her husband in that order.

So much for genetics and constants.

And thus, the contestants were found, offered a chance with a promise of a wish granted at the end, and thus, we had several pairs sign up, many without their partners consent.

So, the remaining Senshi look over the tests of the replacement Senshi.

Test Case #1: Ranma and Akane:

"Take this, you perverts!" screamed Sailor Moon, as she vented her wrath of love and justice on her victims.

And thus, not only were several youmas destroyed, but so were the cameras of several fanboys.

Kamen just sat on a rooftop, enjoying the peace and quiet, while Sailor Moon took out her rage on deserving and worthless targets.

After all, Japan would always produce more perverted fanboys.

While the test was ongoing, the other fiancées and suitors were locked up so as to not interfere. So, he was enjoying peace and quiet...

Well, that was until Sailor Moon noticed he wasn't paying any attention to her.

And thus, the news not only had footage that night of Sailor Moon protecting the world with Love and Justice, but a fight that would have made Jerry Springer proud between her and her proclaimed love, Tuxedo Kamen, who was calling her a flat-chested tomboy who'd never land a hit on him because her thick thighs kept getting in the way.

The fact that one watcher noted that Sailor Moon's thighs did seem a lot thicker earned him a sailor suited shoe up his ass.

Test Case #2: Ranma and Kasumi:

The youma sighed for the fifth time that night.

She had tried...she really did...to kill Sailor Moon. But for some reason, hitting the girl seemed...wrong.

However, the creature of evil did have to admit that these cookies were just Heaven, and the tea was flavored with just the right amount of lime.

"Now," said Sailor Moon, as she sat demurely on the blanket in the park, ensuring her now longer and proper skirt wasn't made dirty, "isn't this much nicer than trying to kill each other. Oh my, this is such a lovely day for a picnic."

Tuxedo Kamen had to agree, being careful about which treats he tried to eat, as the youma were almost at his level when it came to swiping food.

Besides, it seemed...wrong...to mess up the picnic after Sailor Moon worked so hard to make enough for everyone.

Test Case #3: Akane and Tatewaki:

The youma simply sat back and enjoyed watching Sailor Moon once again try to rip Tuxedo Kamen apart.

"But, my fair princess and fierce tigress, surely thou knows our destiny is to be together, as proclaimed by the very heavens that we —"

"SHUT UP AND DIE!"

The youma merely nodded, enjoying the sight of someone else being severely beaten to death.

Now, if they could just figure out how the bloody bastard kept standing back up, they'd have a new weapon against the forces of Love and Justice.

One actually was close to understanding it, but Kamen fell before them, just in time to avoid an energy attack, that sadly, the youma failed to avoid.

Well, it all worked out in the end.

Test Case #4: Ukyo and Konatsu:

"Oh, this is so much fun, Kamen-kun!" squealed Sailor Moon as 'she' used a kunoichi attack to vanquish a youma.

Tuxedo Kamen sighed as 'he' adjusted 'his' outfit once again, since it was causing the bindings on 'his' breasts to star to itch. "Whatever, sugar, let's just kill these things."

Test Case #5: Ryoga and Akari:

As Sailor Moon sent her Lunar Sumo Pig to once again flatten and consume several of the youma, she pouted a bit. "Where is my Kamen-chan at now?"

"Now where the hell am I?" yelled Tuxedo Kamen. Before he could blame Ranma, he looked up to the sky, seeing...Earth!

"A MAN!"

He turned, seeing a large crowd of busty women staring at him with salivating mouths and perverted eyes.

Welcome to the moon of Siren, Tuxedo Ryoga.

Enjoy.

Test Case #6: Ranma and Shampoo:

"Aiyah! Sailor Moon hurt too too stupid youma for interrupting Sailor Moon's happy time with Airen!"

While Tuxedo Kamen fought, enjoying the fact he could attack the youma with his lethal moves and not worry about killing someone important, he tried not to face fault as Sailor Moon proved Mercury

was wrong, as her speech habits were **not** corrected by the Senshi magic.

Soon, the youma were gone, and Sailor Moon was once again pasted to the side of Tuxedo Kamen, much to the annoyance of several straight Senshi.

Then again, when the tested leader kindly informed you that "you try and take Airen, you I kill", it does keep you in line and not trying to take the hunk for yourself.

Test Case #7: Ranma and Tatewaki:

As the portal closed, Sailor Moon shook the hands of the leader of the band of youma.

After groping her, Tuxedo Kamen soon found himself face-first in the sidewalk, and his power source stripped.

While Sailor Moon kept pounding him, the youma gathered the energy being donated by dozens of girls, and opened a portal to a hell dimension filled with gay incubus demons and other assorted demons of that sexual persuasion.

And thus, with a mighty heave, Tatewaki Kuno would no longer bother the forces of good or evil.

Isn't it great when two sides can work together towards a common goal?

Test Case #8: Shampoo and Mousse:

The Senshi watched in confusion as Sailor Moon proceeded to use a tuxedo-clad duck to beat the youma into dust.

Some did wonder where the loud test candidate had been, but assumed he had gotten lost.

Though, even Mercury was wondering why he refused to where the mask, even though it seemed overtly large and protruding from his face like glasses.

"Too too stupid duck-boy learn not to get between Airen and Sailor Moon by signing up for crazy contest!" As the youma finally were vanquished, she smiled, dropping the battered duck in a trashcan. "Hah, Sailor Moon finally find use for too too stupid Mousse."

"Great," muttered Venus, "the one guy she doesn't want and it isn't the hottie."

Test Case #9: Ukyo and Ranma:

"Much better," said Sailor Moon as she used her Moon Battle Spatula to work the youma over some more.

Tuxedo Kamen sat at the side, looking at his empty plate, as Sailor Moon mashed the youma together onto a flower shell, before using a griddle the size of a fighting ring to cook it.

"Now, now, Kamen-chan, the food will be done in a minute."

Thus, the Senshi watched as not only Sailor Moon turned the youma into a dinner, but Tuxedo Kamen ate it, with a little help from Chibi-Moon, who also pounced upon the meal like a ravaging jackal.

But to Kamen's benefit, he didn't let her starve.

See, sharing is fun.

Test Case #10: Nabiki and Ranma:

"Please hurry up, Kamen-baby," said Sailor Moon, as Tuxedo Mask ran around to quickly finish off the youma, since Sailor Moon informed him that every minute they were late for the dinner theater she had signed them up to attend for a fund raising event, she would make him...pay.

"You know," said Kamen, "you could help a little. It's not like you ain't got any powers."

"Please, and deprive you of your knight-in-shining-armor complex? Please, give me some credit."

Pluto shook her head, having to be the responsible one, since the other Senshi were currently lost in the photos they had bought from Sailor Moon.

"Auh, Sempai is much better than I remember."

"Now that is a girl who has the...abilities...to be Sailor Moon."

For once, Pluto was glad for the Gates of Time. Why pay for photos when she had illegal cable to watch the live drama?

Test Case #11: Kodachi and Ranma:

The Senshi looked on as Sailor Moon used her whip to quickly kill the youma.

To be fair, the youma were pretty much easy targets considering that they were paralyzed by her first attack.

Then again, so was Tuxedo Kamen, whom she had first posed in what she considered a daring and romantic appearance, before exchanging the red rose on his suit for the black rose she grew especially for him.

The Senshi would have stopped her from trying to take liberties with him on the street, but soon found out that the gifts she gave them also had a similar effect.

But on the bright side, Sailor Venus and Jupiter now had a new strategy for getting the boys they wanted.

Woe to those boys.

Mars threw the folders onto the table. "There isn't a single one of them cut out to be Sailor Moon! We'd have better luck cloning Dumpling Head!"

Uranus was looking at her photos of Ranma-chan. "Well...she did a good job as Sailor Moon. Her...qualifications are all in order."

Jupiter nodded. "Yes, he has all the qualifications to join us."

Venus nodded, looking at the same photo of Ranma-kun that Jupiter was holding. "Yes, we must send the others back and keep him." She shook herself out of daydreams involving a pigtailed boy and fudge with sprinkles. "Of course, this is solely in the interests of Love and Justice."

"We can't keep him, Minako," said Sailor Pluto.

"WAH! PLUTO'S SO MEAN!" came the response from Sailors Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus.

Let's face it, Nabiki does tasteful work, even of nude shots.

"Pluto, we can't leave things as they are," said Neptune, promising to get rid of those photos before Uranus lost her mind to daydreaming. "Surely they deserve something to make things better."

"Oh, I already took care of that." The others didn't miss the evil smirk, wondering if perhaps Ranma shouldn't have called the

Guardian of Time an uncute tomboy for allowing Kuno into the tests.

Ranma was currently wondering if seppuku was still an option.

Currently, he and the members of the tests were now adjusting to their new roles in their universe.

Nabiki Tendo was now Sailor Mercury.

Ukyo Kuonji was now Sailor Venus.

He himself was now Tuxedo Kamen, and Nabiki was promising people to get some "tasteful" photos of Sailor Earth.

Akane Tendo was Sailor Mars.

Shampoo was now Sailor Jupiter.

Kasumi Tendo was now Sailor Uranus.

Kodachi Kuno was now Sailor Neptune.

And for some odd reason, Cologne was now Sailor Pluto, which returned her to her youthful form, much to Shampoo's ire, as now Cologne could give Ranma the Kiss of Marriage.

Then, we have who Pluto chose as Sailor Moon...

"WAH! As your Neo-Queen, I declare that you all shall marry my manly son and give me lots of grandbabies!"

Yes, that's right. Nodoka Saotome was now Sailor Moon.

"Wait," said Akane, "where's Ryoga?"

Ryoga and Akari sat in the short blue car with fire stripes painted on the side, listening to the man tell of why he was driving to get his

girlfriend back, when a cop pulled them over, asking if they had seen some boy.

"Ryo-chan, why is Mr. Wayne screaming like that?"

Ryoga shrugged. "Don't know. Maybe the kid looked like this Garth person he's also talking about."

Ranma knew wherever Ryoga ended up, he was blaming Ranma for it right now. "Hey, aren't we missing one Senshi?"

"Yes," said Cologne, preparing to deliver a Level 10 Amazon Glomp to her Airen. "Who's Saturn?"

"YEAH! Nuku-Nuku get new stick to help hunt mousies!"

The group paled as they turned, seeing the android cat-girl using the Silence Glaive to bisect a car, in order to catch...

"WAH! Let an old man have his fun, I ain't a mouse!"

Well, maybe they wouldn't stop her quite yet.

What I Saw

What I Saw

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In Nerima, what passed for a normal day here was occurring, much to the annoyance of the hospitals of Tokyo who had to deal with the constant influx of mental ward patients.

But to be honest, most weren't used to such occurrences. Besides, you would think that the publicity received from the "Inuyasha" incident in Minato Ward: Juuban District would have alerted tourists.

I mean, who the hell does a full cosplay of Inuyasha and then goes to find the Sailor Senshi?

Anyway, currently the tenants of the Tendo Dojo were enjoying a calm afternoon.

Akane was feeding P-chan some piggy snacks, much to the cursed boy's pleasure.

Nabiki was going over her budget while sucking on some pocky, further practicing sex appeal diversions for business ventures in the future.

Kasumi was reading a medical text book she had borrowed from the Tokyo University library...despite the fact she didn't have a library card there.

Soun was smoking as he watched a television show, slipping into a full cascade waterworks display when Yogi once again failed to escape with the picnic basket.

Keep the faith, my friend. Keep the faith.

The Saotomes were suspiciously absent, which could account for the quiet.

That was...until Murphy's Law refused to stay silent any longer, and thus Ranma entered the room, completely pale, eyes wide with a look that just said haunted in it, before sitting down at the table, staring at the wall.

Akane was first alerted to his presence by P-chan's growl, before the pig began to try and get free to attack Ranma. She turned to him, wondering what he was doing to cause her pet pig to act as such, ready to pound him.

Seeing that both the fact he wasn't even looking in her direction or that of anyone else, she guessed P-chan was angry at some other offense. "Ranma, why is P-chan upset at you?" she growled out, not even bothering to think that naturally P-chan was an aggressive character and needed to get fixed.

But, Akane was with P-chan like Nodoka was with Ranma: she wanted P-chan to be manly and give her lots of pet piglets to play

with.

Ranma continued to stare. "Nothing, he always attacks me."

Akane just growled. "You've been picking on him again, haven't you!" she accused.

By this time, the others in the room noticed Ranma.

"Oh my, Ranma-kun," said Kasumi, "you're awfully pale. Did that nice Kuno girl poison you again?"

Ranma shook his head.

Nabiki smirked. "I bet you saw Grandfather Happosai naked."

Ranma shook his head.

Akane resumed growling. "You were being a pervert again, weren't you? P-chan can sniff out a pervert!"

Ranma turned to face her, tears now starting to go down his face. "You ungrateful bitch!" his voice began to yell. "After all I've done for you, and after what I just witnessed, you have the fucking gall to call me a pervert!"

"What did you see, Saotome?" Nabiki asked, smirking at how quickly her sister had scooted away from a Ranma that bit back.

Ranma shook his head, before grabbing it, and sitting in the fetal position. "The horror...the horror...you can't know...you can't know."

This caused the older girls to focus on him while Soun forgot about the challenges facing the smarter-than-the-average bear. "WAH! Ranma's having a psychotic break from reality! Now the schools will never be joined!"

"Don't worry, Ranma-kun," said Kasumi, setting down her book, "just tell us what it was and I'll get you some tea to make it all better."

But it would never get better, as the clues to what horrors from hell he had witnessed entered the room, tying their sashes.

Nodoka shook her head. "Really son, vomiting in the room was very unmanly."

Genma nodded, feeling too happy to scold his son. "Really boy, how do you think you were conceived? I've been away from my loving wife for over ten years.

The four Tendos and one Jusenkyo pig stared, passing their glances between the paled gender-changing martial artist and his parents, the clues hitting them.

Ranma had seen something in their bedroom that mentally scarred the boy beyond whatever the Nekoken had.

Nodoka and Genma had dressed afterwards.

They did it once before when Ranma was conceived.

"OH—"

"MY—"

"FUCKING GOD!" screamed Kasumi.

Nabiki was soon beside the pigtailed boy, holding him, and petting his head. "It's okay, Ranma-kun. Those memories can't hurt you."

Kasumi got up, heading for the kitchen, trying to remember where her father's mood medication was. Sure, it was expired, but Ranma needed it now.

Besides, Akane's cooking hadn't killed him, and it packed more warnings than the Prozac did.

"I don't get it," said Akane.

Soun nodded. "Nor do I, son. Please tell me."

Nabiki stared at them. "You mean; little sister, that for all your damn talk about perverts, you don't have a clue what he saw?"

Akane directed a glare towards Ranma. "So, what did the pervert see? I don't see what Auntie and Uncle could have been doing that was perverted?"

"He caught them having sex, Akane," said Kasumi as she brought in the heavily medicated tea, which Ranma took in one shot.

Akane and P-chan's eyes shot wide open. "You mean they're perverts too! It must be hereditary!"

"Akane," said Nodoka, "all married couples have sex. Where do you think babies come from?"

"The hospital?"

Nodoka glared at Soun. "You mean the poor dear hasn't even had The Talk yet?"

"Father means well," said Kasumi, "but he's mostly a chicken-shit when it comes to those sorts of discussions."

"What does doing perverted stuff have to do with babies?"

Nabiki sighed. "Sis, we'll discuss this later. Kasumi, call Cologne and see if she can do a quick Xi Fa Xiang Gao. Make certain you give her the full story, in case it needs to be super strong."

Ten minutes later, everyone was in the living room, while Nabiki was still petting the shaking and pale Ranma, while explaining things to her obviously warped sister.

"You mean that is how babies are made?" Akane asked, as she nursed P-chan back to health. The little piggy had suffered a major

nosebleed halfway through Nabiki's tale.

Well folks, it appears there are more people completely ignorant about sex-ed than just Ranma.

"For the last damn time, yes, Akane," growled out Nabiki.

"No guy is ever putting his thing there in me!" Akane loudly declared.

"WAH! My daughter's a lesbian, now the schools will never be joined!"

"Don't worry, Tendo," said Genma, trying to make his friend feel better after asking what Boo-boo would do. "After all, you do have two more daughters, and one of them might be straight."

"True, Saotome."

"Also, the boy does have his curse, so Akane could still wed him."

"Of course, old friend, let's go have a drink to celebrate, and then get a priest!"

"Now what are you two fools blathering on about?"

The group turned to face Happosai.

Kasumi sighed. "Ranma saw his parents having sex."

Happosai paled, dropping his pipe and bag of purloined panties to the ground. He slowly turned to glare at the offenders. "You've broke him, you sick bastards!"

"I fail to see the problem here," said Nodoka. "After all, he simply saw a beautiful thing."

Happosai snorted. "Even I don't do that outside of a secured room." He walked over to his heir, before clapping his hands and bowing. "May your next life grant you peace, m'boy."

Ranma blinked. *Next life?*

Then it hit him. He just simply had to kill himself, and then the images of his father and mother doing...that...would be gone. "Mom, can I borrow the sword?"

"Of course, Ranma," smiled Nodoka as she prepared to hand him her silk-wrapped parcel.

Nabiki slapped Ranma upside his head, while Kasumi took the sword and put it away.

"Hey!" he said.

Nabiki glared at him. "No easy way out, Saotome. You'll wait until Cologne can erase that memory!"

"Besides, Ranma-kun," said Kasumi, "getting blood out of the floor is just so difficult."

Ranma was about to offer to clean it up, but then remembered he'd be dead. Looking around at those near him, he realized no one else would bother to help Kasumi.

Reluctantly, he sighed as he sat back down, another perfect plan ruined by common sense.

Hearing a knock on the door, Kasumi left to answer it, returning with the three Amazons and one chef.

Nabiki blinked. "Ukyo, what are you doing here?"

She smirked. "I saw the Amazons coming here at top speed, so I followed."

Cologne po-goed over to Ranma. "Hmm... Yes, I see it's as bad as I thought."

Shampoo blinked, before sending a friendly death glare over to Nabiki. "Why Mercenary Girl petting Shampoo's Airen?"

Nabiki glared back. "He caught his parents having sex."

Now, Mousse was far from being a weak-minded male, despite all evidence.

Hearing this, he took the smartest course of action he had done in a while, and simply passed out.

Shampoo's eyes shot wide open. "AIYAH! Too too stupid panda finally break Airen.

"SHAMPOO KILL!"

The bubbly Amazon was stopped by a quick strike from Cologne's staff. "Kill them later, right now we have to see if we can help son-in-law."

Ukyo stayed silent, as she began to cry, before she sat beside Ranma and petted his head as well. "There, there, Ranchan; it'll be okay, you'll see."

Where was Akane throughout this? She was currently in the corner trying to wrap her mind around how babies were made.

Don't even ask what she thought the Hentai Horde had wanted from her in the first place.

Cologne sighed. "I think we could fix this. Did anyone else see this atrocity?"

Nodoka snorted. "Really, I think you're blowing this all out of proportion."

Nabiki snorted in response. "Really? Kasumi saw our parents. She used to be like me and Akane in tactics and skill with martial arts. Hell, she taught me numbers. Then she saw it...and now look at her."

Kasumi blinked. "I saw something I shouldn't have?"

Ah, the glorious invention of repressing memories.

Cologne sighed. *Why me, oh Goddess, why?* "So, that is one dose for son-in-law and Kasumi. Anyone else?"

Nabiki paused for a bit. "Better do the Kunos when you have the chance." Seeing the questioning gaze, she explained. "Why do you think they're the way they are?"

Cologne nodded. "Strangely, that makes perfect sense." She removed a large bottle from her sleeve. "We'll use Formula 666; it was especially made for this type of memory erasing."

"Will it work?" asked Ukyo.

"Yes," said Cologne, "after all, Shampoo doesn't remember seeing her own parents doing it when she caught them."

"AIYAH! NOW SHAMPOO DO!" Said Amazon immediately fell to the floor in the fetal position, making little pitiful meows.

Cologne sighed. *Damn, forgot I wasn't supposed to remind her.* "Okay, we have son-in-law, Kasumi, the Kunos, my great-granddaughter; anyone else?"

"Why aren't you blackmailing him for this?" asked Ukyo.

Cologne shook her head, but Happosai answered. "This is one technique that all Amazons must share freely. Why do you think I first ended up there? I saw my own folks doing it, heard that they had a cure, and went running. Cologne-chan fixed me right up."

"This is absurd," said Nodoka. "I caught my father being manly with my mother dozens of times, and I suffer no ill effects."

Everyone turned to face the Saotome Matriarch. "You know," said Nabiki, "this is all starting to make sense."

Ranma smiled as he walked towards the Tendo Home. He had no idea why, but things were going great for him lately.

Ukyo wasn't pestering so much about being the cute fiancée.

The Kunos kept wandering around, like they'd never seen the world before. Even Principal Kuno had cut his own hair and was conducting school like a professional.

Mousse would take a look at him, shake his head, and **not** attack.

P-chan hadn't bitten him in a week. The cursed porker just seemed to look at him, growl, and then pass out from blood loss from the nasal cavity.

Akane would occasionally glance at him, mutter something about not being a lesbian, and then go kick some random guy in the crotch for "trying to ruin her purity."

Nabiki looked on him now as something other than a source of amusement, which was better than the changes in Kasumi, who seemed to slowly develop a look for him that resembled Shampoo.

She was even pinching his butt when no one was around.

Shampoo stayed about the same, but kept giving death glares towards Ranma's parents for some reason.

Yep, nothing could ruin this day.

He might be wrong, considering that when he opened the dojo, Happosai was in only a thong, doing his Happy Dance he only did if he stole magical girl panties.

Usagi Tsukino cried as she read the Tokyo news story about Sailor Moon flashing her bare bottom to impressionable youth. "WAH! THE

NEWS PEOPLE ARE SO MEAN! I'M NOT A CHEAP WHORE!"

Mamoru agreed. Usagi was anything but cheap, especially when the bill came from her current assault on the ice cream parlor.

Ranma saw this...and shrugged. Somehow, he knew it could have been worse.

Closing the door, he wondered where his parents were. Every time he saw his mother, she was talking about how relaxed and refreshed she felt, and how great her hair was.

Something About Nodoka

Something About Nodoka

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Katsuhito sighed, wishing once again he had never told his youngest daughter about her true history.

All the signs had shown she would accept it well. She was perhaps one of the best students he had ever had to pleasure of teaching Jurai-style kendo and sword fighting. Her grades as a student were top-notch, and she seemed to be able to instinctively tap into her Jurian powers.

"Oh daddy?" came the sing-song call of his daughter, sending the missing crown prince back into hiding, hoping to all of the Gods and Goddesses he knew throughout the universe that she wouldn't find him.

I have to stop this. I shouldn't be hiding from my own daughter!

He could still remember where it all went wrong.

"So let me get this straight," said the redheaded woman, standing by the lake near her father's shrine. "You're really an alien prince, trapped on Earth by choice, from an empire that spans a good bit of this galaxy."

"This is true," said Yosho, disguise gone.

"And all this because you truly didn't love your half sister to the point of marriage?"

"Well, it was more to protect the empire from the civil war that would have most likely resulted from such a marriage, but your reason is just as valid."

Nodding, the girl slowly smiled. "So that means I am a princess?"

"Yes," said Yosho, not seeing where this was going.

"Then that means by Jurian law, we can be wed."

"Well yes, but... What?" asked the slightly paling man.

"Well, there is no one better suited for me than you, Father," said the smiling girl, as her robe began to be loosened. "And now thanks to the laws of Jurai, I can finally be with the manliest man I know!" she squealed, her robe falling to the ground, revealing her nude form.

She's scarier than Seto.

His nude daughter had chased him around the shrine and surrounding lands for hours on end, trying to prove she was the right person to handle her father's manly issues.

There has to be something I can do. I mean, what does it say about me that I'm running in fear over my own daughter? I'll just explain to her that I don't see her that way, and that'll be that. After all, she'll listen to me, won't she?

"Oh Daddy, where are you?" called the voice again. "I have the body oil all warmed up! Let's take care of those manly urges of yours!"

Man; am I so glad now that no one lives near me. I'd hate to have to explain that.

"There you are!"

"Eep!" came the girl-like cry from the Crown Prince. "Um, No-chan ... we can't do this."

"And why not," came the hesitant growl from his daughter. "Am I not beautiful enough?"

"That's not it at all!" he called out, stepping back a bit. *So much like her mother.*

"Am I not womanly enough for you? Don't I have the best cooking skills?"

"That's not it at all!"

"Then what is it?" she bellowed.

Think man, think! "It wouldn't be proper because ... because ... because you already have a fiancé!"

"I what?" came the surprised reply.

"Yes, you're engaged to marry a man from the ... the," he paused, trying to remember which families owed the Masaki clan. "You're engaged to a member of the Saotome family."

"I am," she asked in awe. "Is he manly?"

"I guarantee it," said Yosho, activating his disguise as he headed back to the shrine. "Let me place some calls and see if we can have a formal omiai with them."

"Okay Daddy," said the redhead. "I better go get ready. I must look horrible."

As she left, Yosho let out a breath he hadn't known he was holding. "By Tsunami, please let them have someone she'll consider manly, whatever the hell that means."

Twenty years later...

Ranma sighed once again, looking over towards his mother, wondering what sort of troubles this was going to get him into.

Oh, things had been going fine that day, until his mother purchased certain information from Nabiki about his sexual activities; namely the full lack of them.

Yes folks, Nodoka Saotome had discovered her son was ... a virgin!

And this did not set well with the woman.

How can I prove to my father that I can produce manly children if my son has not been manly with other women?

"Um ... Mom, where are we going?"

"Why to get you some needed training, my son," said Nodoka.

"Oh," said Ranma. "Training's good. I'm always up for training."

Nodoka nodded as they continued to the Palace of Jade in the red-light district of Tokyo.

Nodoka tried to keep her swearing to a minimum as she filled out the training she wanted her son to undergo here. "Fat panda says only men can be the proper trainers. I'll train his furry ass when I get back. Imagine telling my son that only a man could understand how to properly train someone..."

Though she had been happy to hand out small little bits of info to the girls who had heard that line from her son. Some professionals took their trade very seriously after all.

"Let's see here... Hmm, BDSM? Well, Akane does seem to enjoy acting out. That might help my manly son show her the error of her ways.

"Water sports? What the hell does water skiing have to do with sex? No, none of that.

"Oral training? Well, his speaking skills are a bit lax. He'll need those to properly woo a woman into bed.

"Hmm, maybe I should have them teach him in his cursed form as well. He should be manly after all while female. His lovers will expect that."

Ranma sat outside the office, looking on as people passed him, trying to ignore the shivers that kept going down his back. "Man, they sure do train a lot of old people here. And they don't seem like they're becoming better fighters."

Nabiki smirked as she whipped out her cell phone and began dialing the necessary numbers. "I wonder what the fiancées will pay to learn where Auntie took Ranma for ... training."

Ten minutes and four hundred and seventy eight thousand yen later...

"AIYAH!" screamed Shampoo. "Airen no supposed to be practicing with other girls. Him supposed to practice with Shampoo! I mean, him not supposed to be doing anything with someone other than Shampoo!"

"How dare those hussies try and take Ranchan's purity!" yelled Ukyo. "That is something for him to share with his cute fiancée when we're finally married."

"I just knew that pervert was up to something!" cried Akane. "He probably convinced Auntie to take him here."

There was a moment of silence before Kodachi spoke. "And people assume I am mad."

"What?" yelled Akane.

"Sugar, we all know Auntie, and you honestly believe that Ranchan made her take him here?" asked Ukyo.

"Aiyah, even Mousse not that stupid."

"How dare you do such things to prepare for defaming my Shampoo, Saotome! I'll... Quack?"

"Shampoo spoke too soon," she muttered, as she used her bonbori to knock the Jusenkyo cursed duck into LEO.

"While I appreciate the effort of Mother Saotome to ensure that my beloved is properly trained to please me," said Kodachi, "I find that I must agree with you common ruffians that such matters be done by the one he is destined to marry; namely me."

"Ladies," said Nabiki, "may I remind you that while you have been waiting here, Ranma has undoubtedly been placed in his new training regimen by Auntie."

The girls all paused for a bit, before they took off into the Palace of Jade. "I'll save you Ranchan/Airen/Ranma-sama/Ranma-no-baka!"

Nabiki shook her head as she counted her money. "Sometimes it's just too easy."

"Oh, that was mean Nabiki."

"ACK!" cried the Ice Queen. "Kasumi, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, Auntie asked me to bring some food for Ranma-kun. She said he'd be very hungry as he was trained in the ways to pleasure a woman. That was so nice of Auntie to do that for Ranma-kun. Too few men take such opportunities to learn."

Nabiki could only stare at her older sister. "I did not just hear what I thought I heard."

"According to Mother's diaries, she often wished someone had done something similar for Father, so I know she'd be happy for this training."

Nabiki nodded, before she pinched herself, assuring her that this was not a dream or a nightmare.

"AHH!" screamed the four girls as they landed from being tossed out the doors of the Palace of Jade.

"We shall not allow you to pass," said one girl as she hopped out from the doorway, followed by three more. "We are Masters of the School of Marital Arts, and none who dare enter this Palace are allowed to display such violence and audacity as you have."

"Oh yeah," yelled Akane. "What can you whores do?"

The four girls of the Jade Palace smiled.

Ranma left the Palace three days later, more educated than most males his age in the art of female pleasure—and suffering from some rope and chain burns to keep him ... learning, after his mother informed him that running away or not participating in the 'lectures' was something only an unmanly man would do.

"They were very nice, Auntie," said Kasumi.

"I'm glad you liked them, Kasumi," said Nodoka. "A few said they'd be over later this week for some tea if that's okay with you."

"That would be nice, Auntie," said Kasumi. "I always love to spend time with friends."

Ranma stayed out of the conversation, still blushing from his ... activities the last few days. *I wonder why some of those girls had to wear those funny masks with zippers for mouths?*

Nodoka smiled as she looked over her son. Oh yes, he had proven how manly he was to her these last few days, all of the ladies at the Palace had given him very high marks. It was just so lucky that those other girls had come along when they did. Sure, they had to be subdued, as well as hidden behind masks to keep her son from recognizing them—it just wouldn't do if her son thought they did that sort of thing for a living.

But all five of them had been great teaching aids for her son. *Too bad for Nabiki, she just had to try and blackmail them to reveal where Ranma was to the men and Cologne.*

Oh well, at least they'll be less angry now. Losing those pent-up hormones will do that to you.

Now, I just need to show my son to my father, and prove I can bear manly children for him.

At a shrine in the Okayama prefecture, a certain priest sneezed after feeling as if Death itself was stroking his back.

No-chan must be coming, that is the only time I ever have this feeling.

Perhaps it's time to go off-world for a bit. No time like the present for a training trip. After all, I've got to keep Tenchi in the best of shape.

"Oh, where do you think you're running off to?"

"AH!" screamed the crowned prince, clutching to the ceiling. "W-W-Washu!"

"I was going through some of Ryoko's memories, when I came upon the fact that you had yet another child you failed to inform us of," she started, not mentioning how much those memories had the former space pirate laughing her ass off.

"Well ... you see..." he stumbled, trying to think of a way he could explain things without raising Washu's curiosity.

"What was that I heard about you going through my memories?" growled Ryoko as she phased through the floor.

"We'll chat about that later, daughter," waved Washu dismissively. "But I was asking Yosho about his redheaded daughter."

Ryoko was about to start yelling about how Washu was dismissing her anger, when the memories returned. "Oh yeah," she paused, before turning towards Yosho, "how could we forget ... No-chan."

"Big Brother Tenchi has another Auntie?" squealed Sasami.

"Huh?" said the big brother in question.

"Wow," said Mihoshi, walking out of a closet door. "You sure do have a big family, Tenchi."

"Brother!" yelled Ayeka. "Why do you keep neglecting to inform me of the members of your family?"

"There is a good reason for that," he replied.

"It's because she tried to take him all around the hills," smiled Ryoko.

"Take him where?" asked Sasami.

Ryoko turned towards the little girl, a dark smile on her face. "She tried to take him the same way your big sister tried to take Tenchi during their walks."

"Oh," blushed the young princess.

"That is a bold faced lie!" cried the purple haired princess.

"Where do you think you're going?" growled Tenchi, as he grabbed his grandfather before he could jump out the window. "I want to know about this Aunt I know nothing about."

"There you go," said Mai, as she finished removing the last mask and gag from the Fiancée Brigade. "I'll bring some towels in a bit so you may clean yourselves off before you leave.

And with that, she left the room ... with the girls still tied up.

"Aiyah," tiredly muttered Shampoo, "Airen is too-too good at defeating Shampoo. Shampoo need to make certain no other Amazon Warrior find out, or she be constantly challenged for Airen."

"Pervert," mumbled Akane, "such a pervert."

"Oh Ranchan," murmured Ukyo.

"I am glad those harlots took such precautions to ensure my Ranma-sama did not discover that he trained to satiate his baser lusts on my noble form," smiled Kodachi, following a somewhat normal laugh ... that didn't scrape paint off the walls.

Nabiki sighed. *If I believed I could do it, I'd pimp him out now to the students.* "May I remind you that Auntie knows it was us?"

"So?" asked Ukyo.

"That means in her eyes, we're damaged goods."

The girls could only blink, not making the connection.

"It means," growled out Nabiki, "that she will find a virginal bride for Ranma."

"AIYAH!" screamed Shampoo. "She put Airen with too-too nice girl!"

"Or someone else," said Nabiki. "The rest of us will be mistresses if we're lucky." *Not that I'd mind. Damn, that was good!*

"WHAT?"

Mai looked up from her gathering of clothes and towels for the girls to bath. "Oh dear, I wonder if they heard of Auntie's plans for Kasumi-chan?"

Ranma shivered a bit as he sat on the train with his mother and Kasumi.

"Is everything okay, dear?' asked Nodoka.

"Um ... yeah, I think," said Ranma, ignoring the shiver. After all, if felt very similar to what he had experienced before his weird training, and it wasn't that bad.

And why was Kasumi smiling so much at him lately? And licking her lips while doing it?

"Don't worry, my son," said Nodoka as she rubbed his hand with her own. "Soon, I'll introduce you to your grandfather, and he can answer any questions you ask." *And then after he sees how superbly manly my son is, I can dump Genma and marry him like I should have all those years ago.*

But I will need to discuss this with Kasumi-chan. After all, my manly son will need more than one wife. And while those girls did help my

son master the art of being manly in the bedroom, I'm afraid such acts make them ill-suited to be marriageable candidates.

I'll just have to explain that to Ranma later, after we discover any marriage candidates from Jurai. I know he did seem to prefer Akane, but that is too late now.

But first, I have to show him his grandfather and my future mate.

Ranma paled a bit, feeling a shiver he had long began to associate with either his mother pulling a panda, or Akane's cooking.

And it was turning out to be such a nice day.

And that ... is a true fusion between Ranma and Tenchi, with Nodoka as Yosho's daughter.

Pigtailed Time Loops

New Pigtailed Loops

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This group is based on a Groundhog's Day concept, if time was looping, and certain members were aware of this.

These are their insanities.

New Loop #1:

Loops came, Loops went, and Loops would continue.

He could still remember how it all started, shortly after the failed marriage attempt that had destroyed the Saotome home. Not even a week later—more than enough time for Nabiki to write up a bill and subtract what she got for selling the wedding gifts—he ended up right back at the beginning.

It wasn't too bad. He didn't go back to being as weak as he had been. It was kind of nice to have the good ole Möko Takabisha when he was first there, same old stamina, speed, etc. Hell, he enjoyed it

because no matter how long he spent, he always had his martial arts to further perfect; an infinite year to become perfect.

Then boredom set in, had he actually started … reading! And not just scrolls either—though the Imperial Palace did have a nice cache of forbidden techniques in a sub-sub-sub basement that required the Emperor's personal key to enter—but books on science and such.

Of course, you could only work so hard before boredom returned, and thus the knowledge from a certain small tomboy of a Goddess—who in typical Nerima fashion, showed up while he was soaking and got upset for 'him' being naked. After a nice chat—and he finally got her to stop claiming that she was now 'impure'—he learned not only what had occurred but that there would be an ending.

Hope can keep any man going when all seems lost.

Of course, also in typical Nerima fashion, she'd been unable—or more likely unwilling—to change where he entered the Loop.

BAM!

This was why just after the Loop started again—literally fractions of a second—and there was no time to get his—now her—thoughts together, she once more felt the cold impact of a stop sign to the sweet-spot on the back of her head, rendering her unconscious.

The Old Man will die this Loop … painfully, were her last thoughts as unconsciousness claimed her and a panda picked her up.

New Loop #2:

Ranma could only cringe, looking at how this Loop was turning out very badly. *Nothing good will come of this,* he mentally cried, wondering what Gods he had pissed off for this to happen. He had been so petrified by the sight before him, he hadn't even noticed when Soun Tendo poured the boiling hot water over him.

"You're problem's not so bad," smiled Soun, oblivious to any discomfort/fear Ranma was feeling. "Now I know you have a hard choice. My little girls all take so much after their mother."

"Daddy!" giggled the eldest Tendo.

"Now then: Serenity, age 19, Usagi, age 17, and Usa, age 16," he said, pointing to the platinum blond, pure blond, and pinkette in turn. "Choose the one who will be your fiancée!"

"Is he okay?" asked Usagi. "He just went pretty pale."

"He must have eaten some of your food," smirked Usa.

"WAAAAAH! I TRY! AND DADDY EATS IT!"

THUMP!

As a whole, the trio of oddly hairstyled girls and fathers looked at the Saotome heir … collapsed on the ground, twitching heavily.

"I … think he's having a seizure," mumbled Usa.

"WAAAAAH! WE NEED A DOCTOR!" yelled Usagi, panicking.

"I'll get the first aid crystal," said Serenity, as she dashed into the kitchen.

"Stop acting like that, Boy!" bellowed Genma, offering what 'help' he could.

Ranma fought to regain control over his massive nervous twitch, but could do nothing to stem the fear of an entire Loop … of magic girl fiancées.

New Loop #3:

Ranma was far from being an idiot.

Okay, to be truthful, **now** he was far from being an idiot. But a few thousand years tends to make one crack open any books nearby. Unlike others in their own Loops, Ranma's own Loop lacked … a rival.

Oh sure, he had Ryoga, but the Lost Boy was far from becoming an evil overlord. When only you remember the last life, the competition soon falls quickly behind. The only unpredictable excitement he had was that young Norn popping up, insisting he take responsibility for what he did.

He would truly like to know how it was **his** fault she arrived using the tub he was soaking in, fell forward, and impaled herself because of her angle and that it was the one morning she was going commando in her loose robes because all her clothes were dirty. Yeah, all his fault…

It wasn't like he had met a whole lot of ten-dimensional entities. The first one was a psycho and the other one—oddly enough her eldest sister—spent half the time trying to grope him and suggest she could use a bath as well. *Maybe if Saffron fully ascended, he'd have been some major pervert as well,* he thought.

Perhaps that had been why the pigtailed martial artists had been mad as a hatter, bat-shit insane curious enough to try tapping into the Dragon Lines of Earth and seeing what could be done.

For a few seconds, it felt like heaven.

Then it really, really, **really** fucking hurt. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be at the center of such a huge blast and because of your connection to the Dragon Lines, feel 'their' pain?

I should have known something would go wrong. I mean, the node was at the top of Tokyo Tower! How often does bad shit happen to the Tokyo Tower in anime?

It wasn't so bad.

Okay, the pain sucked Akane's Chicken Surprise.

But the result wasn't so bad. He had a pretty good idea now of what **not** to do the next time he tried that—and there would be a next time, rest assured.

But he was in a new Loop. The guy who just entered the compartment on the train had introduced himself as Harry Potter. And for the last five minutes, Ranma learned beyond any shadow of a doubt that the crazy pervy Goddesses were correct: he wasn't alone. And even if he got sent back to Nerima after this Loop—which could last anywhere from seven to eight years on the average and thus was a hell of a lot more fun than his usual one-point-five—he'd know and be able to try something new.

Oh yes! This was a glorious day! Well worth the pain of feeling your atoms and those of all the humans around the greater area of Tokyo turned into plasma.

"Um, hello," said a redheaded boy, peeking into the compartment, "if this one full—HEY!" he yelled as he was shoved aside and the door was forced all the way open.

"My name," said a figure in Hogwarts robes that sent a strong shiver down Ranma's eleven-year-old spine, "is Skuld Odinsdotter. Hello, my destined," she said with a purr that sounded extremely creepy coming from her eleven-year-old form.

Gulping, Ranma turned to look at the wand in his hand. *I wonder if this thing is strong enough to pierce my heart…*

New Loop #4:

Ranma sighed as he watched his 'student' continue her work.

It wasn't that he hated the Loops. He knew why they were happening. And even if he didn't have the 'main enemy' like the

others did, he did find something to do.

True, he could only take it so far. After all, if he ascended—became a God himself between the levels of 4D and 10D—the Loop would fail and all those would cease to exist. As such, he could only do what would allow him to stay a 4-D mortal.

This was why he now had a student who was three Loops old.

"Damn it," said female—as if Skuld would allow him a male—cursed.

"It isn't that hard," said Ranma, looking over the roof. The sunset was nice this day of the year; no pollution to interfere in the rays, not after that last super-storm.

"We can't all be masters of powers of all types," the female growled at him.

Sighing, he turned towards her. "It is the first step towards adding magic to your skills," he replied. "If one cannot separate mana from ki, they cannot become what I am. As such, if you cannot generate a ball of ki and a ball of mana in opposite hands, you are not ready for my tutelage in spells," he said.

And his tutelage was unique. After all, only he could have suffered under the worlds of Lina Inverse and Harry Potter, only he could suffer under those Loops and know what he knew aside from the Anchors themselves.

"Damn it," growled the girl, "I'm trying."

"I know," said Ranma. "Try harder."

Growling, the girl bowed her head, working once again on separating the two powers.

Sighing, Ranma turned once more towards the sunset. It was nice to have someone else in the Loop with him, someone who could keep him grounded.

But why was it her?

Sighing, he opened his eyes once more towards the sunset. He would stay mortal to keep those he loved from fading into nothingness. He would stay mortal to keep all those he had known from ceasing to exist.

He just hoped it came soon, especially with **her** as his new student.

New Loop 5:

Ranma groaned as life and consciousness returned to him. *Okay, that ending, though way cool, sucked.*

Once again, Ranma had immersed himself in the Dragon Lines, becoming one with the Earth and all upon it. Sure, he had mastered that centuries—or was it millennia?—ago, but he had a theory he needed to test out, something that came to him when watching a science special about the Earth and the Moon.

Namely, it was some scientist claiming the two were a binary planetary system.

This of course intrigued Ranma. Could there be a Dragon Line connection between the two, one so small or underpowered that he had yet to illuminate it? He had after all only focused on the energy of the Earth.

Had he missed something?

The answer was yes, he did. Very weak lines extended from the surface towards the Moon. In fact, he could now agree with the scientists who stated the Moon was born from a collision of a Mars-sized body into the proto-Earth. The lines told it all.

And then, Ryoga Hibiki, the permanent random element, decided he was going to tunnel from Sweden. And encountering the light cloud

Ranma became when in tune with the Dragon Lines, decided that Ranma was apparently an alien force field meant to allow the Lost Boy to be probed in the 'bad place' again.

Thus the Hibiki decided to strike the cloud with a Perfect Shishi Höködan.

If there was one thing Ranma knew, it was that one does not attack an active and exposed Dragon Line with large amounts of chi. Doing so would spike and flare all of the lines connected to it, forwards and backwards.

The good news was that Ranma learned the lines even had a connection to the sun.

The bad news was thanks to Ryoga, Ranma could claim partial credit for destroying an entire solar system—and probably part of the Centauri system as well. He wasn't so certain, as his consciousness faded after the blast took away the former Sol Oort Cloud.

This seemed to explain why Ranma was slowly waking up in a very unfamiliar place. Looking around, he found his figure bound to a medical bed in a large room. *Apparently, blowing up an entire solar system sends you to a really weird Loop,* he thought.

"Ah, good," came a female voice, just out of his restricted range of vision, "you're awake."

His face paled as he recognized that voice, his mind slowly recognizing the place he was in. *Oh Kami-sama, no!*

The sound of foot steps clicking on a floor grew as the figure stepped into his field of vision, showing no sign of caring as Ranma desperately tried to escape.

It figured she would be the one to find some way to bind him and prevent escape, especially with everything he knew and had at his disposal.

Soon, she stood before him, wearing a smile, thankfully in an adult form—he could tell by how tall she was and the fact her cleavage was straining the obviously too small top of a nurse's outfit, and to finally her crab-like hair.

"My name is Washu, and I hope we'll get along really well, Mr. Guinea Pig," she said with a smile.

"Did you guys hear something?" asked Tenchi.

"Like what?" asked Ryoko, floating above the rafters.

"I thought I heard someone scream in epic fear, as if the hounds of Hell were about to tear into them."

"Probably Mom found something new to play with," Ryoko said with a shrug.

"Should we … help them?" asked Tenchi.

"Hey, better them than us."

"Ah, good point."

New Loop #6:

Ranma sat in the courtyard of Furinkan High, munching on his food as he studied the booklet in his hand.

A week, a whole week is what he had to spend to get this plan to go off. That didn't include the studying he had done, Loops of previous tests and trials to pull this off.

"Where have you been?" demanded Akane, as she stormed over to where he was. Looking up, he could see Nabiki trailing behind her, ways of how to use this already dancing in her vision.

Showtime! "I was busy preparing for my future."

"I'm not going to marry you," said Akane in a huff.

"Who said we were getting married," dismissed Ranma, returning to his book.

"Then where have you been," said Akane, her temper somewhat mollified. "You've been gone for a week."

"Daddy and Uncle Genma have been worried sick about you," offered Nabiki with her usual Cheshire smile.

"Well, since my Old Man didn't make further plans for my future aside from marrying one of you and taking over the Dojo," Ranma continued, turning the page in his booklet, "I set about planning my own future."

"So my little sister isn't good enough for you?" asked Nabiki, trying to start another tiff between the duo. Most of her possible fun had been ruined when Saotome had disappeared sometime during their first night at the Dojo. Now he was back after a week and she wanted answers.

Moreover, he was going to give her the answers she never expected. "It has nothing to do with Akane or any Tendo," Ranma said, still focused on his book. "Marriage or any relationship at the moment is not within my plans, so I am not concerned with whatever plans my father has."

"Then where were you?" asked Akane, her anger gone, her mind already wondering just why she wasn't in those plans. She might not want to marry the gender-changing Saotome, but that didn't mean she didn't want to be desired. His statement that he had no desire for anything from her now stabbed at her ego.

"I was in several pit fights to gather the needed capital for my future college plans," Ranma said. "After all, my Old Man would have

saved nothing for my college fund, nor do I see him allowing me such if he could get his hands on it. I needed to also set aside an account he could have no access to."

The Tendo sisters blinked at that.

"And after that and ensuring I didn't have to worry about any organized crime syndicate coming after me for taking them for enough funds to pay for my full college tuition and assorted fees, I returned here just this morning to take my placement exams."

"Furinkan offers placement exams?" asked Akane in surprise.

"I was as shocked as you," said Ranma. "I would have figured I would need them just to attend.

"Anyway, you may refer to me as sempai now," said Ranma, as he held out his schedule.

Nabiki took it, confusion evident on her face. Her eyes went wide as she read the classroom assignment. "Senior Group, Classroom 1-A?" she stated in shock.

"What does that mean?" asked Akane.

"It means I am officially a senior at Furinkan High," Ranma offered. "It also means I am being prepared to become the first Furinkan High graduate to attend Todai."

"Todai?"

"Tokyo University," whispered Nabiki to her sister, awe in her voice. Did she just stick her sister … with a future Todai graduate?

"I was thinking the science division," continued Ranma. "I don't see too many business grads surviving the coming economic hardships due to the housing bubble in the American economy."

Nabiki twitched. She had foisted a genius and future stable salary man onto her sister. Said man had no desires to be attached to anyone now.

Todai graduates had a much higher chance of surviving any economic hardships in any company, but Saotome was setting himself up for a government job. He was … perfect—minus the curse but she'd be willing to eat carpet for such a catch.

In addition, … he already had the funds to attend Tokyo University for all the years he needed… He was going to be set for life … and he didn't care for any ties to her. "But what about the honor pledge between the families?"

Ranma shrugged. "I don't see any paperwork for it," he said without concern. "Verbal agreements have little weight in a federal court. Moreover, I've already filed the proper paperwork to be declared outside of any promises my father made in the name of honor. Oddly enough, there seem to be a great deal of issues with my Old Man in the court system.

"Glad I'm out of that shit waiting to hit a fan."

Worse, his father was a walking bottomless bill, apparently, with massive legal troubles. Without the Dojo as a rent free place from which to base her current actions from…

"So … we're not getting married?" asked Akane, a little slow on the uptake.

Ranma just nodded. "Nope, you are free to pursue whoever you want. I'm no longer legal bound by any promises of one Genma Saotome. Enjoy," he waved off.

It was at that moment Nabiki focused on the booklet he had been reading, seeing the title of the booklet.

Preparation Guide for the Tokyo University Entrance Exam.

"Well that's good then," said Akane, missing the meaning. "Now I can —Nabiki? Are you okay? You look really pale?"

Said girl just continued to twitch, before her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she passed out. Her last thoughts were those of wondering how she let the perfect catch slip through her fingers … to her anger-imbued sister.

"Nabiki? MEDIC!" cried Akane, as she checked over her sister.

Ranma hid his smirk behind his booklet. Oh yes, it had taken him a few Loops, but he finally had payback against the Mercenary Tendo. *I feel very good!*

"Someone help me!" yelled Akane. "She's having a seizure!"

New Loop #7:

Ranma leaned back against the wall of the abandoned house, waiting for his guests. Luckily, it was still early in the Loop. Therefore, he didn't have to worry about fiancées or rivals popping up at the worst moment. And because it was within the first week of the Loop, he didn't have to worry about noisy Tendos or suspicious fathers either.

This suited him just fine.

Looking around, he looked at their arrival points. Against the wall to his left was a large mirror, perfect for the Goddess of the Present to pass through. To his right was a television—thankfully the Goddess of the Past's preferred mode of transport didn't require power to be used. And before him was a small kiddy-pool of water.

The last thing he wanted was the Goddess of the Future to arrive in a possible blind spot. Skuld was a bit of an unknown factor. He still wasn't certain of her motivations or if perhaps her mind had been affected by the impact that created the Loops as well. All he knew

was that she pursued him with fiancée-grade passion but without the possessiveness.

So he knew something was definitely wrong with her, even if her sisters insisted nothing was. His life just didn't work like that.

But he needed answers, answers he was more likely to get with all three Norns present.

Soon, the three items glowed as the Norns arrived, stepping away from their mediums and into the center of the room.

"Ladies," he said, bowing slightly, not taking his eyes off them. In his experience, females were always the most dangerous when not watched, like most predators.

"Yo!" waved off Urd, smiling.

Belldandy just gave her usual innocent smile, making Ranma once again picture Kasumi in his mind, before returning the bow. "Hello again, Saotome-san."

Skuld did what she always did when in her adult form and confronted with Ranma.

"MMRPH!" he cried as said Goddess wrapped herself around him like an octopus and shoved her tongue down his throat.

"Oh my! Skuld, that isn't proper at all!"

"Damn, little sister sure was repressed."

Ranma mentally sighed as he let Skuld continue to French kiss him. It was usually more trouble than it was worth to try to force her back. It was like explaining to her that as a Goddess, dirty clothes shouldn't have been an issue to explain why she had arrived to speak to him without underwear on. There wasn't a magic spell to clean clothes or conjure new ones?

Like he hadn't heard that line before in the 'Oops, we appear to be having sex now' encounter.

Soon, Skuld withdrew her lips, smiling. "Um … hello?" she weakly offered.

Ranma just gave her a patient smile as she pulled away to rejoin her sisters. It certainly wasn't the worst welcome he had ever received. Far from it—Skuld did things with her tongue even Urd didn't know about. But he needed his answers. "Okay, I called you guys to ask a simple question: has anyone been messing with my code?"

"Your code?" asked Belldandy.

"You sure?" asked Urd.

Skuld stayed silent, never a good sign.

Ranma just nodded. "Do you three still have your Angels?" he asked.

"Why?" asked Urd. "And what does this have to do with changing your Yggdrasil code?"

Skuld continued to stay silent.

"Go with me on this," said Ranma. "Could you all summon your Angels?"

Nodding, Holy Bell emerged from behind Belldandy. World of Elegance followed suit from behind Urd.

Gulping, Noble Scarlet—adult like her Goddess—emerged from behind Skuld.

Ranma nodded. "Okay, here is why I called you," he said, as a beam of light emerged from his back.

When the beam faded, exact copies of the Angels before him now floated behind him.

"That … That's impossible!" bellowed Urd.

Ranma nodded. "Now you see why I asked about my code." His gaze then focused on Skuld, her actions suggesting she knew more than she was telling.

Gulping—and hoping this wouldn't cut her off from Ranma—Skuld slowly replied. "I … well … in order to overcome the ascension lockup, I tried to use code from a similar species exposed to humans."

Ranma nodded. He knew of the Ascension Lockup. If he ascended beyond the basic 4D life form—length, width, height, and time—his Loop could very well fail and erase the entire universe from existence.

He also knew it was a harsh struggle not to ascend, given his free time and his innate understanding of the energies used in the various Loops. Everyone else had some massive evil or destiny to face. He had at the hardest, Saffron. And the flaming turkey hadn't been a threat to Ranma since the third repetition.

Suffice to say, he had nothing but free time to expand his abilities. He sadly had several avenues cut off to him to explore since it would have required him to move beyond his current level of existence. And while some of those he lived with were of the type he wouldn't mind ceasing to exist, he wasn't about to doom a whole universe just to test his limits.

"So since Angels are of a closer existence to humans than Gods and Goddesses, I used some of the code from our own Angels to see if I could correct that," Skuld finished, her fingers steepled nervously.

"And … how does that explain this?" asked Ranma.

Urd sighed, palming her face. "Because when the Loop reset, your body is always fully repaired. The code for the repairs would have

seen the code bits from our Angels and assumed they had been damaged as well."

Ranma nodded, leaning back against the wall. "In effect, it duplicated them when the Loop began because as far as it knew, they were within me."

"Sorry," mumbled Skuld.

"So … will these three be okay?" asked Ranma. "I mean, I figure the system probably will state they're a part of me now."

"Oh yes," said Belldandy. "They'll need new names of course, otherwise that might cause an issue in Yggdrasil later on. But an Angel's power comes from the love of others as well as the love their host feels for others."

Urd nodded. "Keiichi was able to host an Angel and use her powers because well … a lot of Goddesses seem to care for him."

Ranma nodded. "And by refusing to ascend, I show care and love for the universe at large in all things. And I also seem to have divine beings who love me," he finished, looking upon Skuld. He didn't exactly know if there was anything between him and Urd aside from the occasional get-together, but he was certain at least Skuld loved him.

Belldandy just nodded. "Though I wouldn't recommend using their power until we learn how strong the power is that they can draw upon."

Ranma opened his mouth to respond, when the ethereal hand of the duplicate Noble Scarlet touched his shoulder. Looking up, a silent communication passed between the two before Ranma sighed.

Walking forward, he approached Skuld. The Goddess was still nervous of how he was going to react to what she had done, so she flinched as he reached out for her.

She certainly hadn't expected him to pull her into a hug, let alone say what he did.

"I forgive you."

New Loop #8: (Requires preknowledge of Star Trek: DS9: Children of Time)

Nabiki yawned as she made her way to the Mess. The last few days had been taxing on her, helping plant some fields of a plant she didn't even like was not her idea of Starfleet work. Nor was talking with the 'other' her that had spent two centuries on Gaia.

All she wanted at the moment was a nice large meal before she tried to get some sleep. The process of using the temporal anomaly to 'twin' the *Defiant* had left the Goddess and Demoness drained. And the last thing she was looking forward to was trying to get some sleep after the two were forced to overindulge in their respective recharging methods.

As the door opened, she spotted her pigtailed traveling companion/teacher sitting at the mess, a nearly full tray before him, his face staring out the window as the ship traveled through Warp.

"Mind if I bunk in your room, Saotome?" she asked, ordering her meal from the Food Replicator. "I don't really know what ice cream or liquor overload does to a tenth dimensional deity, but I'm guessing it involves odd sounds and bodily gasses."

"No prob," muttered Ranma.

"So … how many plates is that?" she asked, sitting across from him.

"One," he muttered to her surprise.

"I would have thought you'd be on your tenth now."

"Not really hungry, I guess," he said.

She arched her eyebrow at that. "We've been here for over two centuries, and I don't think I've ever heard you say that, even when the food was knowingly poisoned."

"Thinking about Gaia still," he said.

Nabiki chuckled lightly. "Just because the me down there let the you down there knock her up, don't be getting any ideas I'll do the same."

Ranma looked at her with a moment of confusion before he let out a tired sigh. "You don't get it, Nabiki."

"Get what?" she asked.

"They **had** children," he offered.

"So what?" she asked. "You had them with Hild and Skuld as well. Hell, there's probably someone else every few generations spitting out a Saotome. What of it?"

"Nabiki, in all the Loops, how many children have you had?"

"None, not ready to be a mother, probably still won't be a century for now."

"It doesn't have to deal with choice," said Ranma. "As a general rule, our code in Yggdrasil was changed for every person awake in the Loops so we couldn't have children until reality is repaired."

"Nice to know," snorted Nabiki. "Why?"

"Could you stay sane if you constantly had to watch your child erased from history over and over again?" he asked. "One moment you're holding your child, the next they're gone, and only you remember them. Hell, the randomness factor in sperm means you'll likely never see that child ever again. How many times could you go through that?"

Nabiki paled at such a thought. She would be the first to admit she wasn't exactly brimming with maternal instincts. But even she could see where having such things happen to you wouldn't be good for one's sanity. "So they'll have to suffer through that?" she asked.

Ranma shook his head. "Nope. They won't. Their children won't be erased."

Nabiki shivered a bit, still remembering the photos the other 'Nabiki' had shown her of that timeline's history, of her children with Ranma. Sure, the pigtailed teen taught her a lot during the Loops. But it didn't mean she had ever considering squeezing out a few Saotome babies. "So what does them having children mean?"

Ranma sighed. "Nabiki, any Looper cannot have children."

"So?" She still didn't see where this was going.

"It means that the other versions of us on Gaia … will never leave this universe. For them, this is home. And as the universe began as a Pseudo-Loop, it will never end for them."

Nabiki's eyes went wide at that. She knew what a Pseudo-Loop was. It was a Loop that wasn't. In effect, the Loops crossed and intersected a universe that was stable, that was not Looping at all, and thus had no anchor. They hadn't replaced anyone. It simply became a new branch universe from the stable one. However, they were essentially alone until they died or until their home Loop 'pulled them back. At the end, the new timeline continued on, always existing. "You mean … they'll never return to Nerima."

Ranma nodded. "They were created by the Quantum Barrier; they are of this universe and of us."

Nabiki leaned back in her chair, her meal forgotten. "That's why she told me to give her regards to my family. I … I thought it was just because the barrier would make it impossible to get through in a few weeks."

Ranma nodded, recalling his own talks with his duplicate, stories and tales, plans to pull off Yedrin's insane idea, tips and discoveries, pain and joys. He had always wondered what he might do when the Loops ended, his plans and ideas of how to resume his life. Part of him had simply assumed he would ascend to a higher plane—which coincidentally would get him out of his fiancée issues. And for a brief moment, he had found that on Gaia.

Okay, so he ended up in a somewhat polygamous arrangement with Nabiki, Skuld, and Hild. But it was … enjoyable to see the lives denied him.

"And they can't … I don't know—merge back with us?" Nabiki asked.

Ranma shook his head. "In order to pull it off, we had to invest a lot of power, Nabiki. To remerge with us, we would have had to sacrifice the lives on Gaia. And they just weren't willing to do that."

Nabiki leaned her head back, staring at the ceiling. She couldn't imagine not returning home, not continuing the Great Adventure. But that version of her did.

That version of her gave it all up. And it made Nabiki wonder if at some point, she might have to make that choice as well. Looking up, she spotted Ranma picking at his meal. "This … it's happened to you before, hasn't it?"

Ranma didn't even look up, didn't answer as he pushed his meal away, standing up. "Ain't anything you can do to make it easier, Nabiki. Ain't a way you can really prepare for this, get yourself ready to handle it. All you can do is just … move on."

"And hope it was worth it," she murmured.

Ranma paused, placing his hand on her shoulder. "It gave over eight thousand people a chance they'd never of had without us there. Hell, without us in this timeline, I don't know if the *Defiant* would even

have been here. But I sure as hell know they'd never have been able to pull off what we did.

"But in the end, all we can do is keep moving on."

As he walked out of the Mess, Nabiki closed her eyes, remembering the other her, and the last words she whispered to her younger self.

Trust me, no matter what, the Great Adventure is only great because of people like him being the guides. And don't knock the sex until you have it.

Sighing, Nabiki stood up as well, gathering the two trays and returning them to the Food Replicator. Sleep sounded pretty good right now, certainly better than thinking of the paths not taken.

New Loop #9:

Ranma looked at the purple-furred cat, very glad he had finally used a few Loops to secure his control over the Nekoken—not that those nekomata who assisted him would ever tell, since they forgot as well.

But it was time to play a new joke. "Well, I better get her to a vet."

"Oh?" asked Akane, still glaring at him for receiving a package from Shampoo.

Even the cat looked confused at his words.

"Well, yeah," said Ranma, as if she had asked a stupid question. "I mean, she might need quarantined or shots."

"Meow?" asked the now nervous cat.

"Hell, might have to get her fixed."

"Meow!" cried neko-Shampoo as she tried to desperately get away from the pigtailed boy. *Great-grandmother no tell Shampoo how to*

deal with this!

New Loop #10:

"And that is why Mother I am a manly man, despite my Jusenkyo Curse."

Nodoka just blinked. This … man had shown up on her doorstep, claiming to be her son, and when confronted with the contract, had spent the last six hours and two takeout deliveries later, explaining why he had fulfilled it. To be honest, she didn't know what to do.

"I will admit the curse will make my life somewhat difficult," Ranma continued, wondering if he had finally mastered his case enough that he could see his mom for a whole day with that damned sword. "But it does give me insight into the female mind that no other man may have. In addition, it does appeal to the majority of women who have fluid and dynamic views of sexual relations. Why, I could even now woo lesbians and lesbian-leaning bisexuals."

Nodoka blinked at that. Certainly obtaining the lust and perhaps love of women who would forsake the male gender was manly.

"My own sexuality is without doubt male-oriented heterosexual, even when I am in my girl form. So there is no need to worry that they may … 'convert' me."

That … was good. A manly son could provide grandchildren faster than a daughter.

"Of course, such may be necessary for all the marriage arrangements my father made in my name," said Ranma with concern. "To be honest, I'm not sure how he planned for me to honor all of these commitments and retain our family honor."

Genma had jeopardized the honor of the Saotome Clan?

"But if a way can be found to satisfy these many verbal agreements—without me or anyone else committing Seppuku—then I shall work with the true Head of the Saotome Clan to solve these issues as peacefully as possible!"

Nodoka slowly nodded. She wasn't exactly sure what was going on. Only a manly son would think like that.

"Then let us meet my father at the Tendo Dojo," said Ranma with a smile, extending his hand towards his mother. "And together, we shall do everything—short of suicide—that we can to restore honor to our clan!"

"YES!" cried Nodoka, standing up, silk-covered sword at her side.

Ranma hid his smirk. Not only would this create a nice influence on the Tendo sisters—Akane couldn't claim pervert if his Mother was there and knew of his 'manly curse'—but it would also keep his father in check.

I love it when a plan comes together!

Pigtailed Time Loops 2

New Pigtailed Loops 2

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow me to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave. If you find any, let me know, and I will correct them and repost the chapters.

This group is based on a Groundhog's Day concept, if time was looping, and certain members were aware of this.

These are their insanities.

New Loop #1:

Ranma sighed, sunning himself nude on a rock. Normally, he'd never do such a thing for several reasons.

One was the fact that it tended to attract interested females.

The second was that in his normal world, the Ozone wasn't in the best of shape.

But he didn't have those issues here. For one, he was in a Star Trek Pseudo-Loop, which meant there were still plenty of empty worlds out there for him to hang out on.

Second, there was no one within a hundred light years of this world. He had been testing out a new shuttle design, a precursor to the Runabouts of the Twenty Fourth Century, when he had a … mild issue.

Said issue had left him stranded on the planet after leaping out of the craft with his subspace radio, moment before the craft suffered a core breech. Luckily, Ranma was able to make a landing on the planet after plummeting a few miles by using his own energy to slow his descent.

And according to the *Tokyo* , it would be at least three weeks before they could retrieve him, thanks to a nearby border dispute that had Starfleet making them evacuate some colonists.

So, stranded on a world for almost a month with no female contact of any sorts, Ranma decided he would take a vacation. Star Trek universes were too long anyway.

This of course explained why Ranma was struck without warning by something doing Mach 2 into his skull.

The last words he heard before he passed out was from a small basketball-like object that was only a hazy shape before him.

"Sowwwwwyy!"

"YEOWCH!" Ranma cried, feeling something bite into his backside, making him jump into the air.

"Wow," came a similar child-like voice as he had heard earlier, "how did he jump so high?"

"He can't jump higher than me! Look!"

Unknown magical code attempting to infiltrate Host.

Ranma blinked as he landed, recognizing the voice of Bell, the clone of Holy Bell. "Huh?"

Attempting to neutralize.

Ranma gulped. This … wasn't good. Only he could end up on an empty world and get bitten by child-like aliens with magic. "Man … I don't feel too good," he murmured, his body temperature spiking as Elegance—the clone of World of Elegance—worked to neutralize the magical virus.

Attempt failed, came the reply of Scarlet, the clone of Skuld's Angel, Noble Scarlet. **Attempting to remove weaknesses in the viral agent and adapting to suit our uses.**

Ranma nodded. Okay, so he couldn't remove it immediately. At least according the Scarlet, he'd get some benefits without the drawbacks.

And why did he suddenly feel the need to shave?

Looking down, he spotted the three aliens. "Wait? Why do three little robots have magic?" he wondered.

"Jinkies!"

Gulping, he looked up, cursing his luck, as he spotted three women in states of semi-dress, signs of their clothes having lived without repairs to their clothes for a long period. One was obviously a human with blond hair and glasses. One was a blonde-haired person with slight … spots in her hair, over six feet tall, and drooling at him. And the final one … was a cat girl who kept muttering about muffins.

"Look what we found, Mommy?" cried one of the mini-robot aliens. "We found him but Peebrit accidentally bit him with those teeth you put in her from Big Brit! We named him Waldo!"

Not liking where this was going, Ranma took a chance to look down. Yep, he was still naked … and now furry like the muffin-muttering cat

girl. "And now I am in hell," he muttered, preparing to make a run for it.

New Loop #2:

Ranma sighed as he dodged Akane's strikes. "Okay, what is it this time?"

"You… You!" cried Akane.

"Yes, we've covered that part already," sighed Ranma, dodging a kick that Akane followed with her usual haymaker. "But what did I supposingly do this time?"

"As if you don't know!" yelled Akane, her punch that missed him instead took out part of the wall of the Tendo Compound.

"She's referring to that nice little chat you had with Kuno this morning," groused Nabiki, upset at the chance for profit being lost because of what Ranma said.

"Oh, that," said Ranma, continuing to dodge Akane's assault. "But all I did was explain that as he was neither engaged nor married to a Tendo, he had no legal right to object to my engagement to any Tendo."

"ARGH!" cried Akane, as she upped her assault.

"I take it Kuno-sempai listened?" asked Ranma.

Nabiki nodded.

"Then how come Akane is fighting me instead of being inside as her Dad negotiates with Kuno for their engagement?" he asked, hiding his smile.

Akane's red aura winked out in a flash, her skin paling as she looked towards her sister. "Is… Is he…"

"Two thousand yen," asked Nabiki.

"Ah," Ranma stated, snapping his fingers. "I wondered whose limo that was out front."

"NOOOOOOOO!" cried the youngest Tendo as she ran inside.

Nabiki returned her glare towards the Saotome child. He had just cost her even more money now.

Ranma just shrugged and smiled. *Your turn will come soon, Nabs.*

Your turn will come soon. BWA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

New Loop #3:

The Sorcerer's Guild libraries were well guarded. The Guild charged steep fees for even an hour's time within the walls of their library. And while no spells resided within those walls from the Claire Bible, it didn't mean what lay within was weak by any means.

Spells, dissertations, research; all one needed to learn a spell and fully master it via the understanding behind it. In this world, knowing the incantation was one thing.

Knowing the power behind it was something else entirely.

But gaining that knowledge did not come cheap. Nor would it come free.

Those that guarded the doors were of the strongest sorcerers in the area who were contracted to the Guild. Windows and other access points contained strong spells for defense, the amount of such depending on how hard one tried to force their way in.

In the five hundred years the Guild had operated, there had been more than a few deaths of hopeful magic users trying to 'sneak' their way in.

The walls themselves were littered with wards and symbols, multiple locks to keep people from trying to open doorways into the library. Most simply 'redirected' the traveler … into the middle of a large body of water, an active volcano if you tried too hard.

Of course, this was only for those methods of travel that the Guild knew about. A method of travel from another universe such as Apparition was not even going to be slowed down.

"Wow," murmured Lina, looking at the assorted books and scrolls. "I always wondered what it looked like in here."

"You never tried during your Loops?" asked her pigtailed male companion, currently waving a wand about, looking for other traps and such that might have been inside the Library.

"Not really," shrugged Lina, looking through a few of the tomes on a nearby table. "Not for those prices. It was just easier to spend some time talking it over with the Aqualord's essence."

Ranma nodded, slipping his wand back into his sleeve. "Okay, we're all clear in here. Guess they never figured someone would make their way this far."

Lina just nodded. "What can I say; the old farts are arrogant."

Ranma nodded, looking around. "Still, I think I'll set up a small spell when we leave to put everything where it originally was. No sense in tipping our benefit to them."

Lina nodded, as she opened a tome that caught her eye. "Ah, so that's what I was doing wrong with that spell. No wonder Naga kept ending up with a tail."

Making the final arrangements for his time-delayed spell, Ranma formed two tiger seals and crossed them. "Kage Bunshin no Jutsu!"

Soon, the room exploded in a near silent plume of smoke, revealing hundreds of copies of Ranma.

"Okay troops," said Ranma, trying not to make too much noise in case the guards outside had sensitive ears pointed 'towards' the door they were guarding, "get to reading; anything and everything."

The clones all nodded silently, before moving out to begin their rapid devouring of knowledge.

"You are **so** going to teach me that," the redhead sorceress said in awe.

"Well, we got the time," said Ranma. "So, what do you wanna read first?"

"Oh, tonight wasn't for reading," came a sultry purr that made Ranma's back stiffen in fear, as did the rustling of clothes.

Ranma slowly turned, spotting the nude form of the teenage sorceress slowly advancing on him.

"Oh, you'll learn a few things tonight. I wasn't even certain this … Apparition of yours would work. But it did, so I get to fulfill a fantasy of mine I've had since I first came here."

"And that is?" squeaked Ranma, throwing a few wandless Silencing Charms he knew at and around the door. He felt he was probably going to need them in a while.

Ranma-0182 blinked, looking over the upper balcony down to the floor. Sure enough, he spotted two people going at it in the heat of passion. "Man, is it something with me that has a girl trying that every Loop?"

"Most likely," said Ranma-0019 as he continued to read a book on White Magic healing spells. "For now, just ignore it and focus on our

reading, being glad it is the Boss down there suffering and not us."

"But won't we merge back together when our energy runs out and—"

"I said ignore it!" bellowed 0019, sending his fellow Kage Bunshin a harsh glare.

"Eep!" squeaked 0182, before he buried his nose into the book. For some, denial was an art form.

And Ranma always mastered an Art he liked.

New Loop #4:

Nabiki looked from Ranma … to the sight a mile from them and a skyscraper up … and back to Ranma. "I'd say you botched that spell."

"I did it right," growled Ranma, looking over the tome in his hands. "Look here; said the chaos words correctly, right tempo, and I even made the necessary corrections to pull it off in our world instead of Lina's."

Nabiki nodded. "Then tell me, Ranma; does that look like a freaking pigeon to you?"

"ROOOOOAAAAAARRRRRRRRRR!"

"No, that looks like a giant walking lizard that breaths radioactive fire."

"Then tell me where you went wrong!"

"No clue," said the pigtailed Looper. "But perhaps we should discuss this out of town. You know, we are right between him and the Tokyo Tower. And you know how Kaiju just love to destroy that."

"Anime loves to destroy it, Kaiju just destroy the city."

"I hear Kyoto has a university second only to Tokyo U. Well, it was second," Ranma mumbled, watching Gojira breath fire on a familiar campus.

"Can't you just banish it?" she asked, as they took off running.

"I tried to summon a small bird and I got Gojira! Do you **really** want to see what banishing does?"

Nabiki shook her head, leaping over a car in her dash to avoid being a random piece of gunk between the giant's toes—unlike the massive amount of people who were staring and taking photos.

Well, better to clear idiots like that from the gene pool, if even only for a Loop.

"I'll try it again tomorrow! I'm sure I can—STOP HITTING ME, DAMN IT!"

New Loop #5:

Nabiki just sat across the table, staring at the pigtailed boy in front of her who was simply sipping away at his tea.

He just sat there, smiling, as if he didn't have a clue or care in the world.

"Anything you'd like to say, Saotome?" she asked, wanting to hurry forward before any others showed up.

"… About what?" he asked, still smiling.

"I talked to Cologne."

"Oh, how is she doing?"

"You know damn well how's she doing," growled Nabiki. "I heard you caused something of a diplomatic incident there this morning."

"My, what was said that I did?"

"They said you beat up some foreign prince."

Ranma sat down his cup of tea, adopting a thinking pose. "Hmm, a foreign prince…

"Oh, you mean Herb," said Ranma. "I didn't beat him up."

"You put him in an arm lock, gave him a 'wet willy', and made him say you were the superior fighter and greater to him in every way."

Ranma merely smiled, infuriating her even more.

"And then she said something about you unlocking him?"

Ranma just nodded. "Herb had a … minor accident with one of his people's artifacts, the Pot of Preservation, which can lock any person into their cursed form."

Nabiki blinked. Herb had been cursed? And it had to have been a human curse, else he couldn't have fought Ranma.

"Afterwards, I used a thermos I carried that had water from the Kettle of Liberation, which unlocked is curse," finished Ranma with a smile.

"And you just happened to have that with you?" she asked, eyes narrowed.

Ranma just shrugged. Truthfully, he had several copies of each item from various Loops, including the two from this one. And he always did want to see if he could take Herb down a few pegs without having to go through the woods.

Those hot spring resorts were always so expensive, and monkey poo never came out of silk too well.

"Then she told me Herb tried to attack you again."

"Yes, that was very rude of him, especially since I saved him some time traveling to get the item he wanted and restored his manhood. I even took the Pot off his hands, such a dangerous artifact."

Nabiki placed her hands on the table, leaning towards Ranma. "I then learned after you defeated the Prince again, you activated his curse and … spanked him."

"Technically, her at the time," offered Ranma. "And besides, someone needed to do it. That's what happens when you don't have strict parents. He would have been raised to show proper decorum in Dad would have just tanned his hide once or twice. Royals always seem to have trouble grasping such a simple thing as common curtsey."

"And why did you spank Herb with him as a female?" she asked, making a mental note that said Royal apparently had the same curse as Ranma.

"Well, it would just be odd, one guy spanking another," Ranma offered. "And it would just raise too many issues here if I spanked him as my female self. So it was better for all involved if I just spanked Herb in his cursed form."

"… Do you have any idea what you have done?"

"Not really, but I could swear in all likelihood, I felt one hundred percent certain it was a good idea at the time."

"He left a challenge letter for a fight to the death against you."

"My, not very nice at all; I'll have to give him another spanking."

"And you believe a spanking will fix this?"

"Can't hurt!"

Nabiki's head hit the table. "I'll get you for this."

"Don't make me spank you."

"Eep!" she replied, darting away from the table.

Ranma just sighed, returning to his smile and his tea. Yep, good times.

New Loop #6:

Ranma stared straight ahead, doing his dishes.

He certainly didn't want to interact with this Loop anymore than he had to. This Loop was nothing but trouble.

He'd rather be stuck between Hild and Urd as they had an argument than being in this Loop. Hell, his first sight when waking up was being handcuffed to a bed as the female anchor in this reality had her way with him.

Seriously, was virginity not a concept he could have anymore? Did at least one girl per Loop need to steal his cherry? *Now I know how Naruto felt when Sakura lost it.*

Hearing a knocking on his door, Ranma sighed. "If this is one of the Outers, I will be **very** upset." He wasn't just some Senshi sex toy damn it! He was a man of more quality than some simple 'stress relief' for the Senshi during their battles.

Sighing, he opened the door, spotting yet another person he wished he didn't have to see. But bad things happened when he tried to move away from Juuban. *Oh, Skuld will owe me big-time for this.*

Before him was once again, a force he'd rather not have to deal with.

"Are you Ranma Saotome?" asked the magical adult pink-haired girl in a black dress that left little to the imagination.

His eye could only twitch. *I'd rather be back in crazy Kasumi's care as her maid/lover.*

"The future depends on you coming with me," she said, a black moon mark on her forehead glowing.

Ranma just shut the door. He was **not** going to be some sex toy for a grown-up Chibi-Usa. Ranma didn't care what it took to leave this Loop, damn it. He wasn't some pleasure toy for the Senshi!

Of course, the decision was removed from his care as a dainty hand broke through the door and grabbed him by his neck.

"I said," declared Dark Lady, "that you are coming with me!"

He could destroy beings of immense power, slaughter worlds, spit in the faces of Gods below the 6-D level!

And yet when a girl was angry and demanding, he was powerless. *Stupid system! Why can't I just be allergic to some dumb rock?*

"THAT BITCH!" yelled Sailor Moon. "How dare she kidnap Ranma!"

"You know, I'm pretty sure this invalidates Crystal Tokyo somehow," muttered Jupiter.

"Oh like you would never pound that," muttered Venus. Even the Infinite Loop couldn't cure her issues with the English Language.

"Does him being used by Chibi-Usa make him a loli-lover?" asked Mars.

Mercury shook her head. "Technically, she is over a century in age."

"Yes, I'm sure that will make it less creepy when she jumps him," sighed Mars.

"Bad enough we get so few Loops with the hottie," growled Moon. "But to have my own flesh and blood kidnap him…"

"Don't you have Endymion?" asked Venus.

"Hey, I didn't bitch when he spent a few Loops nailing Beryl, he can't complain when I nail the Stud of the Gods!"

"He really hates it when you call him that," muttered Jupiter. Ranma could be so sensitive about names like that.

"Should we be worried that mother and daughter are fighting over the same guy?" asked Mars.

"Mars, consider the guys we usually have to pick from in these Loops," asked Jupiter.

"… THAT BITCH!"

New Loop #7:

Hild once told him—after a serious round of sex, which was when she usually talked about deep truths—at least with him—that it was very likely for each Fused Loop he had as well as the other Anchors had, there was a very good chance a reality like that actually existed.

Right now, Ranma felt a surge of eternal pity for the Ranma that had this reality as a home.

"So were you really that girl, panda, and black cat?" asked Kasumi, staring at them from the other side of the table.

Ranma just twitched. Apparently, in this universe, the 'black cat' had been involved in the Nekoken, which seemed to create the need for her help.

"Let's see," muttered Genma, wondering as usual how he could prove his word to the Tendo family without making himself look bad.

"I know!" With that, he did what he always did, and reached for Ranma.

Before Ranma could respond, the third person in their group vanished, only to appear standing between the two, her hand clamped on Genma's outstretched arm.

"Yes," said the smirking tanned beauty in orange. "Let's give them a demonstration of a Jusenkyo curse. Thank you for volunteering, Genma!" she yelled, easily tossing him into the distant koi pond.

"Oh my," gasped Kasumi. "Mr. Saotome became a panda!"

"So you're really that girl?" asked Akane.

Ranma's response was silenced as a bucket of water hit him and the tanned woman from behind, turning him into a redheaded female and leaving the other dripping wet.

"But I thought you were all cursed," stated Nabiki.

The woman just shrugged. "Eh, I can change into a cat at will. I'm just cool like that."

Further conversation was cut off as the sound of a blade being drawn was heard.

"I'm going to kill him now," said Ranma-chan in a dangerous tone. It would just be easier on everyone if she dealt with Genma now. It was bad enough the new rider in this Loop was teaching him, teasing him, and had been found bathing with him—because she's just that type of fun-loving tease—but he could at least limit some of his problems.

"As much fun as that would be, my student; I'd rather not have you arrested."

"Come on, you've threatened to kill him too!"

"Skin him, not kill him."

"Same thing!"

"Um … excuse me, Ms…?" asked Kasumi.

"My name's Yoruichi Shihōin," said the tanned woman. "Consider me Ranma's Sensei in common sense and manners."

Ranma snorted at that. She might not be 'awake' in the Loop, but the prospect of— "OW!" she replied, rubbing the back of her head.

"Such disrespect of one's teacher," Yoruichi replied. "Oh, why was I cursed with such a student?"

"Now you sound like Pops."

The Shinigami paled. "How … how could you say such a mean thing to me, Ra-chan?" she cried.

Ranma could only twitch. *This is going to be one of those Loops. I just know it.*

New Loop #8:

Ranma grunted, flipping back into the air, avoiding a surge of bullets as one of his assailants attacked.

Slow , he thought. *To me, these guys are way too slow.*

Twisting to the side, he avoided a ball of plasma from a newly arrived attacker, bringing the grand total now assaulting him to ten. Each one acted in lone moves, attempting to injure his body with the hopes of making a final kill.

Ranma was going to dash their hopes. They may be stronger, faster, tougher than a normal human.

But so was he. And he was damn good at it.

Ranma surged forward, ducking low to avoid a blade attempting to bisect him, his hand touching the body of its wielder and allowing his ki to gush onward.

In a split moment before the target could even note that Ranma was in contact with him, his body collapsed into a puddle of grey goo.

The remaining nine paused in their attack, staring at Ranma and their fallen comrade.

"Yeah," smirked Ranma. "Taking out the rest of you has always been that easy.

"So … who's next?"

"Did you have fun, Saotome?" asked Nabiki, lowering her shades a bit to glare at the smirking pigtailed Anchor.

"None at all," he said sadly. "I was hoping they'd be better than that. Those guys totally sucked. The chick-bots weren't even past Akane's level."

Nabiki grunted, sitting up and grabbing his pack, tossing it to him. "You know, we could do something fun like … oh, I don't know, finding out what we need to do to get out of this damned Loop," she groused. The world was a wasteland in this Loop. To be honest, she wanted a hot meal, working shower, and civilization.

Fighting android rejects was not her idea of entertainment, no matter how much Ranma insisted they be used as a training tool.

"Well, we could do that," sighed Ranma. "Of course, we do have another problem at the moment."

Nabiki snorted. "You mean the armed wannabe ninjas that surrounded us while you were toying with the scrap?"

Ranma nodded. "Hey, you guys speak English or anything?"

The landscape remained undisturbed.

Sighing, Ranma focused energy into his foot and stomped on the ground.

The small amount of seismic activity forced a few of the hidden people to reveal themselves, the others quickly getting into position and pointing their weapons at the two teens.

"Hmm, they must know you, Ranma-baby," Nabiki said with a smirk. Looking around, her eyes narrowed as she spotted the apparent leader of the group. "Is that Batman?"

Ranma blinked, before facing the guy in question. "Hey, you named Bruce Wayne?"

The man in question looked at them with confusion. "Do I look like a comic book character?"

"Get down now!" yelled one of the men, advancing with his weapon.

Ranma just yawned, snapping his fingers.

Within a moment, hundreds of Kage Bunshin faded into existence, quickly disarming the group, tying them up, and putting them together.

Ranma just shook his head. "You know, nice to see American kindness didn't change in this hellhole."

"Who are you?" asked one of the women in the group. "Are you some new Terminator?"

Ranma just shrugged. "Ain't ever been called that before. What's a terminator? That what you get called after killing so many of those scraps?"

Nabiki giggled lightly, her own mind instantly getting the reference. "His name is Ranma Saotome. Come with us if you want to live."

New Loop #9:

Nabiki simply stared at her sensei/lover with an angry glare.

"What?" asked Ranma.

Nabiki waved off to the barren landscape before them as inorganic life forms large and small fought.

Ranma just shrugged.

"Okay," she growled. "Forget for the moment that as far as I know, Transformers aren't in the Loops. Could you explain to me why I can count several Autobots fighting the forces of Skynet?"

Ranma blinked. "You know, I'm not really certain myself. But judging by that Harvester with that particular head on it, I think I have a good idea."

Nabiki blinked, before casting her gaze towards the massive machine walking onto the field, spotting a very familiar ball-like head on top of it. "You've got to be kidding me," she groused.

"MWA HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" groused the adult Goddess of the Future atop of Banpei-kun V -Omega. "SKYNET AIN'T GOT SHIT ON ME!"

"I think she may have finally lost it, Saotome," Nabiki sighed.

New Loop #10:

Some Loops just plain sucked. There was no if, and, or buts about it; they just plain sucked.

It wasn't as if he was the only Ranma Looping out there. Oh, he'd come across a reality where it was just the Tendo sisters Looping—and avoiding the question of what had happened to the other fiancées for some reason. Hell, Harry had gone through a Loop where he was stuck assisting a Rose Lily Potter, his possible twin sister. Naruto had told him of a Loop where when it reset, they ended up meeting their younger selves who had zero Loop experience.

I wonder if this means some progress is being made repairing Yggdrasil, he wondered.

It still didn't answer what if anything these new Loops were. Were they Pseudo-Loops, just instead of touching universes like Star Trek and such, touching uncontaminated universes? Were they fresh universes just starting the Loops?

Was it some Bet thing that Skuld had told him about that was hosted by Bastet and Toltiir? He still didn't understand that one, something about someone named Featherbright, but he assumed it was probably better that way.

Hell, for all he knew, this was some new code in the Ultimate System meant to keep the Anchors from going insane with boredom.

Shrugging, he continued walking. Maybe he could have some fun in this universe.

"Someone hates me," he complained, kicking a small stone into orbit.

"Ah, don't be like that, Ra-chan," cooed Hild, as she hung off his left side. "Haven't you ever wanted to see Big Ben?"

"They hate the both of us, Saotome," sighed Urd, rubbing her temples to stave off a headache. "Do we even know where we are?" she asked.

"England, Halloween night," he said. "I'd be more specific if we could find a paper."

"Well, guess that explains why we aren't getting any weird looks," muttered Urd. "No Anchor as far as Yggdrasil knows."

"Is this a Pseudo-Loop?" Ranma asked.

"Nah," smirked Hild. "Most likely a similar blank universe that resembles what could and did happen in a base reality for a Looping universe. Since this universe resembles a Looping universe by a base-path of almost one hundred percent, it isn't a Pseudo-Loop."

Ranma paused. "So … we're all adults in a Potter Universe," he said with a sigh. He most certainly didn't like where this was going. "We better cloak from the senses of others," he complained, slowly fading into the Umisenken.

"Why?" asked Hild, snapping her fingers and causing her power to envelop her in a similar field the Gods and Demons used to hide from mortal eyes.

"Maybe because wizards aren't the most friendly of people," snorted Urd, following suit.

"Oh, like I needed this," sighed Ranma. This would not end well.

"Calm down, Ranma," sighed Urd. "Aside from **her** being here; what's the worst that could happen?"

"… You doomed us all, Urd; I hope you realize that."

"Thanks, Urd."

"You're welcome," she said with a smile. "I was a little worried I wouldn't be able to move blood wards, let alone charge them without a viable blood relative in—"

"He was referring to your attempt at mocking Fate," smirked Hild, cooing at the baby in her arms. "Isn't that right, little Harry. Yes he is! Urd did a big no-no!"

Ranma just sighed, not knowing which was worse: seeing the Grand Demoness making baby talk or the fact that he was now responsible for raising one universe's Harry Potter. "Great, I'd punish her with doing the paperwork if I didn't think its make things worse."

"I'm not that bad! And you only got arrested that one time."

"I was sentenced to be executed!" Ranma exclaimed, wincing as he turned to see Hild glaring at him.

"No yelling in front of the baby," she growled.

Hell; I must be in Hell.

"I won't make a mistake this time," said Urd. "Besides, I can file enough paperwork to even bury those idiots at the magical ministry," she said with a smile, forming a transparent subspace keyboard before her. "Now let's see…

"Harry Potter, formerly adopted by Ranma Saotome and his sexy wife, Urd. Living with their mother-in-law."

Hild just twitched. "How about married to me and living with his bitter step-sister."

Ranma plucked the small baby from Hild as mother and daughter fell into a familiar fight once again. Sighing he turned towards the smiling child. "You owe me for this, you owe me big."

New Loop #11:

"Well, I got good news and I got bad news," said Urd, looking over at the pigtailed beefcake sitting across from her on the roof.

"I'll take the good news first," sighed Ranma, rubbing his forehead. After the last forty-eight hours, he needed some good news.

"The good news is despite her being bound to you until you Fuse-Loop with the Darkstalkers Universe again," she offered, deciding not to tell him there was a very good chance when that universe had reset, a new Lilith might have been made to replace the lost one, "you are in no danger of being drained dry. Your soul puts out too much energy for her to even attempt to eat all of it. And from what I recall from our liaisons, you shouldn't ever have to worry about satiating her sexual needs," she finished with a perverted leer.

*That was the **good** news! I've got another loli after me!*

I heard that! And if I keep suckling on a soul like this, I won't be a loli, stud!

His head sunk farther. "And the bad news?"

Urd shrugged. "We can't speed up the process. And we can't advance her powers any quicker than they are to make her self-sufficient, sort of like a Kami/Piccolo thing, so that'll have to go on its own until she can be separated from you before you return her to Morrigan."

"And … how long would that be?" he asked, knowing the answer would suck.

"About fifteen thousand years, give or take a century."

Yep, sucking a whole lot.

Well, he could be wrong. He just needed to somehow find either Morrigan or the Darkstalker Loop before the next fifteen millennia

passed. He could do it. He was Ranma Saotome after all.

Oh, I love that confidence. So … tasty… , Lilith purred inside of him.

Okay, a little creepy. Nevertheless, he could still pull it off. No sweat!

"Now," said Urd, "for the really bad news."

"… Really … bad news?" Ranma squeaked, gulping in distress.

"How do you plan to tell my Little Sister about your newest lover?" asked Urd. "I have to admit, her finding out about the few times you slept with Hild will seem like a cakewalk compared to—HEY! GET BACK HERE, SAOTOME!"

New Loop #12:

Nabiki just rubbed her head, wishing this Loop would already end.

"Oh my," said Kasumi, as usual for the beginnings of a Ranma Loop, the group gathered around the table to hear the woeful tale of Jusenkyo. "Ranma has a furry tail, just like Nabiki."

Moreover, there was her headache shifting into a migraine. Saotome had finally gotten his wish: a fused Loop in the Dragonball universe. She'd arrived to find Goku still living with his grandfather, they'd been Goku's adoptive parents after Gohan—who was saved from the Ōzaru-Goku—died from heart failure three months later, and lived all the way to GT.

The first major difference had been Ranma wishing they were Saiyajins instead of Oolang's wish for panties.

After that, Ranma turned that universe into a nearly half-century training trip. *As if the jock didn't have enough power already.*

BAM!

Blinking, the group turned to look outside, spotting something else that Ranma had created in the last loop.

"Cool," muttered the neo-pigtailed Saiyajin. "I was hoping those would follow me."

Now she would have sworn her migraine was swiftly heading into an aneurysm.

This is not happening! I will wake up, find out this was all a dream brought on by my somehow getting caught in a battle between Skuld and … anyone.

Nevertheless, no matter how much she wished, the scene didn't change. The sky was still dark, the dragon balls were still there, and a massive green beast that seemed like a cross between an Eastern and Western dragon coming from them, curling around and above the Tendo Dojo.

Ranma just smiled, already knowing the perfect first wish to make. He was sure his girls would enjoy having their mothers returned to them for a Loop. It would be something new.

Nabiki would have enjoyed it, had Kasumi not said what she said next.

"Oh dear. Daddy, I'll need to go get some more food for tonight's dinner. I don't think I have enough to make a good portion for Saotome-san's magic dragon."

Nabiki decided simple oblivion would be best now and passed out.

New Loop #13:

"Saotome! You can't do that!"

"Do what, Nabs?"

"... First off, don't call me that. And second, you cannot take Darth Maul as a Jedi apprentice!"

"Why not? Look at him! He's like Ryoga without the emo!"

New Loop #14:

" **Are you a God?"**

The four Ghostbusters turned towards the lone female on their team.

"Saotome?" asked Nabiki, motioning for him to answer.

Huffing, Saotome stepped forward. "No, because quite frankly it doesn't interest me."

"But he does fuck quite a few," smirked Nabiki. "Skuld, Hild, Urd, Artemis, that one Drow Goddess…"

Apparently, it wasn't enough for Gozer. **"DIE!"** bellowed the Sumerian God, launching energy bolts at the six Ghostbusters.

To the surprise of the other, Ranma merely deflected it, glaring at Nabiki. "What the hell does that mean? You make it sound like I'm some sort of sex toy for Goddesses and Demonesses."

"Prove to me you're not!" demanded Nabiki.

"How dare you ignore me!" bellowed Gozer.

Ranma just smirked. "She's all yours, apprentice!"

Nabiki growled as she strode into the temple. "Making me fight a dark God… Some fucking training."

"You shall suffer for your arrogance! You shall be torn for my amusement!

Nabiki just twitched. "Damn you, and damn Saotome for making me say this.

"Oh, it is on, bitch!"

"Fascinating," said Egon.

"Fascinating?" asked Peter. "This has got to be the first inter-dimensional cat fight ever! We should sell tickets!"

Ranma just sighed, hoping he wasn't going to end up adding another deity to his scorecard.

New Loop #15:

"This is all a dream," mumbled Akane.

Nabiki just snorted. "We're in a Loop, deal with it," she groused, ignoring her sister's stare.

"How can you be so calm about this?" Akane bellowed.

Sighing, Nabiki stopped. "Because, little sister, this isn't my first Loop. I've logged centuries in the Loop. You've logged in maybe two Loops."

"But Nabiki, we have to fix this!"

"Really," Nabiki drawled. "You know how to fix a technorganic machine based in at least ten dimensions struck by an equivalent dinosaur-ending asteroid of equal dimensions?"

"Well … maybe."

"The answer is no, Akane," snorted Nabiki. "I don't care if you have the ego and confidence larger than the Earth, it ain't happening."

"How do we know if we don't try?"

"Because I've been with people who run said Machine and they can't do it. Ranma's been Looping since the beginning, and after a million lifetimes, he can't do it. And to be honest, he's better at adapting and solving problems than you."

"… Is not," mumbled Akane.

Nabiki sighed, cursing the fact that Akane had apparently 'woke up' in a Loop where the duo were reenacting the original timeline for … well, she wasn't sure why, but it had been fun to be the old Ice Queen.

And now she was stuck with a version of Akane with all confidence and drive, but no talent. *You know, I'm beginning to understand why Ranma hated doing that Loop.* "Besides, sister, we have other things to worry about."

"Huh?"

"Well, we're fourteen now."

"… So?"

Sighing, Nabiki focused on her sister. "Akane, we're in Nerima. Our Loops don't alter more than a few days from before or after Ranma arrives. The fact we're two years early suggest we're in a Fused Loop."

"I don't understand."

"… It means another universe joined ours and altered the Loop."

"But who could it be—"

WHAM!

"I'mlate!" cried a blond girl, screaming as she darted towards school, her twin pigtails waving in the wind.

Nabiki stared between her run-over sister and Usagi Tsukino making a mad dash towards Furinkan. Checking her watch, she noted that the future Sailor Moon was actually early. *Hmm, one of her parents must have forwarded their clocks…*

"Who was that?" murmured Akane, forcing herself off the ground.

"That was Usagi," smirked Nabiki. "And welcome to a Fused Loop with Sailor Moon."

"But that's an anime!"

"An anime that currently laid you out while doing Mach 3 towards Furinkan Junior High," offered Nabiki as she continued on. *I swear, if I end up as Sailor Earth one more time, I'll slaughter someone.*

Ranma wasn't the only one who had had bad experiences of the Fuku-Kind.

I just wonder how Ranma will take this. The last Loop we had with them, he had Usagi, Chibi-Usa, and for some reason Haruka trying to bed him.

I'm pretty sure this Loop won't end well, especially with Akane 'awake'.

"Old Man, why did that sign say 'Now Entering Nerima, Beware of Youma'?"

"Stop complaining, Boy! You whine like a girl!"

"Oh, well guess whose fault it is that I'm cursed to be one half the time!"

New Loop #16:

Ranma sighed as the transport came closer towards the Jedi Temple. By the Gods, he hated Loops like these. It was still much too soon to see if Anakin was going to be born, let alone 'wake-up'. Once again, Fate had placed him and his fellow Anchors a few hundred years back before Darth Sidious would set about starting the Clone Wars.

However, it was the first time the Tendo sisters were with him. Nabiki had been 'awake' the longest, but Kasumi and Akane had woken up only a few Loops ago. Even then, he had used a favor from Urd—which would only cost him some major cuddle-time ... he hoped—to get them their original memories.

Probably for the best, considering what happened in their second Loop...

"Why are we here?" groused Akane, looking uncomfortable in her robes. The youngest Tendo was happy for training, happy that Ranma was taking her seriously, pissed that according to Nabiki he was no some cosmic gigolo, but confused as to why she was playing some weird game based on a strange American movie she never really got into.

"My old Master requested I meet him," said Ranma.

"Saotome, the last time you were here, you tossed several of the Council out the windows," stated Nabiki.

"Hey, they didn't have to try and exile me for not following their code on what a Jedi should be," he groused. Really, you'd think he had proclaimed himself the new Sith Lord with how they reacted.

"Oh dear," murmured Kasumi. "Do you think they want a rematch?"

"Nah," waved off Ranma. "I swore I'd return over their cold dead bodies. Last guy finally passed on a decade ago. Only my Old Master remains and he isn't half the ass about things they were."

"To be fair, Ranma, you did call them a 'bunch of absolute authoritarian pricks out to create mindless fools to kiss their ass'," Nabiki finished with a smirk.

"Now that wasn't very nice," admonished Kasumi. "Even if they did deserve to be called such mean things," she added, recalling the rules of the current Jedi Code. Really, not loving? That sounded so wrong to the timid Tendo.

"How do you know what he said?" asked Akane, staring at Nabiki.

The middle Tendo snorted. "Hold a bowl of ramen and Naruto will spill any embarrassing fact about anyone. Hell, you should have heard some of the stories Ranma and the other Anchors did their first time as Jedi Padawans." Not that Nabiki didn't have her own plans. She wanted to beat Ranma to the Death Stars in this Loop after all.

After all, Ranma had over fifteen inside his pocket universe. Wasn't about time for someone else to get one?

Finally, the craft landed, allowing the four to disembark. However, to the curiousness of the others, Ranma looked ready for a battle.

"I know he's here somewhere," murmured Ranma, lightsaber at the ready to activate, and causing a murmur at the Younglings who had spotted the arriving craft and felt the need to investigate.

"Who's here?" asked Akane, her own hand going to where her lightsaber was.

"Pervert little frog," spat Ranma.

WHACK!

"Your head, harder it is now. Need a new staff before the end of your visit, I fear I will.

"Show respect, still you have not learned," stated Yoda, looking over his small staff.

"Yeah, yeah," growled Ranma, rubbing his skull. Damn coot always did find some way to nail him with that staff. "So why'd you call me here?"

"Call you as the member of the Gray Council I did, my former Padawan," said Yoda. "The Jedi Council wishes to speak with you."

"I had nothing to do with that exploding star system!" Ranma quickly stated. "That was all Harry's fault!"

"Oh?"

"... I'll shut up now before everyone starts calling me Darth Chaos again."

"Best, perhaps that is," chuckled the old Jedi Master. "This way."

"Well, come along," waved Ranma, getting his fellow Gray Jedi to follow him. "And no fighting. I'd rather not be banned from this planet ... again."

"Right, like we cause half the trouble you do," giggled Akane.

Nabiki just shook her head. "Twenty says she somehow gets kidnapped before their meeting ends."

"Nabiki!"

"Forty says before the end of the day."

"Kasumi!"

Pigtailed Time Loops 3

New Pigtailed Loops 3

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow me to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave. If you find any, let me know, and I will correct them and repost the chapters.

This group is based on a Groundhog's Day concept, if time was looping, and certain members were aware of this.

These are their insanities.

New Loop #1:

Ranma blinked as he looked down at his hands. As he stood and spotted his reflection on a partially shattered window from the battle, he had to admit one thing to himself.

Perhaps a close-quarters battle with Darkseid hadn't been his smartest choice.

"That you, Ranma?"

Blinking, he turned to face Green Lantern Nabiki—the Guardians were still miffed at him for not explaining how he could make Green Lanterns without their knowledge and to be honest, he doubted they

were ready to know he had all of the varied colored Main Lanterns on one of his worlds in his pocket universe. Beside her, standing on wobbly legs from Superman, released from the Agony Matrix.

"Yeah?" he spoke, before his hand went to his throat, hearing the sound he had just made. "Okay, this is pretty fucked up right here."

"Saotome, you look like—"

"I know what I look like," growled Ranma. "Damn it, do you have any idea how long this is going to take to fix?"

"What happened?" asked Superman.

"Oh, the evil bastard knew I had him, so he tried to force his soul into my body," commented Ranma, concentrating to shift his damaged clothes into his usual silk style. Say what you will about the people of Apokolips, they had zero fashion sense.

"DAKSEID!"

Ranma spun around, catching the extended fist of Orion, showing no sign that any force had been applied. "Let's not do this, okay? I've had a real bad day so far."

"Do not think New Genesis will allow this assault to go unchallenged!" bellowed the New God, anger in his voice.

Sighing at the obvious fact Orion was in a berserker mode and not feeling like knocking some sense into the New God after a prolonged battle that would probably leave Metropolis a crater in the ground, Ranma finished it quickly in the fashion of Anything Goes.

"ACK!" came the higher-pitched tone of Orion, as the New God and second son of Darkseid received a boot to the groin.

Even Superman winced at that, his own legs locking closer together. "Was that really necessary, Saotome?"

"Yes, I believe it was," he replied. "Now while I go deal with me 'loyal' henchmen, could you please explain to this idiot I am not Darkseid, I just merely absorbed him."

"Impossible," squeaked Orion, coughing and trying to keep from vomiting from his injury. "The soul of a New God would overpower and shatter your weak human soul. Even if your soul somehow survived, his mind would still be dominant."

Dark-Ranma just shrugged, putting on a cocky grin far more like Ranma than Darkseid. "What can I say, I'm great like that." *Though I do wonder, where is that ass's soul at?*

"It was so nice for my love to do this for me," smiled Lilith, as she attached the clip of a leash to her newest toy. "I always wanted a gimp!"

The former Dark Lord of Apokolips could only growl. One day, Saotome would pay for this humiliation…

"Speak!"

"Release me and I shall make your death quick."

"Someone needs a time out! Oh! And a nice pink outfit! That blue **so** does not make you look cute."

New Loop #2:

"Okay," groused Nabiki, already feeling a major headache from this trip inside Ranma's pocket universe—namely because of her two sisters and the latest trio to 'awake' in their Loop, "please tell me I did not just see ships from the Shadows and the Vorlons?"

Lilith just smirked as she piloted their craft towards their target planet. "Yep, including the Pos ships."

"Pos?" asked Kasumi.

Nabiki just waved her off. "Pieces of shit; alien raced sealed in another dimension that wiped the floor with First Ones until they tried it with Ranma."

Lilith just nodded with a happy smile. So nice to have a lover/host capable of such … carnage. And he brought back such nice toys for her to play with. *I'll have to consider having a few of them brought to New Makai when they finish making it. They scream ever so lovely in the physical and astral worlds…*

"Of course they lose to Airen," said Shampoo, trying to ignore the strangeness that was happening around her. Apparently, she had been misinformed about a few things concerning her beloved: like how he was much stronger than before, controlled a pocket universe, defeated aliens, and had a demon living inside him.

Still, he was related to Genma. If she could forgive him for that, this was way easier to forgive. Besides, … it was a sex demon. Perhaps her Airen would finally submit to her charms.

"Oh, Ran-chan is so going to say a few things when we get back," growled Ukyo, fingering her bandolier of mini-spatulas.

"You plebian fools doubted the true worth of Ranma-sama," murmured Kodachi, staring at the beauty of the sleek black vessels that were nearby, feeling drawn to them. "But of course he would be a God among men. OH HOHOHOHO!"

"Why the hell did we have to bring them?" grumbled Akane.

"Because Ranma insists you guys get some extra practice with things not of Nerima," replied Nabiki. "We've been stuck in the Nerima Loops for almost a decade now. We'll enter a fused Loop sooner or later, and you guys need the practice."

"And Ranma's magic jewelry will help us?" snorted Akane.

"Oh, but magic jewelry is always strong," offered Kasumi. "After all, didn't that Reversal Jewel finally make you confess your feelings for Ranma?"

Said Tendo just blushed, hoping everyone had forgotten about that.

"Okay everyone, a quick rundown," Nabiki stated, turning around and garnering the attention of her two sisters and the trio of additional fiancées, while mentally cursing Ranma for giving her this job.

Hell, it wasn't like she'd been the one to go to the Kaminoans with Ranma's DNA samples and brain scan for a clone army. That had been all Naruto. *I gotta ask what I did to deserve this shit.*

"We're going to a Planet 4 in System 2," she said.

"What are their names, Sugar?" asked Ukyo. "I mean, every series has them with some name."

"They aren't named yet," inserted Lilith. "All that means right now is that it is the second star Ranma had here in his pocket universe and the fourth planet orbiting it."

"Continuing on," started Nabiki once again, "this planet has Eight Main Power Batteries for the eight Lantern Corps from another universe. Each ring or staff is powered by a certain emotion. We are going to only be stopping in range to receive your Green Lantern Rings and perhaps Blue Lantern rings."

"What emotions power them?" asked Kasumi.

"Green is powered by willpower," said Nabiki, showing them hers. "Blue is powered by hope. Together, they boost one another, so it is Ranma's hope that all of you will get both so he can train you."

"Where's your blue one?" asked Kodachi.

"I … I don't have one yet."

"Maybe Mercenary Girl need greedy ring?" offered Shampoo.

Her eye twitching, only two things kept her from responding to that barb. First was that as far as the newest girls knew, Nabiki was the Ice Queen Mercenary of Furinkan, having only their memories from the first iteration of the timeline and their current Looped experiences, which basically amounted to a year or two in Nerima.

The second was she didn't want to cause a hull breach. She didn't know if the space between stars in Ranma's pocket universe was a vacuum, but she wasn't quite willing to find out yet.

"The greedy ring is orange," stated Nabiki. "Orange is avarice, red is rage—no jokes about my little sister, please," she said, quickly silencing the comments about to come from the three girls. "Yellow is fear, indigo is compassion, violet is love, and black is death."

"But you said before that Ranma-sama has all of these powers," questioned Kodachi. "Does this mean my dearest Ranma-sama has conquered death itself?"

Lilith chuckled for a moment. "It means Ranma has mastered the use of death ki, which has many different names across the multiverse. Since it can usually only be controlled by souls split from the mortal coil, he is able to wield it without being killed. And as he has mastered his emotions, thus he is able to use the other Lanterns without their weaknesses inflicting him."

"How he learn to master death ki?" asked Shampoo.

"Shinigami training," replied Nabiki, wondering if her one loop as a Shinigami was enough to receive a ring now? *Oh well, it'd cause too much trouble with them now.*

I just hope a Red Lantern Ring doesn't choose Kasumi. I'd rather not see what the Ring of Rage would do to her.

"So we're getting powers because Ranma stole these?" asked Akane.

"We took them before their current universe reset, Little Sister," offered Nabiki. "When it did, it recreated them as they were before. They were never even missed."

"Doesn't that violate some laws of the universe?" asked Kasumi.

Lilith and Nabiki both shrugged.

"Hey, you're awake, so now it's time to be trained in a shitload of powers," offered Nabiki, ignoring Kasumi's shocked gasp that her sister had cursed. "Anyone who wants out, say so now."

"Shampoo prove she strongest for Airen!"

"No way, your ramen hussy! Ran-chan will see how well his cute fiancée does with these powers."

"OH HOHOHOHO! You fools will always pale in comparison to the Black Rose!"

"Was that wise?" asked Lilith.

"Better they beat the shit out of each other now than when we give them super rings."

"True."

Akane just held her forehead in her hands, wondering why things had to get so complicated, never imagining she would wish for things to be like they had been before in Nerima.

New Loop #3:

"Okay, Saotome," sighed Nabiki, "while I'm glad Skuld isn't here…"

He had to agree with her. Large tech-battles like this were a bigger turn-on to the Norn Goddess of the Future than a hot body was to a sex demon.

"But this has to be one of the most fucked up Fused Loops I have ever seen."

"I won't let this go any further, Master Asia!" yelled Domon Kasshu inside God Gundam.

"If you feel the strength to defeat me, then come and do battle, Domon, and face the Undefeated of the East," stated Master Asia inside the Master Gundam.

"Then it has been agreed!" stated a small grey-haired man as he popped up on the field from within a small tree. "This will be a submission robattle. The first Medabot to cease functioning loses, and the loser must submit one Medapart to the winner, for keeps. I shall act as referee, me Mr. Referee, so no one gets hurt. Medafighters ready? Medabots, robattle!"

"This isn't a Robattle!" yelled Nabiki.

"… Then it's agreed! This will be a submission Gundam Battle. The first Gundam to cease functioning loses, and the loser must submit one Gundam part to the winner, for keeps. I shall act as referee, me Mr. Referee, so no one gets hurt. Gundam Fighters ready? Gundams, Gundam Battle!"

Ranma just shrugged. "It just doesn't have the same ring to it as—ouch! Well, he was the one that thought he could referee a Gundam fight from inside the force field."

New Loop #4:

Ranma sat, meditating, becoming one with the chi of the Earth. Unlike tapping into the Dragon Lines, he had no worry about blowing

up the planet if something happened now. It was simple communing with the planet, getting a feel for it and what it felt on a primal level.

"I swear, if these fuckers bury one more dirty diaper in me, I'm gonna go 10.0 on their asses!"

No one said Mother Nature only spoke properly or didn't have a temper.

Sadly, his internal relaxation was cut off once again by an angry tomboy. "What is it, Akane?" he asked, sensing her approach.

"How come Nabiki can do that weird red-eye thing?" she demanded.

"Define 'red-eye thing'," he asked.

"She called it the ninja Sharingan."

"Oh, she's accessing an ability she got in the Naruto Loop."

"So when can I do it?"

Opening one eye, Ranma stared at her. "Have you ever been an Uchiha in a Naruto Loop?"

"Well, no."

"Then come back and ask that question when you have."

"You just don't know how," she huffed in indignation.

Ranma opened both his eyes, focusing on her, activating his own Sharingan.

"… That's no fair!" cried Akane. "How come you guys got that and I didn't?"

"Well, to be fair, all the Tendo sisters were in that Loop," offered Ranma, recalling what Nabiki had explained from that Loop. "You

guys replaced Team 7. Nabiki replaced Sasuke, and now thanks to that meditation technique I taught her to recall past lives in the Loop and those abilities, she recalled her Sharingan. Hell, she might actually have some decent ninja skills now," he surmised.

"So … was I Naruto?" asked Akane hopefully. Awesome power levels would be nice. She'd pull off a Kage Bunshin and study so much so fast, she'd leave everyone else in the dust!

"Nope, you were Sakura."

"WHAT?"

"Well," said Ranma, popping his ears after a near miss with early deafness, "if you do the meditation ritual, you might get some decent medical skills."

"But… But… But she doesn't do anything!" whined Akane.

"Wait!" she paused. "That would mean that Naruto was replaced by … Kasumi!" she finished in shock, trying to reconcile her elder sister's demeanor with that of a Prime Naruto. "So if she did that ritual, she might get a Kyuubi no Yoko!"

"Nah!" waved off Ranma. "I mean, what are the odds of—"

"Release me at once, mortal scum!" came a yell from the hallway. "Bow before my might and beg for a quick death!"

"Oh, you're just the cutest thing ever!" came Kasumi's squeal as she walked by, cradling a mini-Kyuubi.

"I am not cute!" it bellowed. "I am a machine of death and destruction! Fear me and tremble before my might!"

"Oh, you're just cranky. I bet you're just hungry and would like some fried fish."

"I will not—did you say fish?" it asked, as the duo headed back towards the kitchen, leaving Ranma and Akane to stare at where they had been.

"That's impossible!" yelled Akane.

Ranma just shrugged and went back to communing with nature. Certainly wasn't the weirdest thing he had seen. *Figures, even a Demon Fox can't defeat Kasumi.*

New Loop #5:

Ranma wobbled as time reset once again, the feeling of a Loop not originally his own struck the pigtailed Anchor, making him hiss lightly.

"That didn't feel good," muttered Nabiki. "Whatever that was."

"Fused Loop along Prime Loop Protocols," muttered Ranma.

"Simple languages, Saotome; I haven't had any coffee yet."

"We entered a Loop and assumed partial identities to the people we replaced." He muttered, reaching into his orange jumpsuit—and swearing that was going to change soon—and pulled out an ID. "I'm now Ranma Uzumaki.

"… Fuck," he sighed, flashing through several hand signs and creating a dozen Doppelgängers, sending them to perform what he needed for the Loop. Sure, he'd play ninja, but he was not going to do it wearing bright orange and living in squalor.

Naruto had never been the most tidy person before the Loops.

"Shit," Nabiki cursed, spotting her clothes. "I replaced Sakura," she growled, looking over her outfit.

"Who replaced Sasuke then—ACK!" cried Ranma, as a very familiar female dressed in pre-Loop Uchiha garb tackled him.

"Long time, no see; Stud," smirked Lina Inverse.

Nabiki arched her eyebrow. "Oh, I'm not looking forward to seeing how this affected Sasuke's fangirls," she sighed, waiting for the inevitable download of information about their 'new' lives.

Wait a moment; didn't Lina have an older sibling she's afraid of?

"Come along, Spot," said Luna Uchiha, slayer of the entire Uchiha clan aside from her little sister, as she removed a spoon from her assailant's chest. Some said she killed them because her little sister had displayed a video of Luna bathing to the entire clan.

No witnesses.

"My name is not 'Spot'," growled Kisame, wondering if all women in Akatsuki were crazy.

Luna slowly turned, her Sharingan spinning. "Did you say something, Spot?"

"… No, ma'am," he growled. Oh, Pein **so** owed him for this.

Akane growled, hating this Loop already.

She was awake in a Naruto-Loop, taking the place of one of the characters. It had been her hope that she would get the Sharingan finally, to prove herself as just as capable as Ranma and Nabiki at being warriors of the multiverse—not that she was jealous or anything.

That hadn't happened. Apparently, some fiancée-wannabe from another reality had taken Sasuke Uchiha's place. Therefore, she didn't get the Sharingan this time.

No, she got stuck with a second gift and an analog who looked exactly like her father—minus the goatee—who had the gall to say she was a poor student.

And no one ever stated that Akane took criticism well—unless they were able to force her to accept it.

He hadn't.

Hiashi Hyuuga slowly inhaled, trying to stifle the pain in his groin, wondering why his demure and gentle daughter had suddenly decided to show some backbone via a chakra mallet to his groin. Part of him hoped this new Akane Hyuuga would do something similar to the Hyuuga Elders—bastards were always trying to have their way, insisting his eldest daughter had a crush on the village Jinchuuriki.

"Now you stay there and think about what you did and how you made me feel," growled the Hyuuga princess. "I'm going to go make us some lunch before I head out."

Why do I suddenly feel as if a great danger is upon me? he wondered.

"My name is Lina Uchiha," said the redhead during the meeting of Team 7 and their perpetually late Jounin-Sensei. "I like Ranma and killing bandits, I hate finding out treasure I acquire is fake and assholes who end every question with the phrase 'that … is a secret'," she stated, perfectly mimicking Xellos. "My goal is to rebuild my clan, preferably with Ranma as my boy-toy."

Said pigtailed boy sighed as Nabiki struggled to not laugh out loud.

Kakashi blinked. "That's it?"

"Well, a few other things are items I'm certainly not going to tell you," waved off Lina. "I don't know you, you might be some super pervert or whatnot, and I certainly don't want to entice you to pursue my divine form."

"…" Kakashi just closed his visible eye for a second. "What about your sister?"

"GAH! WHERE?" cried Lina, hiding behind Ranma.

The eye was now twitching. *Oh, someone definitely screwed up her profile. Avenger, my ass.*

The Looping Nerima residents waited as Ibiki finished his speech at the end of the written exam, waiting for the beginning of the trials into the Forest of Death.

"Finally," complained Akane Hyuuga, popping her back. She couldn't wait to get into some actual battles, level forests, turn perverts into paste.

And it would get her away from another Nerima resident who had replaced the Hyuuga heir's little sister: Hinako Hyuuga.

Ranma just ignored her, leaning back in his chair, resting his eyes as he had done since he finished the written exam in under a minute. Seriously, it was so easy, and oh so annoying to the proctors wondering how he had cheated.

Any further thought was cut off as the window in front of the classroom was opened … by a snake.

"Damn crappy locks," it muttered, before disappearing in a puff of smoke.

Suddenly, a large tarp entered the classroom via the window, several kunai pinning it to the wall, as the kunoichi inside appeared …

complete with miniature nine-tailed fox.

"Oh, hello," said Kasumi Mitarashi, holding her tiny Kyuubi in her arms. "My name is Kasumi, and I will be your proctor for the next stage of the exams. But first…"

Launching several ofuda at a rapid pace, each desk was soon sporting one each, which suddenly exploded, revealing…

"But after such a hard mental exercise, I'm sure you could all use some milk and cookies," she offered, as indeed that was what the seals produced.

"K-K-K-Kasumi!" squeaked a Rain-nin, his eyes clouding, his hands…

Crack!

His hands currently realigning the spine of a white-haired Konoha-nin.

Kabuto could only blink, as his view was restructured ninety degrees. *Perhaps allowing Lord Orochimaru to be in the mission at this stage, without registering a complaint, was a bad move on my part.*

Nabiki just dropped her head on her desk. "We are so doomed."

Lina Uchiha could only snort. "Please, you don't know the first thing about sibling torture."

"The forest will run red with rivers of your newb blood!" cackled the Kyuubi.

"Oh, don't mind him; he hasn't had his nap today. And if he isn't a good demon fox, he won't get any tuna."

"… I better get some damn tuna," the Kyuubi grumbled.

Gaara just ignored it all, eating his cookies and drinking his milk. No matter what Mother said, this tasted much better than blood.

New Loop #6:

Some Loops were the greatest educational experiences in the world. Already, Ranma knew ten different ways to exceed or bypass the Light Speed Barrier, construct artificial suns, and fuse organic and inorganic together.

He new magics beyond worlds, demons and gods not since heard for millennia, and a spell to duplicate almost all of what he knew in science.

That didn't mean every experience was happy. He had been in battles that tore apart entire galaxies, faced villains who were evil in all things, no speck of good in them.

But they were experiences he adapted to, evolved from, because he had others with him.

Pf course, sometimes those others were the cause of all the trouble to begin with.

He got the feeling this Loop would be just such a pain in the ass. The world was returning to focus, to show a woman in his arms, both prone to the ground, her pulse weakening, as she looked up at him with blue eyes, her silver hair matted with sweat.

Wait a moment… Blue eyes? White hair?

Shit.

Tapping into any and all power he had, he began to feed it into her. While the history already forming in his mind explained that he should have been dead tired, just lucky to be alive, Ranma had

never felt the need to play by the Rules of a Loop, especially the ones that said 'play your part and nothing else'.

Besides, he had two very good reasons to do this.

One: there was no way in hell he was going to spend the next ten millennia or whatever alone because this woman dropped dead because her magical doohickey didn't have a set spending limit.

And two: he wasn't quite certain if Sailor Saturn was around and had been issued a 'clean up all the remaining mess' order.

This sucks! A loli with an Armageddon attack shouldn't be allowed to even learn that puppy-dog eyes attack. I'd like to escape one battle from her without losing body parts!

New Loop #7:

Ranma stared at the young man, trying to restrain any dark emotions —anger, hopelessness, sadness, etc.—as he prepared to do what he needed to do. "Okay, Morisato; listen up!"

The young man immediately rocketed to attention.

"I know you've had some bad luck with Belldandy in some of the last Loops," Ranma continued, ignoring the male's quickly paling figure.

Sex was all fun and games until someone died from dehydration, a crushed pelvis, and a penis rubbed so raw it fell apart.

"And I'm here to help you through that," Ranma finished.

"Really?" asked Keiichi, embarrassment quickly suppressed by the need for survival. He loved Belldandy, he truly did.

He also loved survival and **not** dying from very painful rug burns.

Ranma nodded. It was somewhat his fault, in a way. Thanks to taking in Lilith to sustain her until she could reunite with Morrigan—which immediately failed because the Loop reset itself soon afterwards—a certain feedback had occurred. Namely, succubus-lust flowed through Ranma, thus interacting with his Angels.

And being clones of the Angels of the Norns, said charge carried over to them through their bonds like induced magnetism.

Result: lust energy affecting the Norns. And Ranma most certainly did not want to have to deal with that fallout again should Lilith's energies spike. Skuld he could handle, maybe Urd as well.

Belldandy was the Everest of horny Goddesses and far be it from him not to foist her off on the man she loved, no matter how fragile he might be.

"I'm going to make you tough enough so you don't die or Kami-forbid, disappoint, Belldandy in the bedroom. I am **not** dealing with those issues again." Kami, the things that girl did when she was in the mood.

"Thanks, I—what?" asked Keiichi, thinking for certain that he hadn't heard those words right.

"No words! DOOOODGE!" Ranma yelled as he blasted the poor student with a very mild energy blast … for Nerima.

"You are so unlucky that I can revive you with magic," snorted Ranma, as he walked towards the smoking crater.

"Huh?" muttered Keiichi as the world returned to him. "What happened?"

"DOOOOOODGE!" yelled Ranma again, blasting the boy. "You know, if you don't dodge, how will you learn anything?"

New Loop #8:

Urd glared as she turned up the television. Already, she could hear the sounds of vigorous sex coming from Belldandy's room.

With a sigh, she summoned her Angel, World of Elegance. "Was there a LES?"

LES was short for Lust Energy Spike. Thanks to the cloned Angels inside Ranma, the spike could travel from Lilith inside him to their Angels, and thus give the Goddesses a familiar tingly feeling below the belt.

The Angel shook her head.

"Hmm, maybe she wants to see if Ranma's training is helping," Urd wondered.

World of Elegance shrugged. No way was she about to ask Holy Bell for any answers. The last time she had questioned the Angel about Belldandy's sex life, she simply blushed and mumbled something about strawberries.

Their discussion was cut off as a new source of sounds arose, coming not from the direction of Belldandy's room, but…

"Damn, Ranma's here and no one told me," growled Urd. Bad enough they barely had any time on Earth nowadays, let alone some downtime with someone who actually knew how to please a woman in the bedroom.

"Wait, that means everyone here is having sex … but me?" she asked, blinking in shock. Was the Goddess of Love—even if self-declared—really the odd woman out now?

The TV switched channels to reveal a topless adult-Skuld. "Yes," came the reply, before it resumed normal programming.

"… Oh, she's going to pay for that," growled Urd.

New Loop #9:

Ranma stared at the building before him. "'Future's Past'?" he asked, reading the bright neon sign.

Washu nodded. "Well, Tokimi thought it would be perfect and she did draw the straw to name it."

"Ah," said Ranma. "So where exactly are we?"

"A mini-universe based within the twenty-sixth dimension so as to allow connectivity to the other universes."

He had to blink at that. "You mean this dimension contains the multiverse?"

"Well, one slightly below it, but yes; we are in what could be termed the nexus of the multiverse," she stated, leading him in. "It wasn't too hard for the Chousin to pull off. And I believe the Goddess after your heart helped a great deal as well."

"… I'm not walking into a trap, am I?" he asked. The last time someone had mentioned how much Skuld had 'helped', he ended up being the stripper for a bachelorette party for several Belldandys and one Urd who were engaged to marry their universe's Keiichi Morisato.

"No, of course not," stated Washu, acting aghast at such allegations, her foot lashing out and knocking away a certain God of Chaos in his cat form who was wearing a Admiral Ackbar mask.

"Anyway, this place is being set up so that those 'awake' in the Loops have a place to gather, to relax, other than the Fused Loops."

"Could be nice," Ranma replied. A place away from the timelines, where they could hang out without doing something that could reset

the Loop early, a place to hang out with friends and give a chat, have ideas to share…

"And here we are," she said, opening the door.

Inside, Ranma had to blink his eyes in shock. It wasn't anything like he feared—being no stripper poles, dance stages, or nudity.

It was a tastefully done bar, several areas to get food and drink, comfortable tables, and even a nice booth-style seating arrangement. Game platforms were off to the side, allowing groups to blow off steam, and a set of stairs leading to several doors that he could see before the hallway cut off his line of sight.

"We had some professionals help with it," she commented, escorting him through the main entrance. "Food is easy enough with replicators and whatnot, we can even replicate some dragon dishes."

"Wow, Lina will love that!" Ranma commented. Heaven knew how much that girl had a sweet tooth for dragon meat. He was surprised with any Fused Loop based off his own Prime Loop that didn't have her at least trying to assault Herb in some way.

"Drinks and every known method of relaxation for you all," continued Washu. "Even a few specially designed arenas to spar as you wish, special safeguards from the Valkyrie to keep you from being killed here."

Ranma just nodded. A few Anchors had been hoping for more lessons from him. This would deal with having to wait for Fused Loops to continue teaching them.

"And up here," she said, leading him up the stairs, "we have the secondary relaxation areas."

"What is up here?" asked Ranma, as Washu led him to a door, not noticing as she once again kicked the masked kitty away.

"The specially constructed, extra insulated, bedrooms."

"Huh?" asked the now paling pigtailed male as he was shoved into the room.

"Mama waits for no man," she claimed, as she shut the door behind her.

New Loop #10:

There is an old adage that states if you can't find anything to alleviate your boredom, make something.

And make something Ranma did.

Looking down at the scroll in his hand, he had to smile. Things were just too damn easy anymore since the Loops began. His greatest fights were barely even able to make him sweat in exertion anymore.

Herb? Under thirty seconds.

Saffron? Barely more than a minute.

Mallet-sama? …

Okay, he was still working on that one. It was as if that thing had pigtail-seeking technology built into it.

But this was good. If his rivals—the ones he faced every so often—could be made stronger, faster, then he might actually have something to do during this Loop. Even an extra minute in their fights, or him forced to hold back less would be a blessing.

With that, he slipped into the Umisenken, and headed to the classroom of his target.

"Ranma, is something wrong?" asked Akane, as the duo made their way to school.

Ranma ignored her as he continued to grumble. Two days. Two whole freaking days Kuno had had that scroll, had a powerful technique, and that idiot still hadn't shown up to use it. What was the point of giving the guy a technique if he wasn't going to use it? Hell, Ranma had practiced his writing just so the letter with the scroll would be legible. He even used such words as 'foul sorcerer', 'favored of the Gods', and 'free the beloved' when he wrote it. How could the fool **not** have used the scroll.

"Halt, foul sorcerer!"

"Took him long enough," grumbled Ranma. "What do you want, Kuno?"

"What I want, I shall have, for today is the day I defeat your evil machinations, freeing the beauteous pigtailed girl and my fierce tigress from your dark clutches!" Tatewaki stated.

"And this attempt will be different from the others because…" Ranma asked, wanting Kuno's usual banter to end quickly so he could see if the two days wait would be worth it.

"Silence, knave! For today, the Blue Thunder of Furinkan High," he paused, as thunder rumbled in the background thanks to Sasuke's boom box, "shall defeat you. The Gods themselves have imparted onto their chosen warrior a technique for which I may defeat you and claim my loves!"

Drawing his bokken, Tatewaki prepared to attack. "Now then, see the power of this technique! Form 1, Dance of—"

SPLAT!

The schoolyard became deathly quiet as the students gapped in shock, the sight of Tatewaki Kuno exploding was not what any of

them had expected.

"Holy shit," whispered one student.

"I … I think I got a bit of Kuno in my mouth," cried one girl, as she began to vomit.

Closing his eyes as he tried to keep his anger in check, Ranma flashed some ki through his body and clothes, forcing the bits and pieces of Kuno off of him and leaving him clean again. *Mental note: make the safety precautions a bit easier to understand and include that even as a chosen of the Gods, he must adhere to them or he shall fail.*

"Well, that ruined my day," he sighed, turning around. "See ya at home, Akane," he waved off, returning to the Dojo. He seriously doubted classes would continue after **that** display of a Darwin Award winner.

Akane continued to stare forward, bag in hand, eyes wide in shock, skin pale, as bits of Kuno dripped off her, mind frozen with what she had just seen.

It would be half an hour before Nabiki had someone drag her home.

She wasn't about to touch Akane when she was covered in guts.

New Loop #11:

Ranma grumbled as she woke up, her head killing her, thus letting her know that despite the Loops, one never really acquired a perfect tolerance for alcohol.

It was then that she noticed a few things.

Her bottom was sore and there was a warm body behind her, holding her close. *Hmm, too big to be most of the girls. Maybe those*

Egyptian or Amazon Goddesses showed up last night. Chest ain't big enough to be Hild or Urd…

Slowly opening her eyes, she spotted a left arm wrapped around her body.

But this was no feminine arm, nor one from a female who had a great deal of muscle mass.

No, this was a male arm, complete with hair and … a gold band on their finger…

A gold band that matched the one on her left hand…

Oh shit!

Slowly, she turned, eyes even wider when she felt a certain fleshy appendage touch her legs, forcing her to scoot her hips beck away from the now confirmed nude man as she took in his face.

"Mr. Tendo!" she screeched.

The man opened a tired and hung-over eye, his sight not yet focused, and responded on automatic as he had done when he had once had another body join him in his bed. So he could be forgiven for saying the response usually said to his late wife. "Morning, dear."

Ki began to arc around Ranma's body.

"I really wish Father wouldn't spar with Ranma-chan in his room," admonished Kasumi, as she set breakfast at the table. She paused, spotting her younger sister sitting at it, wide-awake—an oddity since the coffee wasn't finished yet—holding a wooden paddle. "Sister, why do you have that?"

"A prank," was Nabiki's simple answer, her smile widening as screams of feminine rage were heard, including the pleadings of a

doomed and innocent man.

Sure, part of her should feel bad about using her father this way, as it sounded like he was about to be murdered. But she had always had some anger towards the man for how he acted after their mother passed. And any shrink worth his degree would tell you that these daddy issues needed to be worked out or it could harm her later on in life.

And Ranma? Well, he shouldn't have allowed her access to his files and allowed her to learn some of the pranks he had pulled on her in the early Loops. Karma demanded payback, after all.

New Loop #12:

"Ranma Potter?" asked Nabiki.

The pigtailed boy with a lightning shaped scar on his forehead nodded. It appeared they had once again ended up in a Partial Fused Loop.

"I swear to the kami, Saotome; if my last name ends up being Weasley, I will kill you right here and now."

New Loop #13:

"Run!" cried the camper, blood dripping from a gash on his head, his eyes frantic.

"Why?" asked Ranma, setting his cooler down. How often did one get to relax during a strange new Loop anyway. Besides, since this area was supposed to be filled with teens, hopefully the additional males would keep his own female followers from bugging him.

"It's Jason Voorhees, man!" cried the injured teen, as he released Ranma and ran screaming into the woods. "IT'S JASON!"

"Well, he's dead," sighed Nabiki. "He didn't even try to get in a car or stick to the main road. Seriously, you really could choke them with a cordless phone."

"Oh my, should we go somewhere else?" asked Kasumi.

"Nah, he may be a murderous psychopath, but he ain't stupid."

"Oh sure, Saotome, you wanna tempt Fate a little more?"

Ranma was humming as he exited the shower, a light smile on his face, happy to have made it through the day with no feminine sexual contact. His mood so great, he barely felt any anger when he caught the machete that had been aimed at decapitating him.

Turning slightly, smile still on his face, and machete still between his fingers, he faced the hockey-mask wearing demon.

"Wow, I didn't think you were a suicidal psycho."

Five minutes later, a mangled form was seen launched from an open cabin door and into the lake.

Jason was not one to give up. He couldn't be stopped. So after his body was repaired and his weapon of choice was freed from his anal cavity, he entered another cabin and prepared to slaughter.

"Oh, hello Mr. Killer," said Kasumi with a smile. "Can I help you?"

Raising his knife to slaughter her, he paused, as his arm refused to respond and end her life.

After five minutes of trying, he left.

"He seemed so sad," said Kasumi. "I wonder if it was something I said."

"Well, this was a great vacation," said Ranma with a near euphoric smile. He never felt so relaxed in all his life.

"Let's just go," growled Nabiki. She spent half the night dealing with spirits stuck haunting the camp because they wouldn't shut up. *Somehow, I just know that was Ichigo's fault. He'll pay for costing me a vacation…*

As the group drove off, a hockey-mask wearing man slowly poked his head out of a garbage can, fresh from repairing his body. If anyone could understand him, they would have heard him complaining about violent teenagers with no respect for tradition.

New Pigtailed Loops 4

New Pigtailed Loops 4

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow me to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave. If you find any, let me know, and I will correct them and repost the chapters.

This group is based on a Groundhog's Day concept, if time was looping, and certain members were aware of this.

These are their insanities.

New Loop #1:

Occasionally, no matter which Anchor you were, you always ran into a Loop eventually that defied logic, angered common sense, and made you question which dimensional entity higher than 11-D was upset with you enough to punish you via that Loop.

In Ranma's humble opinion, Eiken Loops fell into that category, no matter the Anchor.

Well, maybe not Lina. She always had a crazed smile on her face as she tested out a new mystic SMD (Spell of Mass Destruction) on

Zashono Academy, which usually resulted in the Loop ending rather quickly.

Sadly, Lina was not here this time. Moreover, Ranma was not feeling like testing the usual law: forcing a quick end to a bad Loop sends you on to an even worse Loop.

Not that there weren't things to learn in the Loop, mind you. The scientist in him had learned just how those women could support their massive mammaries without breaking spines or developing severe back problems. The martial artist in him learned what innate ki techniques they had developed that had allowed such a fan-service evolution.

…

Yep, that was about it. After learning those facts, unless you were a perverted Anchor or an 'awake' pervert, there really wasn't much for you in this Loop.

Oh, but he was tempted, so tempted this Loop to end it as quickly as possible. For sadly, the higher being that Ranma hoped to one day give the equivalent of a line-ender kick to the groin had made it even worse.

At Zashono Academy, usually only the Eiken Club has a forced recruitment method. This would always occur because some bit of Fate decided that the main male involved always had to fall on top of one Chiharu Shinonome for some reason—the most outlandish Ranma had had occur was being struck by a meteorite in the head, to knock him onto the girl, who had slipped on a banana peel.

Oh, but that evil deity wasn't just satisfied with that, not for the Anchor among Anchors. No, they made it worse.

This was why Ranma was now standing on a light pole, panting, sporting several tears in his clothes, and desperately trying to

reconnect with his powers, which for some reason always took a while to be accessible in this world.

That was his proof that some evil God was playing with him. Once was understandable.

Every damned time was a conspiracy.

Anyway, he was now running not only from the Eiken Recruitment Force, but also from the new club that had a similar policy.

Wait a moment, why is the utility pole curving towards the ground?

WHAM!

"Nice moves, brat," smirked the head of Zashono Academy's Zanjutsu Club, a mad gleam in his eye. "Now I know I'll enjoy having you in the club."

"Yeah! Ken-chan found a new playmate!"

Yes, Kenpachi and his pinkette chibi were attending the school. Not only was Kenpachi age-reduced to fit in, but his personality—if not his memories—was largely intact.

"Listen, Old Man," growled Ranma, willing to offer just about anything to the deities he knew if he could summon any one of the zanpakutō he acquired over the Loop to deal with the displaced Shinigami, "I ain't joining your damned club! Now leave me alone and—do you hear a jet engine?" he asked, paling.

His fears were bore out as a familiar mecha now equipped with wings and miniature jet engines came barreling around a corner, piloted by a familiar blue-haired techno-fiend.

"Onward, Kyoko!" cried the leader of the Eiken Club, Kirika Misono. "Capture the target, no matter what!"

"Like hell!" growled Kenpachi, pointing his katana at the mecha. "I'm not letting a fighter like him get sucked into your damned quilting bee!"

"We don't quilt in Eiken!" bellowed Kirika. "We… Hey, what do we do again, Kyoko?"

"Capture the target, no matter what," Kyoko quietly stated with a small smile, as she flipped a switch, revealing the weapon pods on the mecha, pods now pointed at Kenpachi and the chibi-pinkette from hell.

As the two club leaders fought over their prize, Ranma put the only training he had left to good use to escape.

Quiet feet, sneaky feet, ninja feet, he mentally chanted, promising that if it ever worked, he owed the Digger sisters a major apology.

*I **HATE** Eiken!*

New Loop #2:

As time and space warped around Ranma, his mind continued to feel … peace. After all, a major threat to him had finally been dealt with, dealt with in such a way he didn't have to worry about any fallout.

It had taken him decades, but he finally reached a conclusion: Keiichi Morisato would never be able to train enough to satisfy Belldandy in the bedroom. No matter how much effort the college student put into it, it was never enough to satisfy Belldandy's sexual appetite—not unless Ranma took over the job until Keiichi recovered enough to actually **get** something from the training.

But luckily, Ranma had another way.

One wish from his Dragonballs later—he really needed to find another name for the created Eternal Dragon other than 'Bob'—Keiichi now was strong and skilled enough, mentally ready to ensure Belldandy never left their bedroom with anything less than a glowing smile.

For now, he was safe in his Home Loop—part of him still wondered if he would have ever met them if not for the Loops, just went to show you never really knew what it was like away from what you were familiar with. And as a new Loop began, he felt that finally, things were looking up.

"This is the Goddess Relief Office, a representative will be with you momentarily. Thank you."

The sunshine had just been eaten by a humongous black hole as he heard those words, took in his surroundings, and quickly summoned his name in this new Hell.

… Ranma Morisato.

"If I wasn't in so much shock, I'd probably be crying right now," he murmured, knowing that Keiichi's wish would somehow come from his lips. That wish was one of those quirks of Fate. Somehow, someway, he would speak them to this Belldandy. And thanks to **Future's Past** , a new Belldandy and assorted Goddesses would soon be hunting him across time and space.

"I need some liquor," he grumbled as he stood up and turned around … and came face-to-face with the local Belldandy in her goddess outfit.

As he stared at the ceiling, he wondered if when the Loops ended and he found the higher-dimensional being that kept doing things like this to him, would he be able to not only kick its ass, but make it suffer.

Belldandy had been very kind and listened to the pigtailed boy explain things, how the multiverse was damaged, how he both was and was not the Ranma of that universe, and so forth, and how Fate would make him say the wish that needed to be said.

So wrapped up in his worry and emo-moment that when Belldandy asked what wish, he told her.

Fate had screwed him over again.

Certain things he remembered. He remembered the wish being granted—a wish that by being granted created an issue in Yggdrasil so the contract could never be negated, the two 'friends' of Keiichi showed up and kicked him out for having a girl in the dorms— *I need to remember to send a nice letter to the landlord about some of their code violations* , and he had to find a place for them to stay for the night.

Then everything went a little fuzzy—he probably shouldn't have asked her if she could whip up a drink that would give Urd a buzz. But judging by the fact he was naked, lightly covered by a sheet, cuddling an equally naked goddess, in a nice hotel he had pulled some money for out of his subspace universe storage locker, covered in the scent of sex, he could take a good guess on what had occurred.

Why does this sort of stuff always happen to me? he asked, staring at the ceiling.

Once again, the accursed construction never answered him.

New Loop #3:

It was an odd meeting taking place at Future's Past , odd being that there were only Anchors there and none of the rooms were currently being used by couples—or larger groups—going at it.

As such, it was mainly the male Anchors enjoying a drink, chatting about their latest Loops. And as usual, it was Ranma telling the latest story of insane reality.

"So anyway," Ranma said, pausing to take a sip of his drink, "I had just finished helping Usa relax."

"I swear, only you get magical lolis that age just to jump you," mumbled Naruto.

"What about me?" asked Ichigo.

"You got two after you and only one ages," replied Naruto. "Though I'll give you extra points for the Yachiru-factor." He shivered slightly, mentally ranting and praying he could go a few Loops without the dreaded pinkettes mentally scarring him.

"Anyway," inserted Ranma, "as we lay cuddling, she pops a question I always pray to never hear."

"Marriage?" asked Shinji.

"I wish," sighed Ranma, rubbing his head. That one was so much easier to answer than what he had been asked. "She points out that sleeping with her, I've basically slept with three generations of the House of Serenity."

"Uh-oh," mumbled Naruto, not liking where this seemed to be heading.

"So she asks, point blank, which one of them was the best," sighed Ranma.

"Damn," muttered Shinji. "What did you say?"

"What could I say?" asked Ranma. "There is no answer to that question that won't come back and bite me in the ass. I told her I never judged my partners on such merits."

"What happened?" asked Ichigo.

"She got mad, claimed I was avoiding the issue—which I was—and then proceeded to smack me with her Moon-Rod-thingy until I teleported away."

"Ouch," hissed Naruto. "So you're gonna be lying low for a while, huh?"

"I'm finishing that Loop in Antarctica if I can swing it," replied Ranma. "But on the bright side, at least I don't have a partial clone of my mom after my dick."

"Oh, fuck you!" yelled Shinji. "And it is only less than two percent of my mother's DNA, the rest if Lilith."

"Every Loop?"

"Go to hell, Uzumaki!"

And as usual, when left alone in a bar with no women, the Anchors devolved into a brawl.

New Loop #4:

"We are on final approach, Ranma-sama," said Kodachi, as she piloted their shuttle towards the Jedi Temple.

"Thanks, Kodachi," he said with a smile. The girl wasn't so bad … with a lot of therapy and some hugs. It was amazing what you could get from her just by hugging her for a minute of your own free will.

"Why are we coming back here again?" asked Nabiki, sulking in her chair as much as her official Grey Jedi robes would allow. She hated formal functions so much.

"Master Yoda said he wanted to make a case to the Grey to assist in facing the Separatists," Ranma replied, relaxing in his chair. "Also

said he needed to talk to me about something else, but didn't want to risk it over subspace."

Nabiki nodded. "So they want to draft us into fighting a war after they tried to ban us?

"Talk about two-faced," she spat out.

"Oh, it was just a minority on the Council."

"It was all but two," Nabiki replied. "I swear, these Jedi don't know the first thing about Darwinism. Did you know they had that prophecy about the One to bring balance to the Force."

"Something like that," Ranma replied. "Yoda thought it might be me after I started the Grey. Probably didn't help my case when I mentioned another interpretation of the prophecy."

Nabiki snorted. "You told them balance might also mean all by two Jedi and two Sith might be slaughtered."

"Well, it could happen," Ranma stated.

"Uh huh," nodded Nabiki. "Forgive me for hoping they aren't that stupid.

"And why did you need the two of us with you?" she asked. "You could fly this ship yourself. Hell, the autopilot could have done that."

"Show of force, want them to know I am never truly alone."

"And having someone like Kodachi, who would slit the throat of a newborn puppy if you so asked, helps how?"

"Shows I have my own extremists."

"I take back everything I ever thought, said, or felt about this trip and not wanting to come," Nabiki replied with a smile.

"So many Ranma-samas," murmured Kodachi, a scary smile growing on her face.

"Someone will pay for this," growled Ranma, as he looked at the assembled clone troopers, especially the males with pigtails and the females with red hair and pigtails.

"Unfortunately, the one who took the order, dead he is now," replied Yoda. "No records were kept, only knowledge that this was a different order keeps it from being linked to the first."

"They also have incredible Force potential," offered Obi-Wan. "The buy even included mental scans of you to teach them to use their abilities. As such, they will be very effective in the battlefield."

"How many?" growled Ranma.

"Fifty thousand," stated Yoda.

Ranma felt his pulse rise. "Fifty thousand clones of me," he stated, his voice becoming cold, the temperature dropping as he submerged himself in the Soul of Ice, lest he destroy everything.

"Misunderstood, you have. That number is per gender," corrected Yoda.

"If Lord Ranma will allow," stated Kodachi, kneeling before the Jedi Master, "I will assist your war effort if my squad contains these clones."

An eye-twitch fought past the submerged emotions. *Someone within the Grey will pay dearly for this…*

On Anime, Naruto looked up towards the heavens. "The Force is telling me … to run and hide."

"Oh yeah," muttered Sasuke, lounging nearby. "I forgot to tell you, the Republic took charge of the clones, picked up yours as well. Might have something to do with Saotome heading to meet the Jedi Council."

"… I hate you so very much right now."

"Maybe so, but I'm not a dead man walking right now; you are," smirked the last Uchiha. This would be more fun to watch than the time they slipped a bowel-damaging poison into Itachi's water without him knowing.

New Loop #5:

Ranma blinked as the world came back into focus. The lack of a stop sign to the back of the skull and the feel of being in a male body told him he probably wasn't in Nerima now.

The fact he was standing on a giant red toad, facing a giant Kyuubi no Yoko, told him that someone really hated him.

Shit, I'm Ranma Namikaze.

"Is that new jutsu ready, old friend?" asked Gamabunta, his voice weary, though Ranma gave him credit that even as far as things had come, he didn't detect any fear.

The memories hit him quickly. Minato had been preparing to cast the Shiki Fūjin to seal the demon fox inside his newborn son.

Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

"Came up with a better plan," smirked Ranma, raising his arms and summoning his two Zanpakutō from the last Bleach Fused Loop he had been in, blades that represented the powers of his Shinigami side and his Hollow side.

After all, why did he need to summon a Shinigami when he was much more skilled than the local one would ever be.

"First things first," he stated, closing his eyes. *Old friend, would you like to come out and play?*

"Me?"

Not you, Lilith. I need it alive and not so traumatized. I mean Kyuubi no Neko, the representation of the Nekoken.

I am here, Ranma-sama. And yes, I do wish to fight this beast, if for nothing else than to shove it in the Looping faces of the various Kyuubi no Yoko we meet.

Gamabunta was about to ask what his summoner was prattling on about as the Kyuubi raged unchecked, when he felt a strong chakra presence beside him. He actually dropped his pipe in shock when he saw the large cat.

"KAGE BUNSHIN NO JUTSU!" cried Ranma, as over a dozen clones popped into existence, each one hold the same two zanpakutō Ranma had.

"One through Five, go with Kyuubi no Neko and drag Bunny Fu-Fu out of the village. Six, take care of Naruto until we can seal big, dumb, and furry into him. The rest of you, prepare for Sealing Seal 49-Alpha with modifications 1,4,and 7 through 9. Now go!"

Blinking, the toad boss looked at his pipe, sniffing it a bit, wondering if one of his underlings had spiked it again.

Kicking the Kyuubi no Yoko's ass was fun.

However, Ranma soon learned that this Loop still had punishment waiting for him.

"We have another stack of documents for you to go over, Hokage-sama," said the secretary, bringing in yet another five-kilogram box of documents.

Sighing, Ranma created another pair of Kage Bunshin to deal with them as he attended to his 'son'. "Anything else?"

"The peace delegation from Kumogakure will be arriving soon," she replied.

Ranma smiled at that. True, they had two Bijuu to use. Nevertheless, his giant cat and the legend of his defeating the demon fox made wanting to war with Konoha a bad idea. *I'll have to remember to have some clones guarding Hinata. Idiots are everywhere.*

"And the advisors said they wished to speak to you again about an urgent issue."

His twitch returned, which for some reason, little Naruto found highly amusing. *Again with the plan to move the Uchiha into their own district? I swear I should just kill those two and cut Madara and Danzo off at the heals.*

Hyuuga abduction prevented? Check.

Uchiha massacre prevented? Check.

"Hokage-sama, your son has done it again!"

Naruto not killed for being so damned annoying? Check back later.

Ranma groaned, even his clones began to bounce their heads off their desks. Even Harry hadn't been this much of a problem to raise —and he had had to deal with Urd and Hild in the same house also tutoring the child. *I swear, I'll pay Naruto back for this Loop. The assembled potty training videos aside.* "Get me Kakashi."

"Sir?"

"Academy tests are about to begin, right?"

"… Yes."

"Then it is time for Kakashi to thank me for all the training I gave him," Ranma finished with an evil smirk. "And inform my son that if he doesn't stop pulling this shit, I'm going to engage him to several females."

Somehow, he thought the original Minato would be proud.

"Sir?" asked his female secretary.

"Trust me; keeping them from killing him and each other will make sure he has very little time to pull this crap."

Sipping his tea, he called out to his secretary. "And for the last damned time, quit listening to the medic-nin and putting sedatives and blood pressure medication into my tea!"

Leaning back into his chair, he looked out his window. "I hate this Loop. But at least it isn't Eiken."

New Loop #6:

In liveliest day, in deadest night,

No foulness shall escape my sight

Let those who worship unjust might,

Beware my power... my Eternal Light!

Nabiki stared in awe, her own quartet of Lantern Rings—Green, Blue, Orange, and Indigo, resonating as she looked at the new form Ranma took to combat the *Blackest Night* .

His Lantern uniform resembled a Green Lantern's, but the green had been replaced with the purest white she had ever seen. The lantern symbol remained the same, but the inside of the lantern had been replaced with a yin-yang symbol that rotated like magic, flowing about at different colors.

His hands were forward, curled into fists, eight rings showing on his finger, eight rings that represented the Eight Lantern Corps, flaring in power. She understood how he could control all of them. Seven of them required a will to control, will to overcome their flaws, a strength which each ring could compensate for the other. Revived bodies, controlled souls if they still housed them, usually could only wear the Black Lantern ring. Shinigami training from the Bleach Loop took care of that. The rings seemed to work with a form of reiatsu in this universe. As such, it registered Ranma's body as 'deceased' and tried to bond with him.

Unfortunately for Black Hand, Ranma's will was stronger than his. His sense of self was encoded in more than just his mind, it was his very being, something the ring couldn't corrupt.

Sighing, she turned towards the assembled superheroes ready to face their reanimated comrades. "The sad thing; he probably spent all of five seconds trying to come up with that oath."

"The Guardians aren't going to like this," muttered Kyle Rayner.

"Yeah, see them try to do something about it," muttered Nabiki. Yggdrasil knew the Guardians didn't enjoy the fact that Ranma seemed to have his own Batteries for the rings he possessed, even could give them out. A possibility they might bitch about him controlling all eight color variants didn't exactly ping her need to worry at this point.

"So what now?" asked Superman, looking over at his Earth-Two variant.

"Now," rumbled Ranma, the eight powers he was actively channeling seemingly amplifying his voice, **"we kick their evil asses back to the copycat hell that spawned them!"** His voice echoed across the battlefield, a smile forming on his face.

Nabiki shook her head and she rubbed her forehead. She hated it when he got in moods like that. It made him impossible to deal with for the next few months. "I hate it when he goes native," she grumbled, flicking her wrist and summoning her zanpakutō, Yukihime.

And with that, the Battle of the Blackest Night commenced.

New Loop #7:

Ranma sat on the roof of the Tendo Dojo, deep within meditation, as he tried to put the newest Loop into perspective. It wasn't the first time this sort of Loop had occurred, just the first he had had anyone else 'Awake' with him to experience it as well. In addition, remembering how simply annoying it could be…

Feeling a figure approaching him, his senses stayed on passive, feeling a power he was very familiar with. He should be, he had spent many a time locked in the passionate embrace with her. "So, wanna kill her yet?"

"Not funny, Saotome," growled Nabiki as she sat beside him, pacing behind him. "I swear… That… That…"

"That younger analog of you?" asked Ranma with a smile.

Yes, they were in a Nerima Loop, but in what she now considered the worst type of a Variant Loop; the Loop where you're younger Prime Self also existed. This Loop contained the versions of them from before it started.

Moreover, her Prime self was becoming a major pain in her ass.

"How can you stand them?" Nabiki hissed.

"Because it reminds me of how far I've come," replied Ranma, stretching his legs. "I mean, sure he ain't that together, but it does serve also to remind me of what could have happened to me if I didn't get caught in the Loops.

"Well, minus the centuries of mind-numbing boredom," he muttered, recalling a few Loops where he felt it wasn't even worth it to get out of bed.

"Well mine is worse," Nabiki replied.

"My first one had my Old Man trying to use me to fill out the engagements as well," replied the pigtailed Looper. "And I'm not going to mention what happened when Natsume and Kurumi showed up."

"She just won't leave me alone about stock tips, bets, odds for fights, everything she could make a bet on!" Nabiki finished, sitting down beside him, holding her head in her hands. "She's such a … a…"

"Petty, vindictive, unscrupulous, snide, condescending, thoughtless, selfish, total bitch?" asked Ranma with a smile.

"You know, it seems wrong when you say it," she grumbled in reply.

"Hey, seeing where we came from is always annoying, painful," he replied, leaning back to look at the night sky, remembering that in a few minutes, a good-sized shooting star would soon light up the sky. "I mean, the first time it happened, I spent more time hitting him with attacks to shut him up than teaching him, probably even resting." He narrowed his eyes, remembering the scenes as almost every fighter he knew attacked him, trying to earn the right to be taught, and seeking some ultimate technique to accomplish their goals. *I wonder how they'll like it when they 'Awake' and have to deal with it.*

"Yeah, well yours can be dealt with by giving them a scroll. Mine wants ultimate power and money."

"Tell her to fuck off," he replied simply. "Not like she has a few tricks you don't know about, some moves to try and blackmail you. Worst case; deport her for the rest of the Loop. We don't really need her around as far as I know. I never did ask the Goddesses about that." For all he knew, this reality would continue without them when it ended whenever it did. The last thing he wanted to do was doom it because he acted rashly.

"Please do so," grumbled Nabiki. "If I hear one more half baked plan for making money from her, I'll knock her out, analog or no."

Ranma just smirked as he looked up, watching the shooting star light up the sky. "If you have it bad, wait till the others wake up?"

"I seriously don't think the universe can handle two of any of the fiancées," she muttered, enjoying the show.

"FIANCEES!" came the cry from behind them.

"Oh dear, secret out of the bag," smirked Nabiki.

"Genma!"

"Now Soun, calm down!"

"Always loved a good show," Ranma replied. "Popcorn?"

"Thank you," said Nabiki. "Just what I wished for."

New Loop #8:

"You wish to see?"

Ranma blinked, pausing in his sketch to turn to the voice of … well, he wasn't certain what it was, almost as if someone had tried to max

out the Umisenken but forgot to blend into the background. "See what?" asked Ranma, turning away from the shadowy outline as he continued to sketch the weird Gate before him. If nothing else, he could have a few doppelgängers work on creating them for his bases.

"See beyond the doors?" asked the being.

"Not yet, I'm sketching here," Ranma commented. The design was very nice, very detailed. Oh yes, he could probably spend a century or two just trying to replicate the design.

"You came here … to sketch?"

"Yep," replied Ranma. Damn it, he probably should use a holo-imager to get this right. He felt he was constantly missing details. That or the door itself was in flux, which probably explained why he felt that cherub had moved two centimeters higher than when he started.

"Curious," stated the voice, standing from its nearby position and circling the pigtailed Anchor. "You do realize where you are, correct?"

Ranma blinked a moment, before looking around. "Either a subspace pocket universe or a plane of existence embedded in a layer of hyperspace intersecting several areas of Earth through a psionic frequency."

Though it had no visible eyes, the figure did blink. "Okay. Shall I explain then?"

"Can it wait till after I finish my sketches?" asked Ranma. Damn, now the fruit was moving.

"Fine," said the entity with a heavy sigh as it returned to its former position.

"Finished!" Ranma said with a smirk. True, the sketches were different from any before them, as they included references to almost a book full of notes including mathematical formulas to represent the paths the engravings on the Gate seemed to take. Nevertheless, he felt it would be a nice project for a few centuries, at least.

"Finally," grumbled the entity as it stood up. "So, do you wish to see beyond it?"

Ranma blinked. "So it is actually a portal to another domain, using something similar to the Folded Space concept?"

"Perhaps," said the figure kindly. "But there would be a toll, a cost."

Ranma paused for a moment, thinking. "So, this is one giant amusement park?"

"No, this is the Domain of God."

Ranma just blinked before turning to the figure. "Listen, I've seen Yggdrasil. Moreover, I have even been in the All-Mighty's personal office. This ain't it."

"Excuse me?"

"Listen, Casper—"

"Truth."

"Huh?"

"I am called many names. Some people call me God, the World, or the Universe. But the simplest name that describes me is Truth."

"O~kay," Ranma replied. "No ego issues here.

"Anyway, I know actual Gods and Goddess, so unless you're one of those dimensional entities somewhere above 5D and below 10D, this isn't God's domain."

"You might change your mind when you see beyond the Gate."

"And what is beyond this Gate?" asked Ranma.

"A dimension of information," Truth replied. "Inside is pure knowledge about the world, the universe, alchemy and everything."

"Ah!" nodded Ranma. "This is that thing that short blond was yammering about."

"WHO CALLED ME SHORT?"

"Brother, calm down! We are walking in a desert. There's no one here."

"Damn it, Al, I heard someone call me short!"

"You did not know?"

"Not really, I was just studying some of the abilities I found in this universe and had no idea I would end up here," Ranma admitted.

"Were you perhaps trying Human Transmutation?" asked Truth.

"Not really, but come to think of it, that rug did resemble those seals they use," Ranma muttered. "Damn, knew I should have moved it."

"The answers of all you seek can be found behind the Gate, should you be willing to pay a toll and survive."

"Yeah, yeah; I've been in digital worlds before," waved off Ranma. "Besides, isn't Human Transmutation some big no-no?"

"It is, but many still try it, ending up here, hoping to learn how to make it work, hoping to see further into the Gate," Truth replied.

"Ah," Ranma nodded. "Sort of like that Sorcerer's Stone thing."

"Philosopher's Stone," said Truth, a hint of irritation in his voice.

"Right, that," said Ranma. "Anyway, what if I already know the information? Do I still have to pay?"

"The Gate contains all knowledge, which it imparts to those who enter. I fail to see how there wouldn't be something in there that you do not know."

"Oh, you say that now," replied Ranma. "But if I enter there and find information that I already know or I consider seriously outdated, why should I pay for that?"

"Are you entering the Gate or not?" asked Truth, sounding a bit perturbed.

"Sure, let's take a peek at this hard drive of God," snorted Ranma.

"Brother, no one is around us."

"Did you call me short, Al?"

"Of course not, Brother!" replied the suit of armor.

"Listen, Al! I know what I—"

"GET OUT!"

Blinking, the duo turned, immediately noticing that a strange layer of white was before them, a familiar figure they both remembered from the worst day of their lives tossing out a very familiar pigtailed figure.

"Stay out and never return!" bellowed Truth.

"Oh come on!" yelled Ranma. "I warned you about the possibility a lot of what was in that dimension was ancient to me!" Seriously, other than being so damn dark and filled with currents of thought, it hadn't been that bad. The janitor closet at the Demon Grief Office

was more of a pain than that. "Aren't you taking this a little overboard? Hell, I even offered you some new facts."

Truth actually seemed to be seething before he spotted the Elric brothers. "You two! Take him away from me! If I do not see him for a year, I'll restore your bodies! Hell, I shall do that and give you alchemical knowledge even that jackass Father dreams of."

With that, the white space vanished, taking Truth with it.

"Brother, what just happened?" asked Al.

"I have no idea," muttered Ed.

Ranma just blinked from the ground. "God, my ass. Talk about a sore loser. I have half a mind to let loose Skuld on him." Really, that was the last time he was going there … without a quasi-spatial disruptor. A few terawatts through that being at a rotating frequency would chill this so-called Truth out a bit.

"Wait," he murmured. "Wasn't that bastard supposed to drop me back where I entered from?" he asked, sitting up.

"DAMN IT!" he cried, standing up and trying to get his bearings. He left a few Nerima residents back there. Now they were unsupervised. "And I left Nabiki with that Winry girl," he finished, popping away without a sound.

"Brother?"

"Yeah, Al?"

"Didn't Truth say we'd get a big reward if we made sure that guy never bothered him for a year?"

"Yep."

"And didn't he mention Winry, maybe our Winry?"

"Yep."

"… Should we go after him, Brother?" Al asked.

"… WHAT THE HELL? After him, Al!" Ed yelled; taking off towards the last direction they knew Winry was at.

"… Sometimes, you scare me, Brother," muttered the armor as he took off as well.

New Loop #9:

Ranma sat before the small table, finishing up the books for the month. Rent was paid—or at least as paid as any of them were going to, repairs were made—and thanks to the Taijutsu Style of Avoiding Female Rage, down, and he was set to have an evening off, maybe catch a play.

Wasn't as if he needed to worry about passing the entrance exam for Tokyo University.

"Ran-ma!"

Tilting his head to the side, he avoided a bare tanned foot, a small figure settling on his shoulders, her head now resting on his. "What are you doing?"

"Finishing the books for the month," Ranma replied coolly, closing them.

"Does that mean we can get more bananas?" asked the young girl.

"Well, I guess we can," Ranma stated with a smile. He could hardly curb such child-like enthusiasm.

At least she was easier to calm than some of the others.

"I didn't do anything!" yelled Ranma, dodging a bokken thrust.

"Take your punishment, enemy of pure women!" yelled the kendoist.

Sighing, Ranma leaned back, thrusting his hand out and shattering the wooden training sword, wondering if there was anything about him that attracted the kendo nuts. But at least he was learning a few techniques of the Shinmeryuu sword school.

"Oh, Ranma, can we talk?" asked a purring female voice, her arms wrapped around him, her 'assets' pressing into his back.

He fought not to snort at her reactions. Really, he felt sorry for the poor sap of this universe he had replaced. "Sure, how can I help you?"

"I'm running a little low on my rent this month," the girl purred, pressing her 'asset's a little more into him. "And I was wondering if you could help me out."

"Of course," smirked Ranma. "I have the local Help Wanted Ads right here."

He almost laughed when he saw her fox-like eyes blink in shock. Who knew being the landlord at an female-only dormitory could be so much fun without being perverted.

New Loop #10:

"Okay, Nabiki; what is it?" asked Ranma, entering the gates of the Tendo Compound. He had been rather busy at Tokyo University working with several departments, trying to use present technology to create a viable fusion reactor.

His mind was turning more towards the possibility he would first have to use present technology to create the parts that could be used to

create the parts for it.

"This is you, right?" asked Nabiki, approaching him with one of his formal silk shirts and some products for a quick clean up. "Not a Doppelganger or a Bunshin of some kind?"

"No; your message was very specific that the original be here," Ranma complained. "So what is up?"

"Well, did you know Herb is 'awake'?" she asked, holding his gear back until he did a quick spell that replicated a shower, removing several spots of grime off his face, hands, and pants.

"Really?" asked Ranma, a little shocked. Usually the ones to 'awake' were those that spent the most time around an Anchor or another Looper. "I'll have to fill him in."

"Already did," supplied Nabiki, as she handed him a toothbrush. "He's the reason for the current issue."

"Ah," Ranma replied, cleaning his teeth rapidly and gargling before thirty seconds had passed. Spitting it out and Vanishing it, he removed his shirt to apply some deodorant and put on his dress silk. "What do we have?"

"Best I can figure out, some foreign royals from a country I actually had to find an atlas to look up."

"Great, probably new Loopers then," sighed Ranma.

"Seems like we find some every century or so."

"At least they don't end up going through the hell I did," he mused, buttoning up his shirt. "Anything else?"

"Just that Herb seems glad he got them here, one of the wives looks like a teen, but apparently that is the result of worshipping some Goddess, Lolionyalapp."

He could only raise his eyebrow at that.

"Yeah, that's what I thought too," Nabiki replied, smoothing out his shirt. "But, apparently Yggdrasil has a new Pantheon to deal with for this Loop. Probably explains why no Goddesses have found their way to your bed yet."

"So, anything else?"

"Your Mom is here, they already talked to her, and she called the other usual suspects fiancées as well."

"So, we're back to being engaged again?" he asked, shoulders slumping. Not that he hated her, as it was what they had come up with to keep the fathers off their backs while they went about keeping busy; but it did make it just as stressful when the Fathers tried to force the engagement when both were in the room.

Although it did explain why she was also dressed in a female business suit. "You look lovely."

"Thank you, Airen," she smirked, taking his arm. "You know, we could make a run for it."

"Ask me after we find out what the Princess brought to our doorstep."

It was a tense atmosphere within the Tendo Dojo, one of the large tables reserved for when Kasumi rented it out set up. Nabiki had done a good enough job describing the visitors for him to identify which young-looking foreign female was the young queen. He even spotted the likely Anchor from their Loop.

He was the Japanese man in a violet sweater, glasses, and defeated look on his face as the youngest princess—who wore a middle-school uniform from Japan—rested on his shoulders, eating a frozen treat that had been balanced on his head.

"Greetings, Mr. Saotome," bowed the one Nabiki had described as Lu Rawan, Royal Chancellor of Molmol.

"So, this is the guy, Herb?" asked the smoking man he concluded was the king, Mamba Su.

"Yes, your highness," replied the sometimes Musk Princess, smiling nervously. "Just as I informed you."

"And he has the spirit of a cat?" asked a busty older woman he figured was the First Queen, Mary Su.

"Oh yes," replied Herb with a smile.

"And touched by the cursed springs in China?" asked the Second Queen, Loli Su. "I mean the one with the water triggers, not the one in Beijing that all those temples and wandering gypsies cursed that the ruling party uses."

"Yep, just like me," Herb replied, his smile growing more … relieved or insane.

"So then Renji—"

"Ranma, sir," corrected Rawan.

"Whatever," waved off the King. "So, you turn into a girl with cold water?"

"Yes," replied Ranma.

"Got the spirit of a cat in you?" Mamba continued to ask.

"Yes," replied Ranma, wondering where this was going. "May I ask what this is about?"

"Of course, young man," replied Mary. "You see, about a month ago, my dear daughter Amalla here was engaged, but a terrible thing befell her fiancé."

"Oh?"

"I caught him in bed with someone else," replied the white-haired princess.

Ranma winced at that. Nothing worse than being caught other than the fallout **from** being caught.

"A friend?" asked Nabiki.

"The best man for our upcoming nuptials," replied Amalla with a growl.

The non-Loopers could only blink.

"Excuse me," spoke Kasumi. "Is there a law against that in your country?"

"Of course not," said Mamba, puffing away. "Whatever floats your boat, goes in Molmol. He just made the mistake of not getting his fiancée's permission first."

"That and claiming he did it better than I ever could," growled Amalla, her teacup starting to crack from the pressure she was exerting on it. "Bastard said he preferred man-bananas anyway!"

"What's a man-banana?" asked the youngest still perched on the Japanese boy's head. "Is it yummy?"

"Depends on their diet, Kaolla," replied Loli.

"Well, needless to say, my daughter called off the wedding, and because of certain ruling line issues, I was forced to contact our nation's leading oracle, may Hell take her quickly and end my suffering," stated Mamba.

"Dear," said Mary.

"The horrible demon that has haunted our lands for far too long."

"Dear," Mary said with a bit more force.

"The single greatest threat to freedom and sanity of the good people of—"

"DEAR!"

"Yes, my love?"

"Stop complaining about your mother and finish the story," replied Mary.

"Anyway," sighed the King, wishing the thoughts of his mother hadn't put him in such a foul mood now, "she did a reading, seeking guidance from the Goddess of Matchups, Fannonpear, for what to do now."

Ranma started having a very bad feeling about this.

"Anyway, she gave this prophecy after a long boring speech about how I never called or visited anymore, how I need to stop smoking, shave my beard, get a real job—"

"Dear."

"She stated that the one who is destined to marry Amalla would be known by three things. One was that he was cursed to change genders by the fabled springs within China."

"Amalla's so lucky," chirped in Kaolla. "She's going to get a hubby and a new wife all in one.

"Hey Keitaro, wanna get cursed too?"

"No!" squeaked the man under her.

"Come on!" cried Kaolla. "I'll marry you too!"

"Second was that he contained the spirit of a cat," continued Mamba.

"That's Saotome all right," said Herb. "He's got a powerful cat living inside him!"

He didn't know how or where, but the way his senses were pinging at this, he swore the Musk Prince would pay.

"Which is why we're here now," said Mamba. "We got there to Justintimberlake—"

"Jusenkyo, sir."

"Yeah, there, and the Guide sent us to Herb. Course he's more dragon than anything, but we've had more contact with the Musk than any other of the tribes."

"Really?" asked Cologne, eyes narrowed. Although, outside help could explain why the Musk had all but become legends and myth to the Amazons. Why would they seek out others for trade and supplies if they already had one?

"But what is the third sign?" asked Soun.

"Some weird poppycock about how the man would be ancient in mind but young in body," replied Mamba.

"He does have the look of wisdom beyond his years in his eyes," offered Mary.

Loli snorted. "That and while he is obviously straight, he has barely glanced at your chest."

"She is right, isn't she Ranma?" asked Mamba. "You don't prefer man-bananas, do you?"

"I assure you sir," said Nabiki, "he may change into a girl at times, but Ranma is a heterosexual lesbian."

"Good, rather not have to go to that old bat again for another reading. Besides, people might talk if Amalla is engaged to another

pure sausage-eater again."

That statement set the fiancées and assorted people off.

"Hey! Ranma-honey is my fiancé!"

"No, Ranma is Shampoo's Airen!"

"You plebian fools no not of such things, for Ranma-sama's love for me was written in the stars themselves!"

"How dare you cheat on my sister, you pervert!" yelled Akane.

"Saotome! Did you sell your son again to some foreign Goddess?"

"This isn't my fault!" yelled the portly Saotome.

"WAH! My manly son is marrying a foreign princess with such nice child-bearing hips!"

"Well, at least he's got plenty of female interest," offered Mamba. "And plenty of future sister-in-laws for Amalla and Kaolla."

"What smoky man mean 'sister-in-law'?" demanded Shampoo.

"Polygamy isn't illegal in Molmol," offered Mary Su. "Oh sure, the royal line would only be the children sired by my daughter, but nothing says it can be only one man and one woman unless that's what they want."

"So he can have as many wives as he wants?" demanded Akane.

"As long as the others are okay with it," replied Loli. "Dearest here wasn't even looking for a second wife until Mary saw me at the temple. Then she absolutely insisted that he seduce me and make me scream out his name to the Goddess."

"Best Flag Day ever," smirked the King.

"One thing's for certain, Ranma," smirked Nabiki as chaos ensued. "Life is never boring with you." Wondering why he hadn't quipped back—or if he had run while he had the freedom to—she turned towards her current fiancé.

She discovered that the tanned princess was incredibly quick as she was now wrapped around the Anchor, currently checking his tonsils with her tongue.

"Free!" yelled Herb, cackling madly as he took off. "FREEDOM!"

"Boy never was right in the head," sighed Mamba. "You'd think he was afraid of us or something."

"Go Big Sister!" yelled Kaolla.

That was all that was needed to stop the bickering of the Nerima residents, as they turned and saw Amalla molesting the pigtailed martial artist.

"Nabiki! Do something!" demanded Akane.

Shrugging, the middle Tendo turned from the display of affection towards the royal family. "I call Second Wife."

"Agreed," said the king with a smile. "Glad to see someone with a head on their shoulders and willing to take an opportunity presented."

"He's my fiancé/Airen/beloved!" cried the girls.

"Well then, you should've acted quicker," shrugged the King.

"Well, got a wedding to prepare," the king replied, clapping his hands and standing up. "Now, does my future son-in-law have a male friend that is not a possible love interest? I was hoping to get that Herbie fellow, but he's gone and run off."

"Now where the hell am I?" came a yell from the backyard.

"Ask and ye shall receive," replied Nabiki.

"Kaolla dear, do you want married now as well?" asked Loli.

"Oh Kami," whimpered Keitaro.

"YEAH! Double wedding! Double eats!" cried the youngest princess. She then leaned over the top of his head, smiling at him. "Come on, Keitaro! Wanna be my Hubby #1?"

"… I'm a dead man," whimpered the man.

Nabiki just snorted. As if the kid had ever had it as bad as Ranma. *I need to get some popcorn. I haven't had this much fun in centuries.*

New Loop #11:

"Boy, what are you doing here?" yelled Genma.

Ranma just shrugged, looking at his computer screen on his laptop, still working on some calculations. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"You should be out with your fiancée, training her so she can return and reclaim the Dojo from those girls!"

"And why would I help her again when she didn't ask and certainly doesn't want?" Ranma questioned. "How come she simply didn't drag her old man out with her to train her? Why do I always have to do it? I don't even have a teacher's certificate to be allowed to."

"That's beside the point!' yelled Genma.

"No, the point is she's a big girl and can make up her mind," replied Ranma. "Besides, this is about the honor of the Tendo Dojo, an internal matter."

"So you're just going to toss my poor baby sister aside?" Nabiki asked, faking a few crocodile tears.

"Well, it would be rude for me to steal the Dojo from the true heirs by marrying her, now wouldn't it," replied Ranma calmly, sipping some tea as he shut down his laptop and slid it into his shirt before Nabiki could run off with it.

"So you want to be engaged to Natsume or Kurumi?" she asked again, smelling profit.

"Well, your old man gave me the final say-so."

"And you want Akane!" yelled said water-works factory.

"I never stated who I wanted," replied Ranma, finishing his tea. "Besides, it might be nice to date a Tendo who doesn't take the side of my rivals over mine." Standing up, he headed towards the kitchen to put his cup in the sink. "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go repair the Dojo. If I let Mr. Tendo do it, the building inspectors will condemn it for sure."

Not that he had anything against the two girls—in fact, when he had some free time in a future Loop, he would have to see if he could locate their parents or at least some relatives. It was just that Akane wasn't developing as much as he would have liked for the current Loop. Perhaps a rivalry of her own was just what she needed.

Not that he would turn down either of the false Tendos. It could be nice to be engaged to a Tendo he didn't have to save every other day.

"Who are you?" asked Kurumi, spotting him first as he entered to gather some supplies.

"Ranma Saotome, water-based curse, turns into a girl with cold water, back to me with hot water," he replied, gathering some wood. "And can you guys not practice the chi exercises indoors? I'd rather not have to replace the support pillars again this month," he stated.

"Interesting story," replied Natsume.

"I'll go into more detail later," replied Ranma, removing a broken board and replacing it in a flash, the only sign he had done anything was the broken boards now in his hand.

"Are you also a student of Anything Goes?" asked the ice-type sister.

"The best you'll ever meet in either gender," he said calmly, finishing with two more holes as they spoke.

"Why are you here then?" Natsume asked.

"Pops and Mr. Tendo made an agreement, but I'll let them explain that to you," he said, finishing with the wall repairs. "If you guys need to practice your chi techniques, there's an empty lot a few blocks down the road. I practice mine there a few times." Granted, now he had to be careful. His last time he had practiced on the shores created a tsunami that flooded an Inuit village in Alaska.

Damn snapping turtle…

Turning around, his eyes went wide as he found the two girls had quietly teleported before him, eyes gleaming with joy. *I really need to stop zoning out like that.*

"Show us, please!" begged Kurumi.

Well, if nothing else, it might add an interesting twist in his current life. It wasn't like they would stay after Happosai returned and explained the truth behind their story. Yep, it could be nice to train some students who wouldn't purr or smack him when he corrected their stances.

Yep, this could be fun.

"Stupid panda-man sell Airen again?"

Nabiki smirked as she leaned back on the couch, phone to her ear. Yep, Saotome was going to suffer for disrespecting her like that. Oh, and that thing with Akane as well.

New Loop #12:

I hate Loops like this, Ranma muttered in his own mind.

"But … how?" stammered Bardock. Those visions of the future never showed him this.

"Those abilities show probabilities," replied Ranma, holding Frieza's attack in one hand. "I exist outside those." His free hand pointed towards planet Vegita. "If I hadn't joined you here and now, this attack would have decimated the Saiyajin race, leaving only a handful of survivors, many of which would have finished themselves off.

Ranma turned towards the planet of Vegita, wondering if he should just simply shift it to his pocket dimension. It wouldn't be too bad, and Saiyajins were the only ones who could really keep up with or even come close to his levels now. Heck, worst case, he could simply phase them back into the dimension before the end of the Loop.

Actually, worst case, Lilith would move them all to her claimed planet and turn the race of warriors into warrior-whores. She still had a few of the POS aliens from the Babylon 5 universe as her pets/bitches.

Sighing, Ranma focused once more on Bardock. "You will be charged with redeeming the Saiyajin race, you and your team," Ranma replied, having saved said team from Dodoria via Kage Bunshin. "Do you accept this mission, knowing that for a period of my determination, you shall know neither son, that you shall take over where the line of Vegita failed?"

Ranma glowed with power, trying to keep time still. He knew Frieza's brother waited just outside sensor range, knew that time needed to record the Saiyajins dying out here.

Shaking his head, he turned towards Bardock. "Do this, and I shall save you people and your sons."

"Will Frieza suffer for betraying us?" asked the proud Saiyajin.

Ranma nodded.

"Then do what you must! I shall pay any price, as long as my people, my sons survive!"

At times, I wonder if I have too much power. Nodding his head in agreement, several Ranma appeared about him to perform the final acts.

As far as the current Loop would record, Planet Plant/Vegita had been destroyed that day.

New Loop #13:

"These are my Fracción," stated Harribel. "Akane, Nabiki, and Kasumi."

"Would you like a muffin, Mr. Aizen?" asked Kasumi, holding a tray. "I made them as well as the cookies for this meeting."

"Ah, Arrancar I can get behind," stated Gin, munching on one of the Fracción's cookies.

"She is a pure being, like myself," stated Tousen, munching on a cookie.

Nabiki just shook her head. This Loop was going to suck.

New Loop #14:

Closing the shed with a smile, Ranma quickly summoned a quartet of Kage Bunshin. "Watch out for her, guys," he commanded, as they nodded and disappeared.

"Well, that was fun," smirked Nabiki, straightening her outfit. "I wouldn't have figured Ukyo was a screamer."

The Looping former Ice Queen was referring to the chain of events that had led them to their illicit rendezvous in the school shed.

Ukyo had arrived, and Ranma wishing for some alone time with the chef, followed a plan to get her out of her skillet ring and across the schoolyard.

In addition, once in the shed, the pigtailed Looper and his female acquaintance cornered her and it was a simple option to seduce her. He had done it himself hundreds of times before, though having a third participant was new. "Well, now you know why I was always insisting her mouth was otherwise occupied. How is your hearing, by the way?" he asked with a smirk.

"Funny, Saotome," growled Nabiki.

"Hey, we're intimate now, shouldn't you be calling my first name?"

"Tradition," she shrugged. "You know, sort of like how even with Instant Jusenkyo, you still won't go for Nabiki-kun," she finished with a smirk.

"May have at one point," he replied absently. "There's still a lot of Loops I know I was just about catatonic for."

"Really?" asked Nabiki. She did know he didn't like to talk about those early Loops when he could have really used someone else to chat with, to keep stable. For a long time, she suspected it had something more to do with the 'No Child' law put in place.

She couldn't imagine losing a child to the Loops, but she could take a guess that someone had to be the prime example.

Nevertheless, that Ranma may have at one point due to boredom of simple insanity might have been with any type of guy as a girl was surprising. "You ever think of trying to reclaim those memories?" she asked seriously, not liking him having suppressed memories or the possibility that recovering them might make him snap.

"Doing it in bits and pieces," he replied, shrugging as he helped her adjust her clothes. "Can't have such weaknesses."

"Nice to know," she replied. "Let me know if you need anything."

Nodding, she grabbed his arm as he escorted her away.

"Should we really be leaving Ukyo like that?" she asked.

"The clones will watch out for her," he replied. "Even if they are simple Kage Bunshin, they can still deal with anything in this universe.

"Besides, she needs some time to recover and consider what we just did."

Nabiki could only smirk, glad the former depressing mood was gone. "Better me than say … Skuld, Hild, Urd, Belldandy-II," she said, recalling a few of the deities that Ranma was on such terms with. However, she still was a bit confused on how Belldandy-II came about. Ranma just kept muttering about Fate and wishes. "Let's not forget about Lina, Usagi, any Senshi really, a few mutants…"

"I get the point," he stated.

"Yeah, well, they would have eaten her alive."

"True, going 'easy' isn't in their vocab," he admitted. "Then again, they are used to people who can take a lot more."

She winced at that, recalling her own first time with Ranma and his 'beneficial friends'. Luck was on her side that they had excellent medical skills, lest she would have spent the rest of it either on life support or waiting for reality to reboot so she could return to life.

Still best damn sex she had had for a while at that point.

"So, whose next?" she asked as they moved.

"You're not developing Sakura Syndrome, are you?" he asked.

"Come now, Ranma-kun. If I was developing that, it would have started sooner," she purred. "Besides, as an engaged couple, we should do things together."

He could only shake his head, chuckling lightly. *Well, better than being alone, I suppose.*

New Loop #15:

Ranma quietly shut the door to Nabiki's room, glad neither the fathers nor anyone else was home.

In the room lay the sleeping, nude, and exhausted forms of all three Tendo girls under Nabiki's sheets. His plan had started only calling for the likely most troublesome being incapacitated for the day like that.

But then Kasumi came in as he was finishing, followed by Akane as he was finishing with Kasumi.

"Good thing I knew their sweet spots," he murmured, rubbing his aching jaw. Apparently, the Tomboy had a very vicious right hook, one that would have broken the jaw his original self at the least, snapped his neck off like a bottle cap at its worst.

Shaking his head, he quickly grabbed his bathing supplies from his room and headed to take a quick scrub—couldn't go deal with his business smelling of sex.

"Are you certain you wish to buy this?" asked the nervous foreigner.

Ranma stood there, gazing off to the side, looking at the pile of assorted items he was purchasing. "Why so nervous?" asked Ranma.

"I'm not nervous," squeaked the man, looking around nervously.

Ranma just snorted. Obviously, the man didn't know that his government backup was out cold, surveillance scrambled, and the likelihood of him making it out of this to report what Ranma looked like growing slimmer by the second.

After all, Ranma may have come a long way using the Xi Fa Xiang Gao shampoo to erase the seller's entire memory of the event—especially since that first attempt that left him struck female, wearing a French maid's outfit, and serving Mistress Kasumi, lest 'she' be struck with a certain fifteen inch replica of a black male appendage. But delaying like this just upset him.

Ranma looked over the materials, knowing the person wouldn't try anything stupid until Ranma transferred the funds—which thanks to dealing with the agents that had been waiting, would be redirected back into his account and all traces erased. "All seems good."

"Fine, can we complete the deal?"

"Now that would be rude," replied Ranma. "If what I buy fails to work, I'd hate to have to spend the effort hunting you down and ensuring you die painfully over several months."

The man paled quickly, gulping nervously as he hoped the government agents had offered the real things. Somehow, he

believed the teenage terrorist.

Of course, if he had known Ranma was simply interested in the materials to manufacture chi-based tech suits—or at least try and construct them—he might not have been so nervous. But it was easier to believe someone buying this stuff on the black market was up to a nefarious purpose rather than a positive one.

Nodding, Ranma mentally checked off the last item. "Then let's do this," he added, shutting the truck container after swiftly crushing or disabling ant trackers he sensed, even the offline ones.

The man nodded quickly as he turned around to fetch his laptop.

He never even got a chance to scream before Ranma's fingers latched onto his head.

"Okay, so if I redirect this circuit board here and here," he muttered, sitting on the back porch with several exposed wires and circuit panels, "I should be able to create a stable chi conduit without risking accidental Dragonline contact…"

"Saotome?" came an ice-cold voice behind him.

Turning slightly, he spotted the various Tendo sisters in a united front, standing with their feet in a manner indicating they were still sore from their earlier romps. Finally, their expressions showed a growing anger—oddly, Kasumi seemed more enraged than Akane…

Curious. "Yes?"

"We need to … talk," replied Nabiki, her eyes narrowed to give a stare that could kill at a thousand paces.

Well, it looked like he was going to need to put the parts he was working on back into his subspace pocket. *Lucky I got that money out of the bank before coming home.* Their looks hinted that a repeat

performance was the furthest thing from their minds, especially with the size of the knife Kasumi had in her hand.

New Loop #16:

Ranma blinked as time resumed, the sight before him was definitely new.

And as his memories returned to him of this timeline, he winced slightly. Well, those were a few bridges he didn't have to worry about crossing.

"So … where am I?" he muttered, looking at the paper in his hand as he boarded the subway. "I need to go to some place called DAPC, Department of Abnormal Phenomenae Containment."

Ranma blinked at that; a Japanese Agency with an English title and abbreviation.

Not the strangest thing he had seen. And this was definitely new. Who knew, working for this place could be fun.

If only he knew…

New Loop #17: (from the series Red Dwarf)

" ***This is an S.O.S. distress call from the mining ship Red Dwarf. The crew are dead, killed by a radiation leak. The only survivors are Ranma Saotome, who was in suspended animation during the disaster, and his pregnant cat, who was safely sealed in the hold. Revived three million years later, Saotome's only companions are a life-form who evolved from his cat, a hologram simulation of one of the dead crew named Usagi Tsukino, and a service mechanoid. Message ends.***

"Additional: in space, we have discovered many wonderful things. Just last month, we discovered a world where the oceans are made of beer. At least … I think it was last month, everything's a blur after orbit."

Ranma was so tempted to just space himself. It was bad enough having Usagi as a hologram—especially as she was made of soft light at the moment—meaning she couldn't touch anything and had somehow convinced the ship's AI, Misato Katsuragi, that she was still higher ranked.

Then there was the only member left on board of the race that had evolved from the pregnant cat Ranma had apparently snuck onboard and went into what was supposed to be eighteen months of stasis for. While an interesting history it was to learn—especially since they based their religion on Ranma—he could have had less stress had that lone survivor not been Yoruichi Shihōin.

Moreover, to finally sink whatever luck he had left, there was the service mechanoid: Atsuko "Nuku Nuku" Natsume.

"This wouldn't be so bad if my resources weren't being blocked," he muttered. Usually when his powers were restrained to what was available in the universe; it was almost always because some ascended being thought Ranma was cheating.

This was why he was considering death by spacing rather than using Instant Transmission to solve his issue. He was stuck on a ship with two females who were amorous, a nudist hologram who liked to tease him, and a ship's AI that refused to serve him some food until he provided fan-service.

"I hate Loops like this," he muttered.

"There he is!"

"Shit!" Ranma yelled as he took off down the corridor. Apparently, his sensor cloak wasn't working too well. He almost felt sorry for the poor schmuck who called this universe home, but he doubted the man had half the issues Ranma now did.

New Pigtailed Loops 5

New Pigtailed Loops 5

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

I would like to first personally thank all of those reviewing my stories. I enjoy reading your comments, and try to correct the grammatical errors I miss with my final read-through as well as my spell checkers. The suggestions you all make will help make this story better for everyone to enjoy, as well as allow me to fix some plot holes I may unintentionally leave. If you find any, let me know, and I will correct them and repost the chapters.

This group is based on a Groundhog's Day concept, if time was looping, and certain members were aware of this.

These are their insanities.

New Loop #1:

"Owie," muttered Akane, as she slowly came to, feeling the floor of the Dojo under her back. "What happened?"

"Ranma hit you pretty lightly," came a familiar voice.

Blinking, Akane slowly turned, spotting the smirking form of Nabiki sitting across the Dojo, leaning against the wall.

"So, how many fingers am I holding up?"

"… Very funny," spat Akane, as she slowly sat up. "Where is that baka?"

"He had some things he needed to do. Don't need the cash, but always best to top off our reserves and such," Nabiki replied.

"You mean the jerk didn't stay behind and help?"

Shaking her head, Nabiki stood up and made her way to her sister, helping her up. As Akane winced from her body's protests of moving, her eyes grew as she saw the splintered boards where she had been laying.

"He misjudged his force again," snorted Nabiki, as she reached into her sleeve and … produced a small straight stick. Kneeling down, she tapped the broken flooring with it, causing a sparkling glow to form where they made contact. The glow spread out, seemingly restoring the damaged boards to perfect shape, before spreading out.

Akane looked on in shock as within moments, the glow had passed through the entire Dojo, which looked to be in perfect and pristine shape. "Wha…?"

"Magic," smirked Nabiki as she slid the stick back up her sleeve. "Simple over-powered repair spell, it would normally just fix the boards, but I didn't want to take a chance something I couldn't sense or see was damaged as well."

Akane nodded slowly, rubbing her lower back.

"You didn't listen, did you?"

"I did too!" yelled Akane. "You used some magical hocus pocus to fix the Dojo!"

"Not about that, about Ranma," sighed Nabiki. She could almost swear this was the reason Ranma had left: to make her explain things to Akane. "You assumed he would act like the Ranma you remember."

"He couldn't have changed that much," snorted Akane.

"Akane, he's been in the Loops for probably a million years at least, and no, I don't know which side of that number is closer to the truth. Even he doesn't.

"But he isn't the same Ranma you remember. He has no problem with hitting girls. He **does** apparently have a problem with keeping his power down enough not to hurt someone at your level."

"My level!"

FLICK!

"Ow!" cried Akane, rubbing her forehead where her sister had flicked her.

"Listen carefully, Akane," growled out Nabiki. "I'm not the same, Ranma's not the same. Despite what you know for now, a lot of time, history, lessons, and battles have really passed. Don't keep expecting us to act like you think we should, we're not those people anymore.

"Hell, we had a Loop where we had to meet our original selves. I **will never** act like her again."

"And I suppose it was easy for you when you—what was it?—woke up?"

Nabiki sighed. "Actually, no. Saotome tried to help me a bit; but being a greedy little bitch, I tried to force things to my whim. Therefore, he let me have whatever I wanted but promised he would only save me ten times.

"I didn't make it past the weekend before some Triad cell kidnapped me to get what I knew. I was lucky they were making a power play and didn't have some trained interrogators with them. They gave me too much of a chemical to help loosen my tongue and killed me.

"When the Loop restarted, he explained each and every one of the ten attempts he blocked. He then pointed out because my desires far outstripped my ability to protect myself, it would happen over and over again, and at some point, someone would get me and I might not make it with my mind intact."

Akane could only gape at that. "He … he wouldn't?"

"Probably not," shrugged Nabiki. "But after a few hours of Triad torture and one encounter with a Yakuza cell that actually knew what they were doing, I got the point.

"Saotome Style: dodge or feel pain."

Akane sank to her knees. "But what about us?"

"No clue?" shrugged Nabiki once again. "You can try and start a relationship with him. Just don't go foaming at the mouth when someone else shows him some attention."

"What's that supposed to mean?" asked Akane, an irritated look on her face.

"Normal relationships don't work in the Loops."

"So I should give up?"

"On a monogamous relationship, yes," stated Nabiki. "He's being chased by lots of girls, mortal, Goddesses, and even a few Demons."

"So … he's a man-whore?"

"Not even a bit," spoke Nabiki. "As a Looper, sex is … well, it isn't everything," she tried to explain. "For a Looper, variety is the spice of life.

"Not to say some girls out there would pass over the chance to ride the Wild Horse. He's damned good, and this thing he does with his

tongue—"

"NABIKI!" gasped the embarrassed youngest Tendo.

"What? All true. Did you think I wouldn't have tried once or twice?

"But it is more Friends with Benefits than anything else," she continued. "Like I said, we've all changed."

Akane just hugged herself. "This is all so confusing," she muttered.

"Don't I know it," stated Nabiki. "How about we go out for ice cream, my treat?"

Akane gave her a hooded glance. "Your treat?"

"Yes, we can even go shopping," she added, pulling out a wad of Yen from her sleeve, almost as large as her fist.

"Wow, you really have changed," Akane replied in a deadpan voice.

"Eh, it is a lot to take in. But at least you have people guiding you. Ranma didn't even have that."

As Akane took that statement in, Nabiki turned back towards the entrance. "You want to come too, Kasumi?"

The eldest—respectfully—Tendo entered. "Oh, I don't want to be a bother."

"Kasumi?" asked Akane.

"How come you just didn't tell us you were 'Awake' too?" asked Nabiki, tapping her foot.

"Oh, I didn't want to be a bother."

It was a good thing Nabiki had repaired the Dojo, as she and Akane both face-faulted.

"Go get changed, Akane," sighed Nabiki, standing back up. "I'll try and fill Kasumi in on some stuff." *I wonder if this is what Saotome meant by 'beware the quiet ones'?*

New Loop #2:

"Well, this is going well," snorted Nabiki with her hands in the air.

"Well, this is hardly my fault," Ranma replied.

"Who are you?" asked General Ashdown, several Resistance members pointing their weapons at the trio.

"I'm Ranma, this is Nabiki," Ranma started, before the General cut him off.

"Who or what is he?" Ashdown stated, pointing at the third member.

The man blinked before replying. "My name is Data … from South America."

"Do you think that's funny?" demanded Ashdown.

"I was not attempting to be humorous," replied Data. "I was merely attempting to 'break the ice' as it were."

"Is he always like this?" John Conner asking, leaning towards Ranma.

"Data is … different," Ranma replied. "But he's still better than a few others I know." He suppressed a shudder of remembering how the Sailor Senshi fared when facing the forces of Skynet.

"So, the Terminators can make a joke," sneered Ashdown.

"Incorrect," stated Data. "I am not a 'Terminator', I am an android created by Dr. Noonien Soong on Stardate—"

"Quiet, Data," sighed Ranma, rubbing his forehead. *This is going to be one of those Loops, I just know it.*

At least I don't have to worry about horny girls this Loop.

He chose to ignore the shiver going down his back, preferring to live with the dream for a bit longer.

New Loop #3:

"What are those?" asked Nabiki, looking over the pigtailed Anchor's shoulders.

Ranma smirked. "Things to give me a challenge again."

"Oh?" she asked. "Did Puff give those to you?"

He slowly turned towards her, eyes narrowing. "He doesn't like being called 'Puff'."

"Ranma, I am not going to call a wish-granting eternal dragon you created, 'Bob'," she replied. "Really, haven't you figured out a name for him yet? Even that Raiju inside you chose a name by now—which raises many, many questions about your mental stability."

"Oh really? Remind me again; whose Inner Hollow called itself—"

"DON'T SAY IT!" yelled Nabiki, embarrassed by that name more than anything else.

"Then don't knock the name, 'Bob," he replied. "And yes, he granted me these. If I can fully understand them, I can duplicate them for the other Anchors."

"And what do they do?" she asked.

"Limiters, sort of like what Paragus created to control Broly. I'm hoping these babies can be used as a way of limiting my power

levels."

She could only shake her head. "You didn't ask Yggdrasil to do that because…?"

"That would only work here, not in other realities," he replied. "Granted, some seem to bottleneck my powers, but they always return in the end."

"This won't collapse your pocket universe, will it?" she asked in concern. "I really don't want to see that Garden Planet trashed."

"Nah, only what I can access on the outside; chi attacks, magic, and such. Internal energies will be fine; I'm just narrowing the pipeline to the outside."

"Well, are you sure you should be working on that now?" she queried. "You **are** supposed to be training Akane and Kasumi." She still found it funny what it had taken to convince Kasumi to leave her usual routine and restart her training.

However, with a dozen Ranko Kage Bunshin running around, the place never looked cleaner and better maintained.

"They're working on their meditations."

She blinked at that. "And it is taking this long for Kasumi?"

"Nah, she's got a pretty good grip, she's just having trouble grasping it for something other than maintaining the balance of the house," he stated, grabbing another tool off the table and returning to the limiters he had wished into this universe. Paragus was good on ideas, bad on implementation, and the limiters would need massive amounts of work to hold a Legendary Super Saiyajin, let alone someone like an Anchor. "And Akane … well, I've had to replace the Kage Bunshin helping her twice already. She's having trouble trying to not charge right through it."

"No shit," muttered Nabiki. She loved her little sister, but patience was not a virtue Akane had in spades.

"You know, you could be out there, giving them tips?" he offered.

"I'd rather take Akane as a Gray Jedi Padawan than work with her now," snorted the middle Tendo. "Besides, she's still iffy on the fact we've changed so much from what she's expected."

Ranma just nodded, changing tools again. "She'll learn … or pull a Sakura."

"Let's hope not with the latter," Nabiki shuddered, hoping to never see a case of Sakura Syndrome, let alone from her little sister.

Moreover, if it happened to Kasumi… No, the streets would run freely with the nasal blood of all humankind.

Ranma paused in his work, letting out a hefty sigh. "Damn tomboy," he muttered, as another Ranma formed behind him.

"How can she complain about being patient and then clock me?" muttered the Bunshin as he exited towards the Dojo.

"Three," muttered the original, as he continued to work on the Limiters.

Shaking her head, Nabiki followed. At least that show would be better than what she was seeing in the dining area.

"Nabiki?"

Pausing, she turned her head down the hallway, spotting her father trying to wave her over, likely to give yet another speech to quickly get married to Ranma. It had been their standard plan during the Nerima Loops, since neither one would be pressured—and she did enjoy messing with them and setting the date to be one day after the Loops reset. It almost made her feel bad for tricking them.

Almost. "Yes?"

Looking around to ensure no one was listening, he pulled out a wad of cash and handed it to her.

Knowing what was coming, she quickly counted it, determining the right amount was there, and followed him. It looked like it was time for another 'family chat' about why she shouldn't wait to marry Ranma.

At least she was being paid for the pain.

New Loop #4:

"Oh, would you quit pouting," snorted Lilith, smoothing out her dress uniform.

"I'm not pouting," replied Ranma. "I'm brooding, and before you ask, I am brooding about how often I end up in Loops where I have to attend some school."

"Be that as it may, Ranma-dono," spook a slightly taller version of Ranma, hair blood red with slitted yellow eyes, "it will at least be an interesting experience for all of us. It is rare that we interact with the worlds at large."

"Mainly because I'm scared of losing you guys to the resets."

"Not going to happen," waved off the fuchsia-haired succubus. "Our tethers to your soul or too strong. Only a Big Crunch could do any damage to them.

"By the way, kitty-cat; what's your name now?"

"Please, do not call me that, Lilith-san," he replied. "But to answer your question, I think I will go with … Ranneko."

"… Wild Cat?" asked Ranma.

"I see nothing wrong with the human form of a Raiju taking such a name," replied the nine-tailed spirit of Ranma's Nekoken. "Aside from that, are you not worried that Ranma-dono will take offense to what you did to their outfits?"

"Their?" Ranma asked, before turning, and spotting the trio of Angels … with school skirts as short as Lilith had made hers.

"Damn it, Lilith!"

"Will you all shut up?" yelled the bus driver as he made his last stop before going to Youkai Academy. "I have one last … victim to pick up."

"… I swear that's the same guy who runs that Cave of Cursed Love," Ranma muttered, as a small-built boy got on.

"Does anyone else find it weird that three Angels, a succubus, a Raiju, and the ultimate X-factor have been invited to attend a school with someone like him?" Lilith asked, pointing to the boy. "He smells like someone the Lord of Nightmares would find interesting."

Ranma sunk into his seat. Lilith's statement was as good as saying that powerful females would pursue the boy.

"Um, excuse me?"

Looking up, he spotted the boy now standing before him nervously. "Yes?"

"Um … hi, I'm Tsukune Aono. I was wondering if you know anything about this Youkai Academy?" he asked, hoping to make some friends.

Ranma chuckled lightly, feeling pity for the boy. "Trust me, kid, you will probably have to see it to believe it."

New Loop #5:

So far, it had been a normal Loop for the pigtailed Anchor. Arrive at Tendo's, attempt by father to be engaged to said Tendo sisters—who were all Awake—and spend the night there.

After the last Loop—involving a Fused Loop, donuts, Charlton Heston, a horny Goddess named Skuld, talking vegetables, and a talking mouse with a hoop earring—he needed to turn in early and hope for a pleasant dream.

Fate had other ideas.

"I am the Metatron! I am the herald of the Almighty and the voice of God!"

"… Damn it," muttered Ranma, as he gazed upon the fire floating before him. Not odd, his father continued to sleep.

"I am the Metatron! I am the herald of—HEY!" yelled the voice, the fire dimming slightly as Ranma tossed the bucket of water on it, reserved for fire.

"Hmm, need more buckets."

"I swear," muttered the Goddess before the Tendo and Saotome family at the meal table, ringing out her top and proving she had less feminine modesty than Ranma, "no respect."

"To be fair, you appeared in my room as talking fire, hinting you were a phoenix, and between Saffron and Fawkes, I know they are only vengeful perverts."

Nabiki blinked at that. "Dumbledore's phoenix? A pervert?"

"Who would complain if he flashed into the women's showers?" Ranma asked.

"… Point," Nabiki conceded.

"You were saying?" she asked the Goddess.

"Anyway, I am Bastet, Class 2, Category 2, Limited License, Goddess of Cats, Men, Children, Pregnant women, and Pleasure," she stated.

"… From the local Yggdrasil?" asked Kasumi.

"Yes," sighed Bastet. "I am here to grant my chosen, Ranma Saotome, kindred spirit of the cat, master of the Nekoken…"

"Oh, I thought he was friends with Ranneko now?" asked Kasumi.

"… The creator of the first Raiju in 500 years," growled Bastet. "I have come to him with a one-year plan?"

"… Who are you, Obama?" asked Akane.

"And is that one year relative time or one year, static time?" asked Nabiki.

"… Anyway," started Bastet, "I have come to Ranma with a very important mission, one only he can do, one he can practice and master so that when the Loops end, he can continue it."

"… We're going to end up in Eiken again, aren't we?" pouted Nabiki.

"Loops?" asked Soun.

"No missions from the Gods, boy!' yelled Genma. "You must marry … um … who did you pick?" he asked.

WHAM!

Bastet proved that even topless, soaked from just about every fire bucket in the house Ranma had speedily got and doused the talking

flame with, could deliver a furious mule-kick and sent the older men out of the house.

"My, she's flexible," offered Kasumi.

"And no sagging."

"Bad, Mr. Kyuu-chan!" Kasumi reprimanded her pet Kyuubi no Yoko.

"Oh please, I was only saying what we were all thinking," scoffed the miniature demon fox.

"As I was saying, I am here to grant Ranma a holy mission and a holy talisman to boot." Bastet smirked as she reapplied her top. Mortals ate that stuff up.

"Did you clear this with Skuld?" asked Ranma.

Well, any mortal who didn't bone some Goddess on a regular basis. "I cleared this with the legal system, yes," stated Bastet.

Nabiki looked down. "See you in two Loops, belly button. I'll miss you."

"Oh for the love of Father," sighed Bastet. "Can I get on with this?"

"Sure," smirked Ranma. After all, it wasn't his ass on the preverbal line.

"I need you to start a church for my people here in the current world," stated Bastet.

Ranma just shrugged. Creating a church? Easy.

Keeping people from thinking he was another 'pass the kool-aid so we can ride a spaceship hiding in a comet' cult; that was a bit harder.

"Your people?" asked Akane.

Smirking, the Goddess held up a box. "This contains a device to create my people on this world. It contains the genetic templates of every species of werecat I could come up with."

"… You got some of them from the Digger's universe, didn't you?" asked Ranma. He had been lucky, no need to turn into a were-cheetah for a while, and no Digger sisters in a Fused Loop to need to use such.

Of course, as with now, it looked like his luck had run out.

"Not … really," Bastet stated. "People have enjoyed catgirls for a long time. Why shouldn't we go to the next step?"

"You're talking about creating werecats in a new reality," stated Nabiki.

"Not really," snorted Bastet. "Mine won't have that silver weakness or any of the bad thrall effects like that idiot Iceron created. Mine … will be PERFECT!" she exclaimed.

"And how do I do that?" asked Ranma. "I have were-cheetah abilities locked away, but that's it."

"Through … this!" Bastet bellowed, opening the box.

"… An Omnitrix?" asked Akane.

"No, even better," cackled the Goddess. "This … is the Nyaomatrix!"

"… Oh, someone's going to get sued," muttered Nabiki.

"But what does the Nyaomatrix do?" asked Kasumi.

"I'm glad you asked. It contains the DNA profiles of every werecat out there in the multiverse. I have those Iceron made, and a few that they never knew about. This one contains a were-saber tooth tiger, a cave were-lion, and more!"

"… And I am supposed to use this to form a church of cat-people?" asked Ranma.

"Yes!"

"And how will he do that?" asked Akane.

"Well it won't be the first church Ranma-kun made," smirked the Goddess.

The youngest and eldest Tendo sisters looked at him.

"What? I was bored, released a few things I discovered; next thing I know, people are worshipping me."

CLICK!

Blinking, Ranma looked down at his left arm, where the Nyaomatrix was bonding to it, and the hands attached to it.

"What?" asked Kasumi. "I want to be a catgirl."

"… That explains so many Halloween costumes," sighed Nabiki.

Bastet just smiled. She loved it when a girl with dreams of being a catgirl did her work. She'd have to make sure that when the Loops ended, Kasumi had lots of kittens. "Now, we simply need to build a church, get some catgirl otaku—preferably the female ones—to sign up, and son, we will learn the perfect way to spread my message of werecat-ideals across this world!

"MWA HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Oh, that inspires so much confidence," sighed Akane.

Nabiki wanted to cry. She didn't want her breasts composing half her mass!

FLASH!

"I'm not sure about this one," stated Kasumi, as she activated Ranma's new device.

Blinking, Ranma rubbed his face, his hands pausing as he felt his large canines … that went over his lower lip. "Oh hell no."

Bastet just smiled. Oh, it was going to plan. Soon, her new avatar would help perfect her plan to make catgirls a reality in this world!

"Excuse me?"

She paused in her mad laughter, slowly turning her head, and spotting the Norn Goddess of the Future, in adult form, and tapping her debugging mallet in her palm.

"Bastet, I think we need to talk," stated Skuld, smile on her face, eyes flaming like the pits of hell.

"Aw crap," muttered Bastet.

"Oh my, a cat fight," spoke Kasumi, causing a face-fault of the other three people in the room.

"She does that on purpose, I swear she does," muttered Nabiki.

"This can't be all bad," offered Akane. "I mean, we can become perfect were-creatures. What could be wrong with that?"

Thunder rang out.

"… Akane, when it thunders on a clear day, you know you just dared Fate and she took the challenge," sighed Nabiki, resigning herself to an Eiken Loop.

FLASH!

"Oh, I'm not sure a were-snow leopard will be the best for me," muttered Kasumi, as she messed with the Nyaomatrix again.

"Don't I get a say in this?" Ranma asked.

"My arm doesn't bend that way, you crazy, small-chested—YEOW!"

"Now it does, skank!"

"No, Saotome, you never do," sighed Nabiki. "That's a law of the universe."

New Loop #6:

Akane blinked as she looked around, reality losing its blur and solidifying before her. *Could this be…?* she wondered, looking down, and spotting the clothes that confirmed her hopes.

It was a Naruto-Loop, and she was an Uchiha! She now had the Sharingan!

It was only the influx of new memories of her life as Akane Uchiha that stopped her from jumping up into the air and shouting in joy.

She decided to ignore the fact about her elder sibling and focus on the source of her suffering this Loop. Said source was the blond Jinchuuriki that had spread rumors that she was really born a male, hiding her gender to avoid fangirls, her real name was Kaneda Uchiha.

In addition, the pinkette had yet to accept it.

Cracking her knuckles, she smirked. If the Dobe wasn't awake, payback was hers.

Besides, it wasn't as if her elder sibling was a threat.

"These are great!" cheered Kisame, as he ate the plate of cookies before him.

"Oh, I'm glad you like it," said his Akatsuki partner and clan-killer, Kasumi Uchiha.

No one really knew why she did it. Some say it was to test her skills. Others say it was because they had turned against her. Still others say it was because they never ate their vegetables or cleaned up after themselves.

"Come on! We gotta hunt!"

"Oh, be quiet Kyuuchan and eat your fresh rabbit with mint jelly."

"…" Sighing, the miniature fox—that Kisame as well as all of Akatsuki pretended not to exist after an altercation with a junior member named Tobi was witnessed by all, some say it was why Orochimaru fled from them—ate his meal.

"So, what were the Leader's orders?" asked Kisame.

"Oh, we're to wait for now and gather more intelligence on possible Jinchuuriki or loose Bijuu," replied Kasumi.

"… And is that why we've started this small restaurant?" he asked, hoping she wasn't upset.

She was scary when upset.

"Oh, you remembered!" cooed Kasumi. "Here, try my pocky!"

He dared not refused, especially when her pet fox would always look at her and loudly mumble about 'fried fish'.

"And not one damned joke about anything related to Papercut-no-Jutsu," stated Nabiki.

Ranma nodded, his emaciated body slowly filling back out, skin tone and definition. The former chakra rods that had once impaled him,

now seeming to flow around his body, forming itself into some sort of armor.

"And do we really need six others of you running around?" Nabiki asked.

"I'm still wondering why if Nagato could revive the whole village of Konoha, he never used it to revive Yahiko," he answered, looking at the Deva Path. "Not like a shortage of energy will be a problem here."

"Great, all the world needs: seven Ranma Saotome running about," grumbled Nabiki, as she left the room to experiment with her own abilities.

"AND KEEP THOSE DAMN LIMITERS ON!" she yelled back. Seven Ranma was one thing, seven super-Ranma were an entirely different WMD.

Stepping out of what was Nagato's mood of transportation, the Six Paths all stared at him.

"Well," muttered Ranma, "this will be interesting."

The Preta Path nodded. "And no other Anchors or other Loopers aside from those from are universe are here."

The Asura Path nodded in agreement. "Especially the female ones. I'd hate to see what they would do if we can maintain this ability."

All seven shuddered at that as Ranma pulled a silk shirt out of his clothing pocket and put it on over his armor—which seemed to settle on acting like a second skin, as all seven ditched their Akatsuki cloaks. "Okay, so what now?

"And why am I talking to myself?" he pondered allowed.

The Outer Path snorted. "Aside from the fact that we seem to mimic the interconnected mentality associated with the Doppelgänger

technique, it is likely because we are the most likely conversation you can have that **won't** end in sex."

Blinking, Ranma nodded. "Makes sense to me."

"We should at least try not to destroy this village with our actions," suggested the Human Path.

"Agreed," Ranma spoke. "Now, let's at least find out why this village is over ninety-percent pipe."

New Loop #7:

Ranma sighed, trying to hold back the android catgirl with a weapon of Mass Destruction. "Nuku-Nuku, no!"

"But they are the enemy of fishies!"

"I don't care!" growled Ranma. "You cannot just blow it up!"

"But if Nuku-Nuku does not destroy evil black block, then evil black block will destroy all of the sky fishies!"

"These Americans, very confusing," sighed Dr. Vasili Orlov.

Dr. Heywood R. Floyd just shrugged. "I just want to know how she plans to take on TMA-2 with just that oversized rifle."

"This isn't an oversized rifle," offered the fuchsia-haired catgirl. "It BFG 7500: Mark VII, capable of firing a concussive tri-oscillating subspace tachyon pulse, capable of leveling Mt. Everest."

The American and Soviet crewmembers just stared in shock at the girl and her weapon, not even half-understanding what she had said.

"Nuku-Nuku, you cannot blow the Monolith out of Jupiter's sky!"

"Then friend-Ranma will save the sky fishies?"

Sighing, he lowered his head. "Fine, I will save all the sky fishies—I mean, sky fishes."

"What sky fish?" asked Dr. R. Chandra.

"Native life form to Jupiter," stated Ranma, carefully powering down Nuku-Nuku's weapon. He did not want to be blown into a vacuum, thank you. "High-atmosphere, low chance for evolution, and resembling a cross between a flying fish and an albatross."

"And why does she think TMA-2 is going to kill them?" asked Floyd.

Ranma chuckled. "Because the Monoliths are a type of stewards for advancing life forms. They'll take a look at the sky fishes and the things on Europa, decide the latter has greater evolutionary potential, and need to thaw out the moon."

"And how do you know this?" asked the Russian captain.

Smirking, Ranma lightly tossed something towards her. "Like any sane person; I read the book."

Floyd looked over her shoulder, spotting the title of the book.

"2010: Odyssey Two"

New Loop #8:

Ranma sat on a couch in the ship's lounge area, a large dog beside him, looking strangely at the woman who was playing basketball.

Slowly, he could feel his pet's stare at him.

"I know," Ranma replied, watching the woman continue to shoot by herself.

The dog turned its head slightly.

"It'll happen when it happens," he replied. Rubbing the dog's head, he sent it a telepathic message. *Besides, both of us know we're all being watched.*

The peace of the room was ruined as a loud group entered, mercenaries by how they acted. Ranma hid a little smile as he put down the computer tablet he had been reading, wondering how the new Ripley would deal with them.

"I know you," stated Ripley, looking at the strange man who had snuck into her room, a large dog beside him.

"You should," smirked Ranma. "We had some good times over two hundred years ago."

"Really?" she asked, tilting her head a bit. "You look good for someone that old."

"Good genes," Ranma replied, looking about. "Oh, they won't see anything for a while except you roaming about, maybe working out." Anything further was cut off as Ripley charged him, the two falling into a physical confrontation, her attempting to kill him.

"Now, that wasn't nice," Ranma replied, tossing Ripley to the other side of the cell. Hearing a hissing sound, he looked at his right sleeve, seeing it being eaten away by some of her blood. "Well, leave it to the military to fuck up a simple thing like cloning."

Ripley gave him a confused stare. "You should be in pain."

Ranma smirked. "Yeah, but I adapt, like the little drippy buggers we killed. But unlike you; when they shoved an egg into my stomach to make a Queen, I consumed it." Akane's early attempts at Tuna Rice Casserole gave more of a kick than the little chestburster.

"Really?" she asked.

"Yep, also why you want to kill me," Ranma replied, walking about the room. "Queens don't share spaces, share hives. Say what you will about them, Xenomorphs don't like sharing.

"Kind of human when you think about it," he finished.

"And that?" she asked, pointing at the dog, the dog that was glaring at her.

"Special collar with holographic and space-altering features," Ranma replied, touching the collar.

The form of the dog shimmered, before disappearing, being replaced with a much larger and imposing Xenomorph that openly hissed at Ripley.

"Found him between when the original died and when you woke up. He was being chased by the Yautja."

"The who?"

"They're something like hunters, but like intelligent prey. Believe it or not, they've been to Earth, no doubt the military knows of them as well. Long story short, more of them want my head as a trophy and Spot here has followed me ever since. Does what I tell him too."

"God, Saotome, can't you go a single day without someone wanting to kill you," Ripley said with a smile, before confusing fell over her. "What the…?"

"Xenomorph DNA, genetic memory, you know everything she did up till the blood was drawn," he replied, turning back on Spot's collar.

"I'm not her."

"We are a combination of many things," he offered. "Besides, I simply came here to chat with a friend."

"Friend?" she asked, as if the concept was alien to her.

Smirking, Ranma started towards the door, Spot following along. "Ellen Ripley was a great friend in either form. I came here to pay honor to that friend in any way possible.

"You are her legacy in a way, her but not her, so to be honest, I'll call you a friend until you try and kill me."

"I thought I did," she said with a sadistic smirk.

"Nah," Ranma laughed as the door opened. "That was foreplay."

The cloned woman felt a small smile form on her face as the door closed. Yes, things were getting interesting.

Very interesting, she thought, her head looking up towards another large presence she felt, as a small woman snuck into her cell a few minutes later.

"…"

Ranma paused, looking down at Spot. "I told you, call me King, not Queen."

"…"

"She's not the enemy."

"…"

"Because … it will be interesting."

"…" The pseudo dog paused as well, looking up and back behind them. "…"

"Yeah, I feel them too," Ranma muttered. "Don't think they're half as bright as you though."

"…"

"That's why most people laugh when they hear the words 'military intelligence'," Ranma said with a smirk. "Come on, we need to get back to the lounge before those guys realize we snuck off.

"Personally, I just hope this shit finishes hitting the fan before a Yautja hunting party shows up looking for me." He cursed his luck at somehow being seen as the Ultimate Prey.

Well, at least in a manner not involving sex.

New Loop #9:

"You know," said the British-accented blond before him, "I thought school was bad the first time around."

Ranma chuckled lightly as he stood with her, looking over the mall filled with mostly teens, going about their business. "Yeah, starts sucking after a while. But gives you plenty of chances to be Class President."

"Oh yes, I can see the resume now," snorted the blond. "Undead vampire girl, military and civilian police training, high school class president, twentieth century to present. I'll get into Harvard for certain."

"Oh calm down," replied Ranma. "You act like your Master or Integra will pop out from some pillar any second now, Seras."

She just glared at him with red eyes, her color contacts removed for a simple trip to the mall.

"Don't give me that look," he responded. "I don't like it here anymore than you. Nevertheless, it could be worse, we could have ended up in Eiken or some vampire book I came across a few centuries ago.

"Ever heard of a book called Twilight ?"

"Um, no," she thought. "What's wrong with it?"

"Sparkly emo vampires living in cloudy Washington State," he deadpanned.

"… Okay, wow," she muttered. "I vote that would be worse than Eiken."

Ranma gave the No-Life Queen a snort. Truly, she was still young, to not understand the true horrors of Eiken.

Sometimes, when he closed his eyes, he could still see them, chasing him, demanding of him… The pudding… The noodles… The fan-service that wouldn't end or deliver…

"You okay?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"For a moment, you were paler than me," she said with a smirk.

"Bad thoughts," he murmured, looking about. "Come on, we got some stuff to get and head home before we start a little hunting of our own."

Seras smirked at that, flexing her hands. Oh, how she missed the weight of her modified Hellsing ARMS Anti-Midian Cannon 'Harkonnen'. True, Saotome could probably create one just like it, but it wouldn't be the same. Therefore, until then, she'd just have to deal with the local variant of vampires the old-fashioned way: ripping their heads off and spitting down their necks.

Smiling, she followed behind him, wondering how he knew to get illegal weapons so easily in this town. Perhaps he had been here before, she wondered, as she sucked on the straw or her drink, a fast-food cup with a fresh bit of Ranma's blood in it.

He was right, the stuff packed a stronger kick that a tank. However, it gave her the power to walk in sunlight. Hell, she remembered when

Master tried a full pint bag of the stuff. Even Lady Integra's orders for him to stop talking about the colors he could see and taste didn't stop him. Actually, it reminded her of a hippie she once knew when she was growing-up.

Explained a lot about why he always seemed so mellow and out of touch. And here she thought he was just being funny.

Well, overall, at least Sunnydale wasn't all bad. At least she didn't have a mother like that teen girl across from her, dragging her about for school shopping.

She giggled a bit after hearing the girl's mother state the girl's name. Who in their right minds named a kid 'Buffy'?

New Loop #10:

"I can't believe it," sighed Nabiki, watching the scene before her, as Akane continued to spar with her latest training partner.

"What's not to believe?" asked Ranma.

"That you would use … **them** to train Akane to be a fighter," Nabiki responded, motioning to the group, waiting their chance to fight the youngest Tendo.

"Low power level, easy to train, and great to use against the non-Looping morons that occasionally show up. They're easy to replace too, so I don't have to worry if she crushes one like an overripe fruit. Hell, I got a few assisting Kasumi with chores."

"I don't—wait! You use them on others around here!" Nabiki asked in shock.

As if the universe heard her, her request for an answer was granted.

"Be gone from the doors, foul demons! I come to confront the foul sorcerer who summoned thee from the Abyss!"

"Skree?" came from the other side of the main gate, letting her know Saotome had left a few there, which were now confronting the Blue Thunder.

"Fine then, I shall dispel you back to the unholy pits before I deal with your master!"

"SKREEEEEE!"

BOOM!

As all gathered in the backyard paused, watching the smoking form of Kuno blast off like Team Rocket, Ranma just sighed. "You know, I'm always amazed at what that kid survives, considering I haven't upped the power of the Saibamen."

"I'm surprised they blow him into the air," muttered Akane. She turned back around—it wasn't the first time Tatewaki Kuno had been dealt with by the Saibaman Bomb technique—only to see the ones who had been waiting to fight her holding up score cards.

Apparently, it wasn't one of Kuno's better take-offs.

Pigtailed Time Loops 6

New Pigtailed Loops 6

Disclaimer: I don't own this series or any other series. I am just floating an idea. I am making no money, nor plan to, off this venture. If you think of suing me over this, then grow up.

This group is based on a Groundhog's Day concept, if time was looping, and certain members were aware of this.

These are their insanities.

New Loop #1:

"Does the multiverse have any normal schools?" Ranma wondered aloud, making his way down the hallway.

A new Loop, possibly pseudo, since he had yet to find or sense any anchor, was before him. No other Anchors were present, no other Loopers as well. He was all alone … here … in this new universe.

"You should just stop goofing off and show them who's boss!" he heard Lilith cheer to him in her mind.

Deflecting one girl's use of a stun gun, spinning her into another with a cloth laced with chloroform, and ducking a dart, he continued on his way to Class S here at the Private Joshi Oka High School. It was a school filled with an insane amount of girls, a handful—literally—of guys. And the girls made the Furinkan Hentai Horde look like monks.

Normally, there were only three official ways and one unofficial way to stay safe if you were a male in this school: become the school idol and thus be above approach, become everyone's lover, or promise

yourself to one female—preferably outside the school so she would be safe from violent intimidation.

The unofficial way of course being that you were so ugly, even these desperate females wouldn't want to touch you.

Ranma was proud that he had created a fifth option: be too damned good for the teenage hormone-filled psychos to get you.

About the only normal girl he had found so far was a plain ordinary girl named Rise Okitsu, who had explained some of the facts about the girls. She also explained why the girls were teaming up to get him now.

Considering he recalled all too clearly what some of those girls had stated were their plans for him when he was caught, he was grateful for any warning. Thankfully, the Kage Bunshin had popped itself before they even got close with the Viagra.

"It just makes them want you more," Munechika stated from his position by the lockers.

"How come no one stops you from smoking?" Ranma asked.

The guy shrugged as he started walking beside Ranma. "Girls love it, teachers won't stand against what keeps the daughters of their main funders happy."

Ranma snorted. He could easily get the funds to buy the academy and level it, turning it into a McDonald's. "Makes me wonder what their parents did to turn them into this."

"Probably better off not knowing," the taller male said. "Of course, there are always better ways to deal with daddy issues."

"They can find someone willing to do that," Ranma waved off. "I am somewhat shocked that they can pull off these insane plans and actions, yet not sneak away from home and get a boy."

"To be honest, many are surprised you have retained your freedom this long," the elder student stated.

"I'm just that damned good," Ranma smirked, pulling out a small item, tossing it against the wall up ahead, making it angle to the turn up ahead, before releasing a bright flash.

"You give me crap about smoking, but you come armed with a flash-bang grenade?" Munechika grumbled.

"The principal complained about the amount of girls that ended up in the infirmary when I used my shadow clones and the exploding ones," Ranma stated, feeling somewhat insulted.

A bunch of perverted guys end up in the infirmary, well, that was just the way things were.

Replace the boys with girls, and all of the sudden you had some major problem.

Walking past the scrambling girls who were still trying to recover their sight, the duo made their way into Class S.

It was just another day at J.S.A.

New Loop #2:

Leaning back against the wall of the shrine, Ranma looked outward. There was a small gap in the trees giving him an impressive view of the countryside.

"It is quite peaceful, isn't it?" asked the shrine's caretaker, Katsuhito Masaki, also known as Yōshō Masaki Jurai, Prince of Jurai.

Ranma nodded. "Wish I could have come sooner."

"So you found out?"

Ranma nodded. Apparently, his world contained a lot more than he thought.

When the Loops had started, Washu—in her usual fit of super-insane genius—decided that it wasn't worth living the year over and over again. Therefore, around the lands of the shrine and the Masaki household, she created a temporal bubble, one in which time was flowing at only a fraction of normal. In essence, they could blink and miss an entire iteration of the Loop.

It also explained why Ranma would feel some power here, but every time he tried to approach, the Loop would reset. He had at first figured that it was just some barrier, some 'Do Not Cross' sign in space-time that was the result. He'd used it a few times himself to end some painful Loops.

Now, he knew it was because as he waded into the outer edge of the bubble, time was moving faster in the world, and before his foot would touch the ground after only a few paces, he'd be shot out as time reset. For some reason, people like Tenchi and Keiichi couldn't be anchors, at least in this universe. None of the other Goddesses would give him any clue as to why that was.

Maybe just a conflict of interests at the time, he figured. Technically, because of the three Elder Goddesses who stayed at the Masaki home, he guessed using Tenchi as an Anchor would have been considered poaching.

Of course, that would have been helpful to know before Washu detected the variance of being 'awake' in a Loop that was Ranma, teleported him to the shrine after dropping the barrier, and proceeded to go 'full guinea' on him. Oh, how he wished he could suppress those memories, like he had done some Loops.

Would have helped had Skuld not tried to 'assist' him in his recovery while wearing the same nurse's outfit—was there a store at the tenth dimension selling them on sale or what?

"I do admit, I have other reasons for asking you here," Yosho stated, dropping his disguise field.

Ranma arched an eyebrow, even as the man refilled his saucer with sake. "If Washu needs me for another series of tests…"

"Not that," Yosho chuckled lightly, as Ranma filled his glass. "My mothers and father will be arriving soon."

"They awake?"

"Not that I am aware of," Yosho stated. "I'm still not sure how Washu dealt with all that she did, all that we were involved in, while we were separated from space and time…"

Ranma snorted as he downed his drink. It was probably what Washu did that now explained how the Anchors and those Awake could wind up in a Loop alongside their Prime Selves.

"But anyway, Sasami has sent her mother a message."

"And?" asked Ranma, wondering about the chill down his back.

Sighing—and not wanting to be a shot messenger—he slid a copy of the message to Ranma and started to inch away, prepared to use the power of Jurai if needed to save his life.

Ranma scanned the letter, noting the pleasantries exchanged, tales of life on Earth, and the request for an omiai with…

"… Well… Shit," Ranma muttered, seeing his name.

"You're taking this very well," Yosho commented from behind an overturned chair.

"Well, I am relaxed at the moment," he replied. "I'm just worried about how other parties will take this news, like Skuld, or Belldandy-II…" He shivered at that. Hell hath no fury like a Belldandy frowning.

"I am curious how the Yggdrasil-II is tied to our universe," Yosho commented.

"At this point, I accept it as fact and move on," Ranma admitted. "Less headaches that way."

New Loop #3:

Having Naruto as a classmate wasn't as difficult as one would think.

This was especially true when one had easy ways to distract him, such as new techniques, or paths to follow to restore old ones in a new universe.

If he figured it right, he'd have one day to outpace the blond demon container from a ninja world.

This was why Ranma was currently meditating, looking for a new world inside himself.

No, not one inside his subspace pocket. This was an Inner World, a plane of existence within himself. It was similar to how he had discovered the Nekoken had evolved into a Raiju of nine tails.

However, this wasn't a visit to the place of connections, a realm where he could hop from one internalized level to the next. It was a trip to meet the spirit of his zanpakutō, to learn its name and eventually, its power.

Therefore, he needed to search inside himself, search past Lilith's level of pleasure, past the fields the Raiju liked to roam, past the representation of Jusenkyo, past any number of levels that represented him in some way or form, some piece of his mind and soul, his journeys beyond counting.

Say what you will, he had had the time, time to map the myriad of paths within himself—even to question what it might mean that he

was both so divided and complex.

Finally, he came to a new level, a new world within his soul that had not been there before, a world he felt resonate with his Zanpakutō.

A world no other person in the Shinigami Academy could probably find so quickly.

Opening his eyes, he marveled at the representation. It seemed to be a peaceful countryside, trees and mountains surrounding the path. He could hear a roaring waterfall in the distance, and even make out a dojo through a small space in the trees. In fact, he felt it was an ideal representation of what he felt a Grand Master's special retreat should look like.

What he didn't expect were the mirrors.

They were literally everywhere, formed into the surface of trees, rocks, even the path before him as if they had been grown and forged with the rest of the place. Despite the ways the surfaces were distorted, as if they had formed directly on the items and assumed their forms, the images reflected were clear. Looking at a few, he swore they seemed to repeat memories he had experienced, scenes from his life, his dreams, fantasies, and nightmares.

However, they were not what he was looking for. Firming his resolve, he continued down the path, deciding that if this place was to represent his inner self, then the spirit of the Zanpakutō was not in the Dojo.

He would be at the waterfall, waiting for the challenger to come to him.

So focused on finding the spirit, he missed when one of the taller mirrors turned dark, a copy of Ranma looking out of it, focused on the real one. Nevertheless, the copy wasn't true.

It was pale white, eyes black with yellow cat-like irises, and smiling, licking its lips and salivating, as if the greatest meal was before it. It lasted but a moment, before it faded away.

Ranma approached the waterfall, spotting a large boulder disturbing the water before it, a figure resting on it.

"So," the figure spoke, voice echoing and sounding as if it had a harmony of voices beneath it, "you came quicker than I expected."

"Really?" Ranma asked quietly, looking about.

"That is neither good nor bad, it is simply a fact," the spirit spoke.

Ranma nodded. "You know why I am here?"

The cloaked figure nodded, no distinct features reaching out from under the cloak or hood, save for a single blue-lit spark that seemed to represent its left eye. But even that had no defining features, no pupil or white, just a blue as deep as the sky, almost like what lurked behind a Hollow mask.

"So, how do we do this?" Ranma asked, deferring to the spirit.

The spirit simply turned its head, looking towards the left of Ranma. "I hate those clouds."

Blinking at the change of topic before dismissing it—so what if it was about as stable as Ranma himself, who was he to judge—he turned as well, spotting several dark clouds, a mist falling from them. But the clouds seemed to be lower than the sky, barely above the trees, and scattered about the lower field.

"Do you know what they are?" asked the spirit.

"Guessing my darker memories and things left buried," he replied.

The spirit nodded. "I hate those clouds, they bring the entire place down, threaten to grow and eventually wash this all away."

Ranma could only wince at that, not liking where the topic was going. He'd prefer not to dwell on certain actions of his past, dredge up memories of before the Fused Loops. He'd rather give in to the attentions of the Shihōin girl than relive those. "Is that my test?"

"An observation," the figure returned. "Such things should be dealt with, before a flood arises that cannot be turned."

Shoulders slumping, Ranma turned towards the spirit once more. "I'll promise to work on it, starting within this week. If I fail, I have no doubt you'll remind me."

Nodding, the figure stood. "Move forward, but do not forget what came before, do not repeat that which has failed, do not forget the whole and the sum."

"I promise," Ranma stated, watching as the figure began to literally walk across the water, the pool changing into a series of mirrors wherever it touched, before it stood before Ranma. Even that close, his eyes still failed to pierce the shadows of the cloak to gain greater detail of what the spirit truly looked like.

"Then I shall loan you my power. I am—"

Smiling, Ranma stood in the field, drawing his sword. "Illuminate and cover … Henshou!" he cried, the sword glowing for a moment, before it dulled enough to reveal itself once more. Floating about the sword now were several bars of varying length in distance, orbiting the blade in a dance that both drew and distracted the eyes, refusing to allow one to focus on a single bar or even the blade.

Smirking, Ranma held it up. "Nice Shikai," he murmured.

"NO FAIR!"

Turning, he spotted several Narutos glaring at him, before the lead pointed towards Ranma. "You cheated!"

"Hey, you're the one who wanted his ninja skills back," Ranma waved off. "Now, you better get cracking on learning your Shikai, or I'll leave you in the dust, Naruto."

New Loop #4:

Ranma looked at the little life in his arms. She was a girl, his girl, his ... daughter.

Had all these resets been leading to this, to show him the joys of a life he helped create, her flaming red hair as dark as his own, her eyes a darker shade of blue than his own.

But she was of him. She was his child, his first child, a new hope, a new chance, a new understanding...

"So, have we decided on a name yet?" his lover asked, panting lightly from the effort to bring the new life into the world. "I'd tell the doctor, but the painkillers are making me a bit loopy, and I don't want to name her something weird ... like Honey Suckle Saotome."

Ranma chuckled lightly, looking at the girl. "Well, I guess the obvious would do."

She laughed lightly, a smile forming on her face. "Okay, but I name the next one."

Nodding, Ranma stared into the eyes of his child. "In that case, your name is-

---

His-now her-eyes opened wide as time reset, the hospital room replaced with the damp streets of Nerima, as a single realization came to her.

Time had reset again.

She was about to scream in rage, in anguish, in despair for the life taken from her, as the all-too-familiar stop sign impacted on the back of her head.

Before light faded and sent her to a blissful state where thought didn't exist, tears began to flow from her eyes. Not for the physical pain, but for the pain of losing her child.

"Ran...ko," she muttered, hitting the ground and fighting a losing battle to stay conscious. "Her name ... is Ranko," she muttered, before real-time thought fled from her.

Genma never noticed that she didn't stop crying, even out cold, as he carried her to the Tendo Dojo, wondering who this 'Ranko' the Boy had been babbling about there at the end of their fight, was.

New Loop #5:

"Well … shit," Ranma muttered, looking about as time restarted.

He could tell immediately that he was not in Nerima. The trees were tall, the air was fresh, and he was both male and still conscious after a second with no Stop signs nearby.

Taking a deep breath and releasing it, he closed his eyes, waiting for the new set of memories to upload into his mind.

"Damn it," he muttered, resuming his walk down the path. It looked like in this world he was from the Village of Nerima, a village that had a ninja force, but actually took that matter seriously and didn't announce what they were the Village Hidden in. They were a major financing village with deals in many of the countries about.

They were also extremely tough, as who wouldn't want access to all the money the village moved about.

However, that wasn't why he was moving in this direction. No, it was because apparently, Nerima had finally received the death certificate for one Kushina Uzumaki, activating a Will she had in place.

And nearly a decade after her death… Apparently, the only thing slower than the civilian post office was Konoha Bureaucracy.

The Will had stated that in the event of her death and that of the Fourth Hokage—how odd that they had yet to receive that particular certificate and yet his death was common knowledge—a member of Clan Saotome was to come to Konoha and take over raising her child.

Being the strong fighter he was and the container of the only Beast of Light to appear—Kyuubi no Neko—he had offered to take this job.

It didn't have anything to do with the marriage contracts being offered by girls from the Village Hidden in the Heavens, the Kage in the Village Hidden in the Fire Pits, or any number of Hidden Villages, no matter what you say! He was just the best person for the job in training the young Jinchuuriki, that's all.

Of course, there was just one issue left to deal with; he would have to leave for a mission soon, as it appeared someone was messing with Nerima projects in the Land of Waves—as if he didn't know.

"You know, this time, maybe I'll just get Zabuza and his band to betray the asshole and work on Nerima's payroll," he groused, as he soon spotted the entrance to the Village Hidden in the Leaves—kind of hard to miss, considering it was almost as tall as the trees themselves. "Though, I ain't really certain how long I have," he replied. For all he knew, the Uchiha were still alive.

Seeing the guards at the Gate, Ranma decided to have some fun with them, and pulled out a map.

Shimon Hijiri and Kotetsu Hagane sat in the guard shack by the west gate, waiting for returning teams, suppliers, and such.

"Man, this is boring," Shimon muttered, resting his head on his arm.

"Just keep using my mantra," offered Kotetsu.

"Mantra?" asked Shimon.

"Guard duty is better than Tora."

"… Oddly, I do feel better—incoming," the Chūnin stated.

As they both stood up, they watched a boy with a long black pigtail hairstyle walk past the gates, muttering at a map he was entirely focused on.

"Maybe I should have made that left at St. Loius," the male replied, before turning the map ninety degrees. "Or was that south as Timbuktu?"

"Excuse us?" stated Kotetsu, loud enough to gain the visitor's attention, both Chūnin preparing in case they needed to 'subdue' him.

The figure looked up for a moment, staring at them. "Oh, excuse me, do you guys know where Konoha is?"

The two just blinked at him, unsure if this was a joke or not. "You're standing in it," stated Shimon in a deadpan tone.

Blinking, the figure looked about, before smiling. "Hah! Told them I could find it!" After a moment, he paused, looking at the map. "But wasn't I supposed to pass through the Village Hidden in the Clouds first…"

"Identify yourself!" called out Kotetsu.

"Oh, Ranma Saotome," the figure stated, folding up the map before scratching the base of his pigtail nervously. "I'm here to see the Hokage on official business for Nerima."

"Papers?" asked Shimon.

"Oh, right here—HEY!" Ranma called out, as a cat jumped over his shoulder, snatched the paperwork from his hand, and ran off with it. He made to move after it, but was stopped by Kotetsu, as Shimon took off after the animal.

"First my pocky, then my papers!" bellowed Ranma at the fast moving feline. "You hear me! I'll turn you into a hat for this, you furry demon! YOU HEAR ME!"

The feline came out from behind a dumpster, watching with a smirk as the Chūnin continued to chase after a copy of it, darting in-between villagers going about their daily activities. It disappeared with a small flicker, being replaced with a crouching Saotome.

"I can't believe that worked," he said with a smile. Nothing like confusing people with the Old Bugs Bunny/Ryoga introduction. "Now, off to the Hokage," he replied, switching to his girl form, hoping that Naruto wasn't awake in this Loop.

Actually, he hoped he had arrived after the Uchiha Massacre. Some of them could be downright scary at times, like a stressed-out Skuld, when he turned the women down.

And that was before he ever revealed he had the Eternal Mangekyō Sharingan. "Well, hope I can keep that little fact hidden," she muttered, making her way to the Hokage Tower.

"This will not be tolerated, Hokage," growled Fugaku Uchiha, current clan head, as he addressed the Hokage. "The Uchiha Clan will not tolerate the blatant separation from Konoha!"

The Third sighed; rubbing his forehead, trusting his assembled ANBU guards to ensure neither Fugaku nor his Uchiha clansmen attacked him during the distraction. "Uchiha-san," he started, "I ensure you that these measures are not to insult your clan, but to deal with rumors from—" he paused, as did everyone in the room, hearing the sound of the empty slurps of a cup of liquid.

Turning, they all located the source of the sound: a pigtailed male, dressed in Jounin-style armor, drinking from said cup by a straw, reading a manga.

"Man; I still don't get how this started the whole hate war between ninja and pirates," the figure muttered, before muttering about trying to grow something called 'devil fruit'.

"… Excuse me?" spoke Sarutobi.

"I know," the figure stated, ignoring the tone, turning the page. "Maybe Luffy had a ninja as a rival or something…"

"I meant, who are you and how did you get in here," Sarutobi replied, motioning for the ANBU not to advance. For all he knew, this was the Uchiha's opening move in a possible civil war.

The figure looked up, stopping to slurp once again on his empty container, before speaking. "Hmm?" he asked, looking surprisingly like a certain chronically late shinobi at that moment.

"Names Ranma Saotome, here to see a lot of this village about financial matters related to Nerima," he offered.

To everyone's shock, a single ANBU broke off from their frozen positions, ripped off his mask, and fell to his knees.

"I'm sorry I'm late on the payment!" he cried. "Please don't repossess my home! I swear, I already talked to someone about—"

"I'm not here for that!" Ranma exclaimed. Granted, he was pretty certain he was **supposed** to carry on Nerima business aside from his current mission. But surely if this man's problem was so important, Cologne would have sent another agent for that.

He then suppressed a shiver at the possibilities of which person he knew could be such an agent, and uttered a silent prayer it was neither a base-universe fiancée, a new interest party from the Loops, or Kasumi.

Okay, so maybe he carried a bit of fear from that one Loop. But he felt it was okay to have such, after being used as 'French Maid Ranko-chan' by her Mistress, a futanari named Kasumi—thanks to Jusenkyo packets—and her gimp, Tofu.

"… You're not?" asked the pale ANBU.

"No!" Ranma replied. "But I can assure you that if you spoke to a true agent of our village, and honor your new payment plan, you can probably keep your house."

The unmasked ANBU then began to grovel at his feet, thanking him, and promising to take the next S-class mission to ensure he had the proper funds to make said payment.

Letting out a hefty sigh, Ranma reached into his vest, grabbing at the needed item to prove he was who he said he was. After all, he couldn't count that everyone else would be as skittish as the ANBU before him.

Actually, he wondered exactly why said ANBU was so skittish around Nerima agents, but put it out of his mind. In this world, it could have been any agent of Nerima.

They **were** supposed to be that damned good. All people feared Nerima agents for a reason, after all.

Sadly, reaching into his vest seemed to be a silent sign for the ANBU and Uchiha clansmen to race forward to capture him, assuming that whatever he was reaching for would be meant for ill.

Even Fugaku and Sarutobi both raised an eyebrow as the men seemed to freeze. The source of their stopped movement became clear as several copies of the supposed Jounin from Nerima faded into view, each one holding one ninja, with a kunai to their temples.

"Here it is," Ranma stated, pulling out a hitai-ate, with an engraved cloud, a sign of ryō in the center.

"Most people wear those, you know," Sarutobi stated with a weak smile.

Ranma just chuckled. "We're nin from Nerima, we take the whole shadows and secrecy thing to a higher level." With that, he slipped the headband back into his outfit. "Need any more proof?" he asked.

"No; that will do for now," the Third replied. "But could you let our men go?"

Looking at the group, Ranma just rubbed the base of his pigtail. "Nah, best to keep them like that till I finish telling you why I'm here."

"And this news is so important, you felt the need to sneak into our important meeting!?" growled Fugaku, earning a curious stare from his son, Itachi. One ANBU and Uchiha had hung back to protect their leaders.

Ranma just directed a disinterested glare towards the Uchiha head. "Well, since one part does involve your clan.. Yeah," Ranma stated with a tired shrug.

"The Uchiha do not finance through Nerima, nor have we since shortly after the founding of this village," Fugaku replied.

"Oh, the issue with your clan isn't about finances … mostly," Ranma muttered. Truthfully, Nerima didn't have any business with the Uchiha. The current clan had always invested into their clan. And frankly, he hadn't yet had time to send what he knew to Cologne.

Luckily, these people didn't need to learn that fact. "So, who's first? Uchiha or Konoha?"

"Are you insinuating that the Uchiha are not part of Konoha?"

"… Man, you are really way too touchy about this, aren't you?" Ranma smirked, irritating the Clan Head all the more. "Well, since you obviously need a nap to deal with this extra grumpiness, you can go first."

Coughing into his hand, Ranma snapped into a pose of attention. "To the Uchiha Clan from Nerima! I am to inform you that a member of your clan has been interfering with many of the investments of Nerima! As such, we have set a bounty on the head of this individual, one who calls themselves: Madara Uchiha!"

The group just stared, shocked at what they heard.

"You have been misinformed," Itachi stated, deciding to respond before his father acted out even more. "Madara Uchiha was killed in the Valley of the End by Hashirama Senju, the First Hokage."

Ranma just snorted. "Well, then it will refer to the guy who has been going around with an Eternal Mangekyō Sharingan eye, usually hiding behind some orange mask, calling himself that."

"Impossible!" Fugaku yelled out.

"I know, huh," Ranma replied, scratching the back of his neck. "You think a ninja that lived through all he did would be smart enough not to mess with us.

"Anyway," he continued, "it also leads us into the business with Nerima as a whole, including your clan, Uchiha-san, since our intelligence indicates this individual was the reason behind the Kyuubi no Yoko's attack on this village nearly a decade ago."

This got Sarutobi's attention. "And this information comes from…?" he asked.

Ranma just gave a smile he learned from a certain mazoku priest. "That would be information attained through our scrying efforts, and thus a secret!

"Continuing on from the subject of madmen with fetishes for dangerous pets, it was also recently made public the death of one, Kushina Uzumaki. The fact she died nearly a decade ago and it took you guys this long to deliver her death certificate is also an issue to be discussed later. Frankly, we're also waiting on the certificate for Minato Namikaze.

"But with her certificate, we can now activate her will."

"Will?" asked Sarutobi.

"Yeah," Ranma replied. "What? You think she trusted your village to deal with her affairs? You guys can't even defeat bureaucracy enough to send out timely notifications."

"And what does her will state?" Sarutobi asked.

"Basically, after the usual stuff about handing out property and what-not, that assuming Namikaze-san would be unable to, the Godfather of her child unable to, that Nerima would send an agent from Clan Saotome of Nerima to raise said child."

"… You can't be serious," Sarutobi replied.

"Deadly so," Ranma replied, all trace of humor and good cheer replaced with cold intent. "I take such matters given to my clan very

seriously, Hokage-sama. And before you speak up, I already know the burden young Uzumaki carries, how it will affect him as time moves on, and all it takes to ensure he doesn't end up becoming lost to the beast he carries."

Fugaku couldn't resist. Turning towards the Hokage, he just put on a spiteful smile. "Your Law is really working well, don't you think?"

Sarutobi decided to remain focused on the Nerima-nin before him. "Your plans for Naruto?"

"Depends on him, really," Ranma replied, his voice still cold. "He wants to stay; then I stay, and assist him, raise him, train him, help him live a life his mother would have wanted. If he wishes to leave this village of fools who believe the Fourth couldn't tie his shoes, let alone seal a Bijuu, then so be it. Nerima can offer him more than here.

"And before you ask about how we would plan to deal with his furry prisoner escaping, let us just say there are other forces out their aside from the Bijuu." With that, a golden chakra seemed to leak out of him, coalescing into the form of a standing cat, nine tails of light dancing behind it. "One is my partner, the Kyuubi no Neko, the Beast of Light, first of them to appear in our world.

"And we will ensure no matter what, the child will survive, even if his parasite does not."

The chakra dissipated, leaving Ranma standing as he had been before. "Any questions?"

Seeing their continued stares, Ranma snapped his fingers, causing his clones to vanish in a puff of smoke, releasing their prisoners, who slowly moved back to their positions beside their leaders.

"Well, I got things to do, a child to raise, and apparently a home to debug," Ranma stated, stretching a bit, tossing his empty cup into the nearby trash, and sliding the manga into his vest.

As he turned to leave, he paused. "Oh, and Uchiha-san; I notice that since you know a bit more of the Yoko's past thanks to the Uchiha records, something else might help to assure you that I am the best person for the job, as you and the Hokage go about finding a way to address the rumors and ensure Madara gets the proper … fame … for what he did."

"Oh?" Fugaku asked. Frankly, he was a bit more excited about the Council finding that out than the raising of the village jinchūriki.

Turning, everyone noticed that the blue eyes of the Nerima-nin were gone, replaced with the formation of the fully matured Sharingan.

Gasps were heard from the Uchiha—who understood what it meant—as the eyes changed again, revealing a cat slit surrounded by a circle containing four tomoe each.

"A little hint," Ranma stated coldly. "Just because Madara found one way to achieve it, doesn't mean it is the only way." And with that, Ranma vanished in a cloud of smoke, leaving the assembled people to wonder if he had ever been there, or simply teleported away.

Sarutobi just rubbed his temples. His only consolation would be when everything revealed here today was told to the council. If he was really lucky, perhaps Danzō would die from shock.

… Yes, that would just about equal the hell he was about to go through.

New Loop #6:

"Why, so much trouble, you are to me, my Padawan?" Yoda asked, walking down the hallway towards the Council Chambers.

"I don't see what the big deal is, Master Yo—DAMN IT! Quit hitting me with your stick!"

"One day, hope to knock sense into you, do I," the Jedi Master offered. "And a big deal, this is. None before have done such with the Force, questions need answering." He paused, turning to glare at his charge. "Answers you will provide, yes?" he asked, tapping his cane on the ground.

"Yeah, ye—OW!" Ranma bellowed, hopping on one foot, glaring at his teacher, and wondering why he was still unable to avoid the cursed piece of wood.

"Show respect, you will," Yoda stated, his voice hard. "Know your opinions of the Council Members, I do. Be kind, be respectful, and be different from who you act in public."

Sighing, Ranma put a hand to his head, taking in a deep breath, and mentally enforcing his calm with every trick he knew. "Easier it would be, if hit me, you did not," Ranma offered with a smile.

WHACK!

"Talk normal," Yoda smirked as Ranma held his head.

"… I'm going to get that cane from you one day, and enjoy burning it to ash," Ranma growled.

Yoda continued to smile. "Even if a Jedi Grandmater you become, take this from me, you never will," the diminutive Jedi stated, before turning around. "Come, see we must, if you will even be a Padawan after today."

Ranma just shook his head. "Man, I don't see what the big deal is."

"He did … what?" asked Council Member M'Doli.

"Heard me correctly, you did," Yoda stated.

Council Member Taru, a Twi'lek, could only stare at the image in front of them all, as the planet rotated, nowhere near what it had been. "And you did this … why?" he asked.

Ranma shrugged. "They asked me to."

"And how many 'asked you to'?" asked M'Doli.

"One hundred and eighty five."

"So, a small number of the planet's population, asked you to help them, so you decided to use the Force and completely change Ryloth into … this?" Taru asked, pointing at the image that no longer resembled his people's homeworld. Aside from the fact that it no longer appeared tidal-locked, it also seemed to have developed a landscape mixing the old hemispheres with greenery, oceans, and developing ice caps.

"Well, it wasn't exactly the Force," Ranma offered, scratching the back of his head. "I did use it to communicate with the planet, find out how to make it all work, before I merged with the Ley Lines and did it. The hard part was getting the water. Finding the right mix of organic plant life to go with the crystal plants was the easy part."

Council Member Nara already had three of her four hands rubbing her forehead to stave off a headache. "Do you have any idea the resources that will be needed to correct what you have done, the lives displaced?"

"None."

"None?" she asked.

"Hell, if I was able to get it rotating again with the crust being torn apart by new forces, did you think I'd just leave them without an option?" he asked. "I simply relocated their population centers towards the temperate zones."

"You … moved entire cities?" asked Council Member Opalli, staring in shock.

Ranma just nodded and smiled.

"… I knew I should have retired last week," Opalli muttered.

Ranma just shrugged. That seemed to be the general thought with all the leaders he dealt with.

"All right, let's start from the beginning," Nara muttered, before calling up a small screen beside her. It looked like the Council would be hitting the liquor stores hard tonight.

New Loop #7:

Some say there is a war—metaphysical, at least, between the forces of chaos and order. Order wishes things to remain the way they are, chaos wishes for things to constantly change.

Order brings us laws, peace, and constants of the universe that allows science to do what it does.

Chaos creates the events that spark evolution, creates the challenges for us to rise to.

Wiping his mouth, Ranma growled. There was one other constant, a constant between Order and Chaos.

When they met, it usually is followed by a fight.

"That's the only one you get, Fate," Ranma growled, looking at the golden-helmet covering the face of Nabu's newest host.

"You should not be here, Being of Chaos," the dual-voice boomed.

"Hey!" cried out Klarion, the Witch Boy.

Fate glared at the boy. "You are nothing compared to the chaos of … HIM!"

"Told ya!" Ranma smirked at the growling magic boy … and his little cat too! He was half-tempted to let Ranneko out, just for them to settle who had the better cat at their side.

But … he had to deal with a very possessive spirit. "Now, listen, we all know the drill," Ranma started. "You call me out, I pwn your ass, rinse, and repeat," Ranma stated. "Mainly, this works because I'm older than you, and unlike any host you ever get, I can channel my powers without burning out, at the needed level."

Nabu/Fate said nothing, glaring at his declared foe … even with Klarion nearby.

"Don't be like that!" Ranma called out. "Not your fault you can't plan ahead," he finished, before scratching his head. "Can't plan ahead, pretty stupid flaw for a supposed master of Order," he mumbled.

Fate heard him, the glow of power increasing.

"Wow, that pissed you off, shocker," Ranma sighed.

"Um, what's going on?" asked Kid Flash.

"I too, find myself curious," replied the dark skinned Aqualad.

Ranma just waved them off. "Argument as old as time," he spoke, before glaring at the current form of Fate.

"Now," he spoke, "normally, I'd beat the crap out of your host, and then knock your helmet around for shits and giggles," he commented. Actually, depending on how Fate asked, Ranma could and would use the helmet for … less sanitary things as well.

In his defense, a being of Order should not start breaking out the 'Yo mama' jokes.

"You know, even I share me time with what's inside me," Ranma replied. "How many times do you let your hosts have their own voice?" he asked with a smirk. "Complete domination, such a thing leads to … chaos…

"You sure you're a being of Order?" Ranma asked.

After what happened, the Justice League created a new rule, one listed as Rule #1 and in some cases, Rule #0—so you had to consider if before all else!

Ranma and any being calling itself Dr. Fate were to be kept as far away from each other as possible.

The pigtailed Looper just felt it was unfair that he had to personally repay the loss of Roanoke Island by himself, while Dr. Fate couldn't chip in a single penny.

New Loop #8:

"Here you go, Akane," Ranma stated, entering the dining room for the Tendo house, and handing the youngest Tendo child—physically, not mentally, as that belonged to Soun Tendo ninety-five percent of the time.

"P-chan!" Akane cried, hugging her precious piglet to her chest. Holding him at arm's length, her eyes narrowed. "Hey! He still has that Charlotte collar on!"

"Oh yeah," Ranma mumbled, before pulling out a key from his pocket. "There you go," he finished, tossing it to her. "Felt you might want to do the honors yourself."

"And just how did you get P-chan away from Azusa Shiratori?" Nabiki asked. "She didn't seem like the type to give up on her precious Charlotte." Of course, it went unsaid by her that if Saotome had simply swiped the piglet, then Nabiki could make a nice bit of

change reporting to the distraught kleptomaniac about said piglet's location.

Ranma's eyes seemed to darken. "Best you don't know," he muttered, turning a gaze upon Nabiki that she felt was far superior to her father's Demon Head. "The less you know, the less you can be called to testify for."

That got the attention of all the assembled at the table.

"Son," Genma started, worried that if the Law came looking for Ranma, they may notice a few of his … minor legal misunderstandings, "just **how** did you reacquire your fiancée's pet?"

"Like I said," Ranma muttered darkly, "you don't want to know."

"I do!" Soun stated.

"No… No, you don't," Ranma stated gravely.

Kasumi just tilted her head. "You didn't wear that outfit out of here this morning, Ranma-kun," she replied in her usual tone, somehow ignoring the creepy aura he was projecting. "Did something happen to your clothes?"

"Yeah, they had … something spilled on them, couldn't be saved," he stated, grabbing a cup and filling it with tea. "Best to throw them out … away from here and have them burned."

P-chan/Ryoga, who had just begun to awaken in Akane's arms, looked about, wondering how he had escaped the dreaded Pink Skating Menace. Having heard some of Ranma's tale, even he was beginning to suspect the worst.

… Okay, he always suspected the worst with Ranma, but now said suspect was beginning to grow darker.

"Ranma?" Akane asked.

"Let's just say she got what she needed that no one else would apparently give her, the Golden Pair isn't likely to attend another match in its current incarnation, and that she will never steal another thing … again," he replied, taking a sip of his tea. "Lovely as ever, Kasumi."

"Why thank you," she replied. It was so nice of him to thank her—not that he family ever did anymore—even if he had horribly murdered that poor girl to rescue Akane's pet pig that she had yet to register and have fixed … unless she was planning to breed him.

As everyone scooted slightly away from him, Ranma hid a smirk. It had all gone according to plan.

In her bedroom, barely covered by a sheet that should she be found, would keep their view more PG than R—if only because the sheet wasn't white—laid one Azusa Shiratori, her vacant eyes staring at the ceiling.

Then … they blinked.

"Oh," she muttered, slowly blinking her eyes as reality came back into focus for her. Turning her head, she tried to look for the one who had done this to her.

But as he had stated … he was gone.

"Damn," Azusa muttered, slowly sitting up, wincing slightly at the tired pain in her lower region. Just as he promised, he had given her something very precious, so much so, it could never be taken from her unless time did so.

A woman's first time…

She could only smile, recalling many tales of such events from the few females she associated with. Their tales were often quickly over,

with sad endings, and if they were lucky, no trips for any medical reasons.

Not his…

No, she had been overcome by the pleasure delivered, far beyond her hopes, far beyond what her 'partner' would have delivered if ever given the chance.

"I had hoped I could keep him here," she purred, being careful as she edged towards the floor. Men like that… No sane woman would let him leave her bed.

But only now did she feel sane, after looking back on how she acted.

I will show you a path you never considered. That will be my payment to you for the piglet.

Well, he did, at least, that was her opinion, as she slowly made her way tiredly towards the furo.

After she was finally soaking, giving aching areas a chance to relax, she stared at the ceiling … and reflected.

Her partner had to go, that was certain. The phrase, 'he doth protest too much', came to mind, and she supposed it could fit with him.

Her actions… How had she stayed out of the hands of the Law for so long? Not her parents—always traveling. Hmm, perhaps she should look into that.

"Ranma Saotome," she muttered, making promises to change her 'vault' as it were, tossing out her ill-gotten gains or returning them. "Yes, I only have one precious to pursue now."

After all, a grand fool would let him go without trying to get him to return to her bed. She only wished she hadn't torn his clothes like that. Now **that** would have been something worthy to keep in her vault.

After all, it was rare for a female nowadays to have a memento from her first time to truly treasure, especially if he had actually cared for her pleasure first.

I must remember to check with our lawyers about whether or not we have a deal with the Saotome clan…

And if not … what will it take to get such…

In mind, no longer, was she a spoiled child.

New Loop #9:

Akane just glared at Ranma. Nothing new there.

The rest of the table was ignoring it. Also nothing new there.

Kasumi, however, was much too polite to ignore the oddity while handing out the breakfast meal. "Would your friend like some food, Ranma-kun?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes, please!" Ranma stated, absent-mindedly deflecting several attacks by his father on his own meal.

"Why is she even here!?" Akane growled out.

"I was invited," Kodachi stated beside Ranma, eating quietly.

"She attacked me!"

"And I apologized," Kodachi calmly replied once more.

Nabiki just stared at the youngest Kuno—unless their father had been up to some stuff on his 'extended vacation'. "Excuse me, but you're acting nothing like expected."

"Oh?" Kodachi stated. "That is because I made a great friend."

Ranma nodded. "She just needed to talk out some issues, a hug or two," he waved off. "Really, she's much better now."

"I believe the term is that I have 'found my happy place'," Kodachi offered.

Nabiki just arched her eyebrow, wondering exactly what drugs Saotome had given the Kuno heiress … and how she could get them to sell to the other students.

"WAAA~AAAAH!" cried Soun. "My future son-in-law is cheating on my innocent maiden!"

Ranma was **so** tempted to point out he wasn't engaged to Kasumi and that Nabiki was hardly innocent, Akane hardly a maiden, but held his tongue.

Frankly, he wanted them to crack under the pressure of dealing with a kind, sane Kuno. And honestly, he really had only talked and hugged Kodachi.

I wonder if hug-therapy would help Akane… he thought, before looking her way … and seeing her glare. *On second thought, maybe I should study the drugs-option first…*

New Loop #10:

Akane smiled. This was the moment she had been waiting for!

As the Hentai Horde charged her, she smirked, jumping into the air … and to the shock of the students, stayed there.

With a scream, her hair turned bright yellow as did the battle aura she created. "YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME!?" she yelled out.

One by one, the horde dropped to the ground, unconscious.

Akane sneered. "Is my power too much for you?" she growled out.

"Akane?"

Blinking, she looked beside her, spotting her sister. "Nabiki?"

"They didn't pass out because of the … girth of your power," Nabiki chuckled. "They passed out because you are flying, and forgot to wear gym shorts to cover your panties, Little Sister."

Blinking before her eyes went wide, Akane eeped, and looked back down at the unconscious students, now noticing the blood dripping from their noses.

"ECCHI BAKA!" she cried out, ki gathering in her hands.

BOOM!

"Oh dear," Kasumi said, hair blowing in the wind of her now blue aura, as she turned back towards her father.

"Anyway, Father, as I was saying, you need to return to teaching … now."

Soun's mouth just flopped open and closed, trying to understand his daughter's new attitude … as well as understand both when she could generate a battle aura … and when did she dye her hair such a blue color.

"You have wallowed in your grief for too long," the Super Saiyajin Goddess stated. "Now get back to work, before I … get upset.

"And you won't like me when I'm upset, Father."

"Yes, Saotome," Nabiki said into her phone, as she looked at the pit where Furinkan had once been. "She did that, so we need you to bring out Bob and wish it all back, before Little Sister goes away for murder."

Sighing, she turned to her frozen sister. "Seriously, Akane, no nuking perverts!"